



W. R. F.

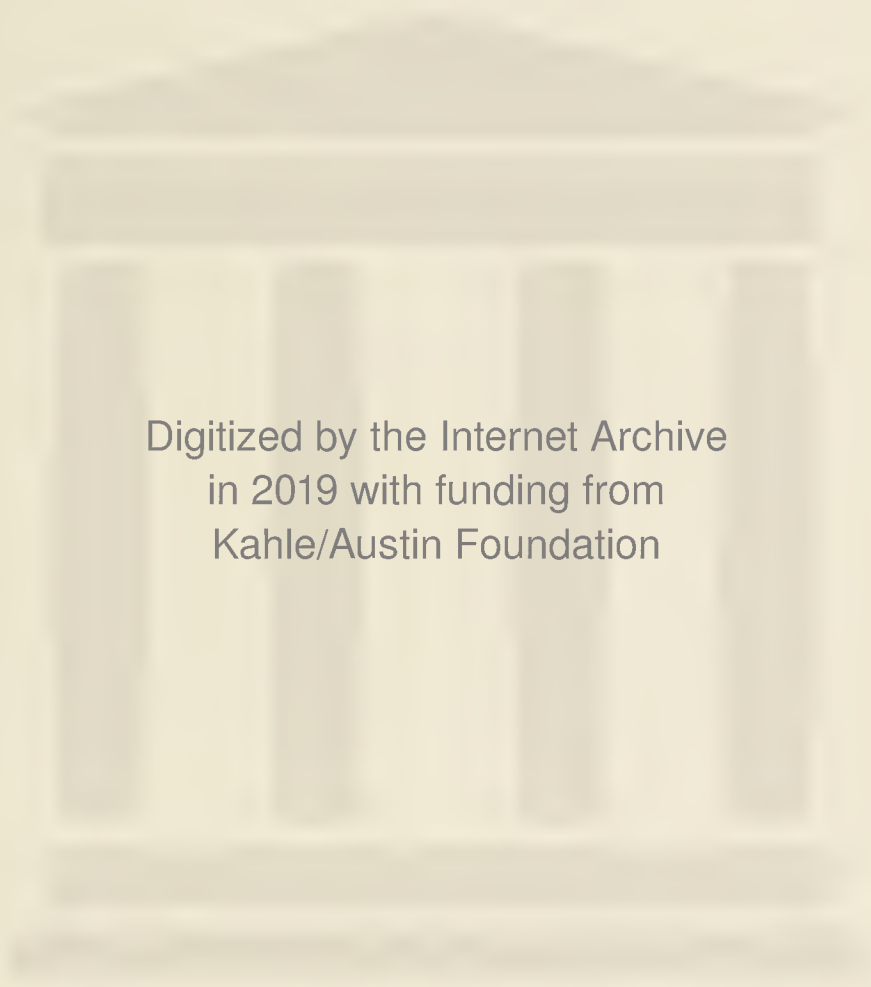


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A LATER PEPYS. VOL. I.



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Painted by H. Thomson, R.A., 1808.

SIR WILLIAM PEPYS, BART.

In the possession of the Earl of Cottenham.

A LATER PEPYS

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR
WILLIAM WELLER PEPYS, BART.,
MASTER IN CHANCERY 1758-1825,
WITH MRS. CHAPONE, MRS. HARTLEY,
MRS. MONTAGU, HANNAH MORE,
WILLIAM FRANKS, SIR JAMES
MACDONALD, MAJOR RENNELL, SIR
NATHANIEL WRAXALL, AND OTHERS
EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION
AND NOTES BY ALICE C. C. GAUSSEN
IN TWO VOLUMES. VOLUME I. 

JOHN LANE: THE BODLEY HEAD
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PREFACE

I AM indebted to the kindness of the Honourable Walter Courtenay Pepys for the use of all the valuable letters contained in these volumes, with the exception of those written by Sir Lucas Pepys to his brother, entrusted to me by Lady Courtenay, and Sir William Pepys' letters to William Franks, placed at my disposal by Miss Franks, who has also allowed some of her family portraits and miniatures to be reproduced. For other illustrations I have to thank the Lady Courtenay, the Lady Macdonald, Mrs. Rennell Rodd, the Duke of Portland, the Earl of Cottenham, the Honourable Everard Digby Pepys, Sir Rennell Rodd, K.C.M.G., and the Rev. E. R. Dowdeswell. Viscount Portman has kindly allowed photographs to be taken of the interior of his house in Portman Square, built by Mrs. Montagu, and once famous as the scene of her "Bas Bleu" assemblies.

Hannah More said she had no conception of anything so beautiful ; “to all the magnificence of a very superb London house, is added the scenery of a country retirement.”

I desire particularly to add my thanks to those friends of large literary experience who, by kind advice and encouragement, have helped me in my work.

ALICE C. C. GAUSSEN.

88, EATON PLACE,
May, 1904.

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PART ONE

INTRODUCTORY

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CRITICIZED BY THE "BAS BLEU"

I

CONCERNING THE PEPYS AND FRANKS FAMILIES

A SERIES of letters from Sir William Pepys to William Franks, in the possession of Sir Augustus Wollaston Franks, K.C.B., F.R.S., President of the Society of Antiquaries; and, at his death, was given by his sister to Miss Franks, of Woodhill, the present representative of the family.

They were addressed to our great-grandfather, whose mother, Mary Pepys, came of a family which has produced many good and useful men.

Samuel Pepys, Secretary to the Admiralty during the reign of Charles II. and James II., by his famous Diary, which gave an insight into the social condition of the period, has made a name for himself that will remain a household word when those of his more estimable kinsmen are forgotten. He accompanied his cousin, Edward Montagu, first Earl of Sandwich, as Secretary to the Fleet, which was sent to bring back Charles II. at the time of the Restoration, and until the death of the "Merry Monarch" he remained in great favour. His Diary, a record of his daily life and inmost thoughts, showing him as he was, not as he would probably have wished to appear, was written in cypher, and only accidentally found long after his decease, when the key was made by Lord

Grenville, Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Pitt's administration; one John Smith, an undergraduate of St. John's College, Cambridge, was occupied from 1819 to 1822 in deciphering the work, which Lord Braybrooke published in 1825. As the revelation of a narrow and gossip-loving nature, with its record of petty squabbles, imaginary slights, or small triumphs, it would be weary reading; but it reproduces, with the minute faithfulness of moving photographs, the activities, joys, and sorrows of fellow-creatures, removed from us by more than two centuries, who played their part on the same stage with its ever-shifting scenes, where we for the moment occupy their places.

I have heard Sir Wollaston Franks quote with great amusement the following words as a specimen of the style of his kinsman, which was often more forcible than polite: "My wife hath bought herself a new yellow gown, called a sack; lor! what a fool she do look in it. 'Tis fit the poor wretch should have somewhat to amuse her." This long-suffering lady was obliged, even in church, to secure by much scheming the supposed post of honour in the pew she shared with Lady Batten, the wife of her husband's colleague, and thus score for him a temporary victory, which was quickly reversed by some adroit move on the part of the enemy.

Pepys was, however, proud of his wife's beauty, and thought she was as pretty as any of the ladies of the Court, even handsomer than Princess Henrietta of Orleans (Madame), sister of Charles II. At St. Olave's, Hart Street, one of the eight City churches which escaped the great fire, she still looks down in marble effigy on the scene of her earthly struggles, with her long neck outstretched, gazing eagerly from the chancel across to the space then occupied by the official pew of the Navy Office in the front row of the opposite gallery, now unfortunately removed; whence, with the intention and purpose shown in every detail of the monuments of that day, she was enabled to

contemplate the devotions of her husband, and watch the knavish tricks of his colleagues.

Samuel Pepys resigned his office on the accession of William and Mary, and published his "Memoirs" relating to the navy.

His versatile talents and untiring energy were also employed in making a collection of very public-spirited ballads for the cause of liberty. Horace Walpole describes them as an "entire treasure" in the library of Magdalen College, Cambridge, collected by Pepys, Secretary to the Admiralty, and dating from the Battle of Agincourt.

Robert Louis Stevenson, in his Essay on Samuel Pepys, reminds us that, although he is known to his remote descendants with indecent familiarity, to his contemporaries he was surrounded by a halo of almost historical pomp; and in the following words he does justice to the greatness of his life, which is so often obscured by the smallness of it, as revealed in his Diary:—

"Pepys, in a corrupt and idle period, played the man in public employments, toiling hard and keeping his honour bright. Much of the good that is set down to James II. comes by right to Pepys. . . . To his clear, capable head was owing somewhat of the greatness of England on the seas. In the exploits of Hawke, Rodney, or Nelson, this dead Mr. Pepys, of the Navy Office, had some considerable share. He stood well by his business in the appalling plague of 1666. He was loved and respected by some of the best and wisest men in England. He was President of the Royal Society; and when he came to die, people said of his conduct in that solemn hour that it was answerable to the greatness of his life. Thus he walked in dignity, guards of soldiers sometimes attending him in his walks, subalterns bowing before his periwig; and when he uttered his thoughts, they were suitable to his state and service. In fact, he was a man who gave himself out for a grave and patriotic public servant."

When the news of William III.'s landing in England was received, James II. was sitting to Sir Godfrey Kneller for his picture, which he had ordered as a present for Samuel Pepys. He told the artist to proceed, as he did not wish to disappoint his good friend.

In 1655, in the person of Sir Richard Pepys, the family gave a Lord Chief Justice to Ireland.

The next member of the family of note, was Sir William Pepys, who wrote these letters. He was born in 1740, was Master in Chancery, and Boswell describes him as "well known in polite circles." Doctor Johnson said of him speaking to Mrs. Thrale, "I know nobody who blasts by praise as you do; for whenever there is exaggerated praise, everybody is set against a character. They are provoked to attack it. Now there is Pepys, you praised that man with such disproportion, that I was incited to lessen him, perhaps more than he deserved. His blood is upon your head. By the same means, your malice defeats itself, for your censure is too violent." Wraxall declared that as long as letters, charms of conversation, virtues and endowments claim remembrance, Sir William's name could not die; but for a time this man, once the moving spirit of what Lord Macaulay said was intellectually far the best society of the kingdom, has been forgotten. He shared his kinsman's faculty of revealing his every thought; yet, unlike Samuel Pepys, he possessed a mind that could afford to think aloud.

The Hon. Walter Pepys has kindly allowed me to make use of a number of letters collected by his father, the first Earl of Cottenham, and his uncle, the Bishop of Worcester, sons of Sir William Pepys. This has enabled me to give a short account of his life, as far as possible in his own words. From want of health and spirits during his early years, he was not able to avail himself of the reputation he obtained at Eton; and, as a child, the only part of the Church service he could not



SAMUEL PEPYS' BOOK PLATE.

From the Franks Collection of book plates in the British Museum.

heartily join in, was thanksgiving for his creation. The joys of childhood are always extolled, because they express the feelings of the majority; but sensitive natures are often happier when they have looked life full in the face, and left behind them the weakness of childhood, with its dread of unknown, but half-suspected terrors. Sir William's nerves were not of the cart-rope kind.

At the age of twenty-one he was carried from Oxford to Bath, a martyr to what he was then young enough to consider a meritorious application to study. The waters wound him up for twenty years, at the expiration of which time he was obliged to return to them again. But alas! the second winding up only lasted six years; and during his third visit he wrote: "There is hardly one day in six, after drinking these waters, that my head will bear to trace pen upon paper. How long the third winding-up will last, God only knows." Both he and his brother, Sir Lucas, were very small men, and Horace Walpole—whether in malice or pleasantry, Fanny Burney does not know—describes Sir William Pepys' nose as being "as long as himself." Both these peculiarities have been often noted as the distinguishing mark of great men, and certainly the Duke of Wellington was a case in point. To his "fashionable air, dress, and address," Fanny Burney said, "he added great shrewdness and drollery."

Sir William Pepys' only brother—to whom he constantly refers in his letters with great satisfaction, as having helped to make him such a "general favourite of mankind"—was Sir Lucas Pepys, M.D., F.R.S., also created a baronet. He was physician to George III. during his long mental sufferings, and married Jane Leslie, Countess of Rothes in her own right; his two sons died leaving no issue, so his branch of the Pepys family is represented by the descendants of his daughter, Lady Harriet Leslie, who married William, eleventh Earl of Devon.

Through Sir William Pepys, therefore, the family

continues its descent. He married, in 1777, Elizabeth, daughter of the Right Hon. William Dowdeswell, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the short-lived administration of the Marquis of Rockingham, in 1765. His eldest son succeeded to the baronetcy, and died unmarried; the second son became Lord Chancellor, and was created Earl of Cottenham; and the third son was Bishop of Worcester, having been previously Bishop of Sodor and Man. The Pepys family may also claim the honour of numbering amongst its descendants, through the female line, the present Bishop of London, Dr. Winnington Ingram; who, by his hard work and power of identifying himself with the millions of his fellow-creatures who are condemned to toil and struggle through a tedious existence, has shown in his life, that sympathy which his ancestor Sir William Pepys, expressed in his letters, "for the hewers of wood and drawers of water," for whose welfare he contended all are answerable to their common Father and Creator.

His convictions—which are now generally accepted, however little they may be carried out in practice—were gradually developing during the period at which the letters to William Franks were written, when the effect of the struggle between King Charles and his Parliament was still felt, and the horrors of the French Revolution were fast approaching.

Sir William abhorred the principles of Hume, and admired the immortal work of Locke, and the clear and steady light of his system; he also considered Rousseau the greatest genius of his age. He admitted that Mrs. Macauley, the republican historian, was as much prejudiced as Hume on the other side of the question; and his views, which may have then been considered too liberal, really resolved themselves into a firm belief that it is the duty of all rulers and governments to watch over, protect, and render happy as they can, the millions entrusted to their care.

The advantages possessed by Elizabeth Dowdeswell are thus enumerated in a letter Pepys wrote to his aunt. "Her person is tall and beautifully shaped, and her countenance, without beauty, is expressive of goodness. She is of a cheerful, though sober turn of mind ; but what I rely most upon for my future happiness is the uncommon attachment which she has, a long time since, discovered for me, and which equals anything that modern times can boast of, and which will make us, if not the richest, yet the happiest couple on earth. Her fortune is small, but that has not the least weight with me ; and she is descended on both sides from as good families as any gentlewoman can boast of" [her mother was a Codrington].

Sir William quaintly describes the difficulty he experienced in finding the "essential requisite," as hitherto those women who had liked him, he had not been able to like, and *vice versâ*. He admits that the regularity of his bachelor life was becoming very comfortable to him ; and even when he at length finds the "pearl of inestimable value," of which he has been so long in quest, he lays such stress on her attachment to him, without a hint of its being *vice versâ* ; that, though he was no doubt a model of all the virtues, he must have been at this period rather unsympathetic, and too much engrossed with himself, and his own ideas, to care much for any one else. However, from his subsequent allusions to "Eliza" and her unselfish devotion, we gather she proved, as he hoped, "all that was domestick and comfortable." Sir William nerved himself for the venture by reflections on the age, experience, and past conduct of the lady, added to her marked devotion to himself.

"Matrimony is like a cold bath, very formidable at first ; but when you have tried it often, you become used to it," a lady told Sir William when he was giving her away, on the occasion of her third marriage. Dr. Johnson addressed the following advice to "some prudent fellows,"

who feared to connect themselves with beauty, wit, or birth, and sought safety in mediocrity. "Do not forbear to marry a beautiful woman, if you can find such ; or condemn yourself to the society of vulgarity for fear of the expense of elegance and personal charms. Some cunning men choose fools for their wives, thinking to manage them, but they always fail. Depend upon it, no woman is worse for sense and knowledge."

Mme. d'Arblay's description of Sir William Pepys' "Bas Bleu" assemblies shows us that Elizabeth Dowdeswell at any rate understood her position as the wife of a distinguished man, undertaking all the social duties which might interfere with her husband's career, or intellectual pursuits and pleasures ; of which a conspicuous example has since been set to the world by the wives of our three greatest Prime Ministers of modern times. Mme. d'Arblay, describing the various blue-stocking parties, "to which sarcasm, sport, or envy have given the epithet of blueism," mentions those at the house of Mr.—since Sir—William Weller Pepys: "The passion of Sir William for literature, and his admiration of talents, and zeal for genius, made him receive whoever could gratify his tastes with pleasure that seemed to carry him into higher regions. The parties at his house formed into little separate groups, less awful than at Mrs. Montagu's, and less awkward than at Mrs. Vesey's ; he glided adroitly from one to another, till, after making the round of politeness necessary for the master of the house, his hospitality felt acquitted of its devoirs, and he indulged in the ardent delight of fixing his standard for the evening in the circle the most to his taste, leaving to his serenely acquiescent wife the task of equalizing attention. To do more than was exacted by good breeding for the high, and by kindness for the insignificant part of his guests, would have converted those parties, that were his pride and joy, into exercises of penitence. But while animated

conversation, a lively memory of early anecdotes, and readiness for reciting the whole mass of English poets, formed the enjoyment of his happiest hours, justice must raise him still higher for solid worth. He never looked so charmed as when engaged in some good office: and his charities were as expansive as the bounty of those who possessed more than double his income. So sincere, indeed, was his benevolence, that it seemed as much a part of himself as his limbs, and could have been torn from him with less difficulty."

One other glimpse Mme. D'Arblay gives us of Sir William Pepys as a host—he showed, she tells us, his wise and rare spirit of calculation, which enabled him to contribute to charities on a most liberal scale, and at the same time, as he explained, "to live with the greater and richer," and yet escape either the risk of ruin, or the charge of meanness. "When I think it right," he said, "to invite some wealthy noble to dine with me, I make it a point not to starve my family, or my poor pensioners, for a year afterwards by emulating his lordship's, or his grace's table-fare. I give, therefore, but a few dishes, and two small courses; all my care is, that everything shall be well served, and the best of its kind. And my guests are more flattered by that implied acknowledgment of their superior rank and rent-roll, than they could possibly be by any attempt at emulation; and happy to find that they shall make no breach in my domestic economy and comfort, they immediately fall to, with an appetite that would surprise you, and that gives me the greatest gratification. I do not suppose that they anywhere make a more hearty meal."

This wise and rare spirit of calculation—though unfortunately, by reason of their diminished rent-rolls, no longer so often needed for the entertainment of their lordships and their graces—may still with advantage be

borne in mind by those who are called upon to entertain the modern millionaire.

There is a passage in Warburton's Letters that Sir William thought very wise, "In your commerce with the great, you should endeavour, if the person has great ability, to make him satisfied with you ; if he has none, to make him satisfied with himself." Hannah More wrote of a party at Sir William Pepys' : "I never knew a great party turn out so pleasantly, as the other night at the Pepyses. There was all the pride of London—every wit, and every wit-ess ; though these, when they get into a cluster, I have sometimes found to be as dull as other people ; but the spirit of the evening was kept up on the strength of a little lemonade, till past eleven, without cards, scandal, or politics. There were twenty men, all *beaux esprits*. Sir William seems to have believed in plain living and high thinking.

"Still be thy nightly offerings paid.
Libations large of lemonade
On silver vases, loaded rise
The biscuits' ample sacrifice."

Richard Cumberland wrote : "I was living without any literary friend till the arrival of Sir William Pepys at Ramsgate gave me an opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with one of the best classical scholars of his time ; who, with his learning, possessed a correct taste and admirable judgment. When I had him within a few doors of me, I did not fail to solicit his revision of my MSS. To this he kindly accorded." Sir William was more accommodating than Dr. Johnson, who, when a lady made a similar request to him, on the plea that she had too many irons in the fire to do it herself, politely suggested that she should place her MSS. with her irons.

From the time of his marriage, Sir William Pepys' life seems to have flowed on in an uninterrupted course of prosperity.

Lady Pepys said that Providence had blessed her with a husband and children, whom she thought unequalled ; and there is a letter from her—labelled by Sir William, “a delightful letter from Eliza”—in which this most unselfish lady excuses herself for any inconvenience her indispositions may have caused her husband, without a thought of self-pity or complaint. Very little is recorded of her beyond her goodness and amiability.

Hannah More said that she and Mrs. Garrick had been two months before they succeeded in getting a quiet evening to drink tea with Loelius [Sir William Pepys] and his lady ; they were only a comfortable and quiet *partie carrée* ; he read passages from the poets, and they commented and criticized. Lady Pepys, whilst listening to her husband as he told a good story, or shone in argument, showed that silent but animated attention described in the “Bas Bleu.”

“Mute angel ! Yes, thy looks dispense
The silence of intelligence ;
Thy graceful form I well discern,
In act to listen and to learn.”

Mrs. Chapone wrote : “Don’t let slip the opportunity of being happy, by not reflecting on it, as is the case with the prosperous, till they are awakened to the value of what they have lost.”

Sir William described his life at Tunbridge as follows : “Rose at six, read or wrote till twelve, got delightful rides with my boy, came home very hungry, walked with Eliza and the children, to fly their kites till near dark, took an hour of the best chat I could get in the Rooms, and home to bed soon after ten ;” he added that, though the time passed very pleasantly in this manner, he wanted a little more *blue*. It was just this little bit of blue, the necessity of which he had perhaps overlooked in his long search after perfection.

The following poem may not represent his real opinion,

and possibly was written to please some of the literary ladies, whose domestic qualifications had been called in question ; several of the *litterati* expressed their thanks. It was included in a book of poems, published by Joanna Baillie for charitable purposes, and is addressed to a gentleman on the thirteenth anniversary of his wedding-day, who had the courage to despise the vulgarly accepted maxim, as to the advisability of marrying a fool, and had not repented.

“ Give me to bless domestic life,
 With social ease, secure from strife,
 (Cries every pedant of a college)
 A wife not overstock'd with knowledge.”
 This, every fool, who loves to quote
 What, parrot-like, he learns by rote,
 And every coxcomb, whose pretence
 To wisdom, marks his want of sense,
 And all good housewives skill'd in darning
 Who rail with much contempt at “ larning,”
 And all who place their greatest good in
 The composition of a pudding.

But tell me, you, who dar'd despise
 Such vulgar maxims, who, from eyes,
 Which well might grace the loveliest fair,
 Turn'd not, because bright sense beam'd there ;
 Tell me, through all these thirteen years,
 Through varying scenes of hopes and fears,
 Could ignorance more faithful prove ?
 Could folly self more warmly love ?

Tell, what thy sweet experience shows,
 That Head and Heart are friends, not foes.

With his usual tact, when a literary lady asked him to mark all the passages in Mme. de Staël's works that he thought above her comprehension, Sir William, with a ready wit, declined, but agreed to mark all such as were “ worthy of her attention.”

Like many a wise man before him, he came to the

conclusion that, "Ladies are very extraordinary creatures ; sometimes they are determined at all events to have the last word ; and at others, nothing can offend them so much, and arouse such indignation in the female breast, as to let them have it. I have sometimes thought," he adds reflectively, "that it depends upon the occasion."

Sir William Pepys lived in Wimpole Street (the houses were then unnumbered), and usually spent the three summer months at Tunbridge, Brighthelmstone, Bath, Ramsgate, and other places frequented by the *litterati* ; for, not content with constant assemblies in London, they sharpened their wits by continual intercourse during their absence from town. Each year, on the fifth of November, Sir William was obliged to return, alas ! to the wrangling of lawyers, and exchange his exhilarating rides and luxurious reading for noise, sin, sea-coal, and parchment." About November 29, the first "Muster of the 'Blue' forces" generally took place.

Pepys was a most devoted father, and on one occasion, under the influence of Mrs. Montagu, "whose apprehensions were co-extensive with her imagination," the anxiety caused by the inoculation of his children had converted him into a scarecrow, and obliged him to forego a party, which included *tout ce qu'il y a de mieux*.

Sir William rejoiced to hear of anything likely to promote literature, which might justly be placed next to religion. He belonged, in his later years, to two literary societies, where everything *but* literature was the subject of conversation.

"The spirit of conversation seems to have fled," he exclaimed, "and I doubt much whether all our endeavours will be able to recall it. One reason, no doubt, is that the events which are passing before our eyes are of such a gigantic nature [the Napoleonic wars], that it would be affectation to be talking of ancient wars, when everything that is dear to us is at stake. I remember finding Lord

Lyttelton writing one morning, at the time of the War of Independence, and said, 'So, my Lord, you are closely employed upon "Henry II."' 'Henry II.,' replied he; 'who can think about Henry II., when all our colonies are in a flame?' With how much more reason might he have said so in these days."

Of the decline in the art of conversation, he wrote again, at a later date, "I think seven pages without mentioning the Queen [Caroline] is a proof that we find ample subjects for conversation, without having recourse to the newspapers (those daily plunderers of our time). How very rare is it to meet with any one who can originate topics of conversation. Many can follow them up tolerably well, but to originate them agreeably is a very rare talent. There are so many things necessary to good conversation and the enjoyment of it, and those things so rarely concur, that, as Tacitus said of a good political constitution, 'it is a thing to be hoped for rather than a possibility.'"

"Reading," he said, "has the same advantage over conversation that shooting has over hunting (which must have good hounds, good horses, and a good country), whereas the shooter with his gun (if it be a good one), though solitary, is independent; and the scholar with his books may set the rest of the world at defiance." He liked to spend two or three hours comfortably in the evening, in that sort of conversation "which is an agreeable mixture of reading and talking; books, like wit, must come in by accident. No party of that sort ever goes off well, where anything more is expected than the most ordinary conversation."

Fanny Burney mentions a book given her by Sir William Pepys at Brighton in 1782. "He had collected into one volume all the political works of Burke, and had marked all the passages that would be entertaining to non-politicians," which she found were "indeed charming, eloquent, spirited, rational, yet sentimental."

Sir William Pepys said he always felt he was better when he was happier; and when walking in the street feeling anxious and uneasy, he thought of Johnson, who, on being told by a robber that he wanted money, answered, "So do I, too."

It was probably owing to his unparalleled prosperity that his religion, which had always been the rule and guide of his life, was of the most optimistic kind. The mention of ninety and nine just persons, in proportion to one sinner, he thought, "seemed to admit there were *some* righteous," and implied that a "considerable number might so live;" which explanation has, at least, the merit of originality. Though "not much of a theologian," he did not think that the culpability of Dives consisted in being clothed with fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day; but held that the parable was to illustrate God's ultimate distribution of justice, when all the seeming inequalities, between rich and poor, are adjusted according to their behaviour. The particular vices of Dives, and the virtues of Lazarus, are not touched upon, but are taken for granted. This, he said, was sound criticism, applicable either to Homer's "Similes," or the parables of the New Testament, and answered the everlasting question, what Dives had done to be punished or Lazarus to be rewarded?

He agreed with Sherlock, who knew no other preparation for death than that of a good life.

"As to retaining the recollection of each particular offence," he wrote, "it is absolutely impossible; therefore a general repentance is such as I should accept from a child of my own, and will be accepted through the mediation of our Redeemer. Self-examination may tend to prevent a repetition of the offence, and the three heads proposed by Pythagoras, 'Where have I been? what have I done? what duty have I omitted?' might well be adopted by Christians, though prescribed by a heathen philosopher."

"How strangely unacquainted with the delights of

religion are those who consider it only as a system of hard duties, which afford nothing but labour and sorrow here, though hereafter they may be attended with their reward. Our Saviour's caution against too great anxiety for the morrow, shows that His precepts [consult our happiness here, as well as hereafter."

"Standing as I do on the confines of the world of spirits, I take very little interest in anything that is made the subject of controversy, for I am persuaded the Gospel is intended for the poor and ignorant, as well as for the rich and learned ; nothing can be necessary that requires long and laborious theological study."

An old uncle of Sir William's desired to live no longer than he could retain his relish for poetry and apple pie. He did not himself wish to survive his enjoyment of the Psalms and Homer. He walked a great deal alone in London, and as he went, repeated to himself fine passages from both. He preferred the psalms of thanksgiving, such as the 103rd to the penitentiary ones. He wrote to Hannah More : "It is the beneficence of my Maker that I adore ; you say I ought to tremble before Him as my Judge, but when I am happy in the wealth and prosperity of seventy-one years, and see all my six children answering my most sanguine expectations, can I refrain from crying out : ' Praise the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all His benefits.' The Hebrews had a tradition that a man secured his position in heaven by daily repeating the 145th Psalm. Nothing in ancient literature is at all comparable to it even as human literature. What is Pindar to the 139th ?"

This feeling is shared by all who can appreciate the beauty of language ; when may we hope to hear once more in our churches this grand literature, now rendered unintelligible, and the words mutilated in a way that no lover of Shakespeare would endure, if his favourite poet were so tortured. Apart from the higher consideration of

carrying the message home to the hearts of the people, from an artistic point of view, literature has as much claim to be considered as music ; but it must be spoken simply, audibly, and intelligently, by means of what Sheridan called "the living language."

Sir William Pepys said : "I was told that, when I resigned my office, I should be found hanging upon a peg from *ennui* ; but the days are not long enough for what I find to do, now that I am supposed to be doing nothing. I hope to pass the remainder of the time (that short space before we go hence and are no more seen) so as to render a good account of it hereafter." He employed his leisure in trying to prevent the Middlesex Hospital from being closed for want of funds. He said, "People bestow their charity on new institutions (which involve expense in building), and let the old ones (where every guinea goes direct to the relief of suffering) shift for themselves."

His eldest son took a very prominent part in the management of St. George's Hospital, and displayed great business capacities. He lived at home, and his taste for literature, and power of supplying his father with a thousand quotations from the poets which had escaped his memory, made his companionship one of the greatest pleasures of Sir William's old age. He wrote, on hearing of the death of Lord Hardwicke's eldest son, "I tremble to hear of such disasters, and ask myself, how would it be possible for me to bear such a stroke?" Happily his son survived him ; he died, unmarried, in 1846.

Though he did not live to see his second son, Charles, become Lord Chancellor, he was much gratified by his success at the Chancery bar ; and his third son (afterwards Bishop of Worcester), he wrote, "had two good livings, in one of which he placed a very good curate, and as it was within easy reach, he could occasionally attend to its concerns." The present Bishop of London is his grandson.

At the earnest request of his children, at the age of

sixty-eight he sat for his picture. "People threatened him, when he first undertook to educate his sons, that they would hate him as their schoolmaster; but he daily received marks of their attachment. He said he never lectured his children, but they had grown up seeing both their father and mother daily acknowledge their dependence on their Creator; and he recommended to all young parents the practice of family prayers.

He was not amongst those who thought that everything was growing worse and worse, he saw many alterations for the better, since he was young. Human life was protracted beyond what it was some years ago; which he attributed to the great diminution in the use of wine, much more pure air, and improved habits of cleanliness. Whatever the reason, the effect was very curious, and he agreed with Mrs. Carter, who called a long life "a tremendous blessing."

On asking his old friend, Mrs. Siddons, if she had read some modern works, she said that her reading was now confined to one subject, the only one at the close of her life that seemed to her of real importance.

Sir William arrived at seventy-four "with rather improved, than impaired health;" at eighty-three, he had "exceedingly uncommon health and spirits;" and at eighty-five, he said he was "better and happier than at any other period of his life, when his hopes and fears as to this life were afloat." However, he admitted it was difficult to convince young people they would feel better when they were octogenarians; and found them rather apt to answer like the young lady when she heard St. Paul's uninspired opinion, that those who married did well, and those who remained unmarried did better, that "she did not want to be better than well."

He wrote towards the close of his life: "My work has not extended beyond my family, and my public office; but the Great Judge will not so much consider how great or

how small a part we have filled in the drama of life, as how well or ill we have performed it. May His approbation crown all our endeavours in His service."

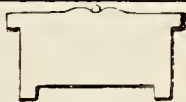
Mrs. Chapone said that if she could have educated six children like Sir William, she would not have had to build her self-complacency on so small a foundation as the hope that she would not be wholly condemned for the use of her one poor talent. She was tempted to smile when Dean Delany told her that, having written his "Revelation examined with Candour" (the *most* uncandid book she had ever read), supported him under all vexations; and she hoped Sir William would not laugh at her, as she did at the poor Dean, if she was glad to catch at the idea of her letters having done some good to young people.

His last letter to Hannah More, was written February 5th, 1825, five months before his death—

"I continue, by the blessing of God, in perfect health, though I have completed my eighty-fifth year, and have spirits to enjoy more than ever a variety of company after seven months retirement in the country. You have immortalized my love of conversation in your 'Bas Bleu,' and though I can no longer boast of mixing in such circles, as those in which you and I used to meet, yet still I feel a great delight and excitation in good society. A lady expressed her pleasure in meeting me, because she said I appeared to her in the light of Noah, who could tell her not only what passed after the flood, but before it. I paid a visit yesterday to the Duchess of Manchester, who admired your new book exceedingly. I wish that you may find yourself in a state far above the sense of all human praise, and alive to all the ecstasy of hearing 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!' Such is the earnest prayer, my dear friend, of yours most affectionately,

"W. W. PEPYS."

I have before me the marriage settlement of my great-great-grandmother, Mary Pepys, to "William ffranks," signed the 27th day of December, 1753, of which one Augustus Wollaston of Whitehall, in the liberty of Westminster, was a trustee ; and it was to their only child, William Franks—whom Sir William Pepys adopted as his "Elève" and second brother—that he addressed eighty-one long letters full of anxious warnings and advice, urging him on to what he hoped would prove a brilliant career. They are, by their long-winded sentences, most difficult to decipher, and reflect great credit on the patience of their recipient. The writer admired Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son, and as at that period letters ostensibly addressed to one individual were often employed as a means of addressing the public, it is probable he hoped they would one day have a larger circulation. On one occasion, he begs they may be returned to him "by the first coach, if you happen to have them all with you at Cambridge ;" and if not, that directions may be sent to London to forward them, faithfully promising to return them safely. His eagerness to receive them was so great, that he wrote again. "Why did you not give the reason why you could not send the letters by the *first* coach, because you was absent on a shooting scheme ? but instead of that, say you kept them till you could send the translation. For Heaven's sake, my dear young friend, never suffer yourself to make any paltry excuse when it is not the true one ; there is something illiberal and disingenuous in the custom, and it is a habit which is, of all others, the most dangerous." In Sir William's earlier letters his "style," to which he attaches great importance, so involved and obscured his meaning, that only by reducing most of his sentences to a quarter of their original length, has it been possible to extract what is quaint and interesting. He wrote to Hannah More regretting that brilliant passages in letters are so often intermixed with headaches, and other pains, that it is hardly possible to



A GOLD JETON PRESENTED BY SIR A. WOLLASTON FRANKS
TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Twenty-five reproductions in silver were distributed amongst his friends.

detach the embroidery from the cloth ; and though he took the warmest interest in the health of his living friends (unlike Dr. Johnson, who was indifferent to how much his friends suffered, "so that they do not die"), he could "no more sympathize with the cholic of a person that had been dead for thirty years, than he could feel indisposed with the garlick which disagreed with Horace eighteen hundred years ago." He added that, though it might spoil letters to write them with a view to publication, the possibility should not be lost sight of.

William Franks was destined to follow his father's career as a banker ; and, judging by the number of bankers amongst Pitt's Peers created about that period, banking must have been a most lucrative business. (Mrs. Montagu wrote that soon few commoners would be found in England, "for we make nobility, as fast as people make Kings and Queens on twelfth night.") Franks is reminded by his kind mentor, that his duties as a banker will consist mostly in conversation with mankind ; and will afford him, more than in any other calling, opportunity and leisure for cultivating his mind. In Samuel Rogers and Sir John Lubbock—now Lord Avebury—we have conspicuous examples of bankers who have excelled in literature and science.

Not satisfied with this easy road to fame and fortune, William Franks with difficulty obtained his father's consent to exchange the Bank for the Bar ; and with that view he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, as an undergraduate. But, as might be expected from the over-indulged only child of a wealthy father, he soon complained of the hardships of his life, and begged to be allowed to exchange his gown for that of a fellow-commoner ; which in those days, apart from the satisfaction of paying double fees, carried many privileges with it ; amongst others, "that of being excused from attendance at all lectures and instructions."

The undergraduates cut off their hair, and put on wigs without any regard to their complexions. Shenstone had

the courage to wear his own hair, which exposed him to the ill-nature of people who had not half his sense, but made him "ashamed to face his enemies in the gate." The fellow-commoners were distinguished by golden tufts, from which the expression tuft-hunter originated. In 1721, those who "cut a tearing figure in silk gowns, and bosh it about town in lace ruffles and flaxen tye-wigs," were known as College "smarts;" so we see that most vulgar word "smart" is no modern invention, but was used even at that early date to describe people of like aspirations.

Although Mr. Arnold—then head of St. John's College—wrote to the Bishop of Kildare, that, on account of the extraordinary recommendations with which Franks had entered College, he had with no small pains procured him the best rooms that could be got—better even than the ones inhabited by himself—he complained of being lodged in a garret with another man; and Mrs. Franks greatly feared that the urgent desire on her son's part to change his gown "would undo what temporary freedom from anxiety on his son's account, together with the assistance of Bath waters, had effected in her husband's health."

So Sir William Pepys, as usual, steps into the breach, and puts before his friend, though without effect, the reflections that used to console him when he looked up at Christ Church to the gentlemen-commoner's gown and compared it with his own. "I saw all around me people of better family, or at least as good education, dwelling in the same elevated habitations, eating the same flabby remnant of a shoulder of mutton, upon a cloth no cleaner than mine (because it was the same), and often reprimanded with more severity by the censors of the college than I had ever been. This observation, whenever I felt a little discontented, used to make me ask myself who I was? that I could not bear to inhabit the same rooms, eat the same mutton, wipe my mouth on the same cloth, and submit to the same discipline that I saw others do, whose attainments

in knowledge were much superior to my own. These reflections used to make me ashamed of being the only person to grumble at what I saw others go through without the least reluctance, and I soon sat myself down in earnest to attend to what was the object of my being at college."

St. John's College, Cambridge, was at that time rather an exclusive one, and the conduct of its members, and any promise they gave of future distinction, was frequently discussed in town by Mrs. Chapone and the "polite circles" in which Sir William Pepys moved. He was much concerned when he heard it rumoured that, though no college could, as a rule, boast of a set of more regular and studious young men, it was not free from what he says "may justly be termed, by way of eminence, the *Black-Guard Vice*; because there is nothing which more effectually excites the contempt of mankind, carries with it the idea of vulgarity, and debases a man in the eyes of all people of sense, politeness, or morality, than drink."

In these views, he was in advance of his generation; but he adds that, though the effect is just the same, there is a great distinction in the causes which lead to it, viz., "whether it has arisen from love of the wine, or relish of the company."

In spite of his robust constitution (in which Sir William Pepys, who lived to be an octogenarian, said his friend had so much the advantage over him, and to the possession of which for success in public life he attaches the greatest importance), William Franks died at the age of forty-two, leaving no farther "footprints on the sands of time" than a family of eleven children by his wife, Jane Gaussen, who is described as a woman of sense. Though he does not appear to have been brilliant himself, he contrived to transmit brains through his sons, and a very great degree of beauty to his daughters; which, it was said, caused their brothers to value good looks so little that they chose the three plainest possible wives. There was always a friendly

rivalry amongst the sisters-in-law as to which excelled in that line, though fortune had favoured the pretensions of the eldest son's wife (who was a Tower, of Weald Hall) by the accident of a broken jaw. The second son, Charles, wisely continued the banking business which his father had abandoned for the Bar, and married Judith, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir John Nicholl; his only descendants are Sir George Hampson and his brothers.

The third son, Frederick, was in the navy, and married Frederica, daughter of Sir John Sebright, and became the father of Sir Wollaston Franks, K.C.B., F.R.S., President of the Society of Antiquaries. The celebrated William Hyde Wollaston, F.R.S., was his godfather. His childhood was passed principally in Rome and Geneva, which gave him the great advantage of being a good linguist. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. As one of the editors of Kemble's "*Horæ Ferales*," published in 1863, he first brought before the world his views on a phase of civilization to which he gave the name of the "Late Celtic Period," which corresponds to that known on the Continent as the "Early Iron Age." He materially aided Lartet and Christy in carrying on their investigations in the early caverns of Dordogne, and assisted in the publication of the "*Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ*."

Through his exertions, and aided by his liberality, the fine ethnological collection bequeathed to the nation by Mr. Henry Christy attained its present extreme importance among the national possessions at the British Museum. His connection with the museum, which extended over a period of forty-five years, witnessed an immense development in its archæological department. Much of this has been due to his personal influence with collectors, which induced some to bequeath their whole collections to the nation, while others were persuaded to contribute valuable specimens. His own liberality set a conspicuous example. Not a year passed without his presenting some objects, for

which the trustees had to return their special thanks ; as, for instance, the remarkable hoard of 240 Anglo-Saxon coins from the time of Offa to that of Æthelwulf, which he presented in 1894. He never married, and devoted his whole life and a large income to making these collections ; and when for want of funds some desirable purchase could not be made by the museum, his private liberality always came to the rescue. In the year 1884, when Sir Wollaston Franks gave many of his collections to the nation, Mr. Wyon struck a medal, of which one copy was made in gold, and presented by Sir Wollaston to the British Museum, and twenty-five copies in silver he distributed amongst his friends ; for, as he remarked to Mr. John Lane, when presenting him with the "*jeton*," of which an illustration is given in this volume, "I think my friends also deserve something from me on this occasion." He bequeathed to the nation rings, jewellery, drinking-cups, etc., valued at the time at £50,000, though now worth double that amount. His good taste was as sound as his learning, and his knowledge of the decorative arts of China and Japan was superior to that of any other Englishman. The records of the British Museum bear no more distinguished name.

Sir Wollaston Franks' cousin, William Hasledine Pepys, F.R.S. (born 1775, died 1856), was amongst the contemporaries of Davy and Wollaston, who assisted in producing the English School of Chemistry, and by his experiments and researches contributed to the development of electro-chemical science in England for a period exceeding thirty years.

I must conclude this account of the descendants of the Pepys family, mentioned in the following letters, with a description of my grandmother, who was the most beautiful of William Franks' handsome daughters ; not that, like the poet Shenstone, "I seriously approve of egotism in letters" (though it is easier to write of what

we have seen and known), but the life of a simple private individual may tell us something of a bygone generation, far removed from us in its mode of life and thoughts, yet near enough for its extreme old age and our childhood to have met. I can remember her in her eightieth year, her small, erect figure in perfect proportion with that innate dignity, always more impressive in people of small stature, her deep-set eyes of dark violet, almost hazel, looked out with rather a pathetic expression from the shadows and blue veins which surrounded them, and time had not altered her regular features and soft pale-pink colouring. She married her cousin, Mr. Gaussen, of Brookmans Park, Hatfield, and was soon after left a widow with three sons, the eldest, Robert, being only two years old at the time of his father's death. Through her long widowhood, when she lived at Brookmans, managing her son's property, she was much at Hatfield, where Lady Salisbury—irreverently known as "Old Sarum"—then reigned; and whose daughter, Lady Cowley (many years after her mother's death amidst the flames that destroyed a portion of Hatfield House), used to tell amusing stories of the admiration caused by the beautiful little widow, and the failure of many attempts to persuade her to marry again. At last, when her eldest son came of age, she married Mr. Bosanquet, of Broxbournebury, who had been *Chargé d'Affaires* at Madrid, and had lately retired from the diplomatic service. By this marriage she had one daughter, who succeeded to the Broxbournebury estate.

Dean Hole, in "A Book about Roses," gives the following description of the rose called after her: "Mrs. Bosanquet, always fair and good as beautiful—the same, like a true lady, in an exalted or low estate, on a standard or on the ground, alone or in a group, composed, graceful, not having one of its pale pink delicate petals out of place."

No doubt, like her rose, she would have stood Dean Hole's test had she been placed in other than the beautiful



Cecilia,
Daughter of William Franks
Married 1st S. R. Gaussen of Brookmans Park
and G. J. Bosanquet of Broxbournebury

surroundings of her two homes, Brookmans and Broxbournebury, separated from each other by nine miles, through the Broxbournebury woods, with their double avenue of beech-trees, and those of Lord Salisbury, together forming a tract of forest land, the survival of which is the characteristic of that part of Hertfordshire. She was devoted to her gardens, and made famous roseries at both places. There is a tradition that, while she was constructing the one at Brookmans, requiring extra help, she was told there was a young man, bringing cattle from the north (which were grazing in the park on their way to Barnet Fair), who would be glad of a job; he appears to have so caught her spirit of enthusiasm that he started Paul's nursery gardens at Cheshunt, the first established in this country. She was one of the earliest members of the National Rose Show, and the rosery at Broxbournebury has served as a model for many of the best that have been made since; she originated the arches and festoons, with which the paths are decorated, which now are a blaze of colour with the Crimson Rambler, and Carmine Pillar, unknown in her day. In her later years, she made at Broxbournebury, in the park beyond the water, a fernery with extensive walks; and many quaint devices that were the survival of an earlier period when no modern ideas of hygiene interfered with the pleasure of sitting in a grotto, excavated from the earth, lined with beautiful shells and fossils; rare ferns growing amongst them, luxuriating in the prevailing dampness; the happy hunting-ground of frogs and toads, and a paradise for imaginative children, where the very seats seemed alive, being constructed in the likeness of monster serpents, from trunks of trees, with realistic heads and red tongues. Here were collected ferns from all parts of the world, and I can never see St. John's wort, Foxglove, or Solomon's seal, without thinking of these happy haunts of childhood.

It is well sometimes to be reminded of a generation,

now passed away, who lived on their own properties, their names little known beyond their own counties, absolute autocrats in their own world, surrounded by a considerable amount of state ; leading, at the same time, useful and simple lives, full of goodwill and kindly interest for those over whose destinies they presided, keeping themselves in touch with the outer world, by a few months spent in London and occasional travels on the Continent, performed in a leisurely and intelligent fashion, with their own horses and carriages ; living with all the dignity and independence of the Shunamite, who was "a great woman" and "dwelt amongst her own people," desiring nothing—at least—that any human power could grant, and saved by a sense of their obligations from the possibly vulgarizing influence of irresponsible wealth. Such a life would not satisfy the restless spirit of their descendants, who only pay flying visits to their homes, in order to fill their houses ; unless, from force of circumstances, they can rarely afford to leave them, and are compelled to lead an embarrassed though often happy existence, having with the power lost the inclination and capacity to fill their places in the world.

In the picturesque old Broxbourne Almshouse, erected by Dame Letitia Monson as a thank-offering to the village for having received her, during her flight from the plague-stricken town of London, I lately talked of old times with one, Mrs. Wand, aged eighty-seven, who had been stillroom maid at Broxbournebury nearly seventy years ago, when Mr. Bosanquet returned home with his beautiful bride. "Ah ! she was such an upstanding looking lady (not, of course, that I ever saw her to speak to)," modestly added Mrs. Wand, whose vivid impressions of the stately little figure, though only seen in the far distance, and on rare occasions, had not been dimmed by the lapse of time. At the wedding festivities she had been chosen, as the youngest servant in the house, to dance with a member of the family, Mr. Wentworth, who was such a formidable old gentleman,



BROOKLYN

The Seat of George

Washington, the President of the United States



HERTFORDSHIRE

The Seat of the Earl of

Arundell, the Earl of Arundell

that not even the incredible number of yards of ribbon, which went to the making of her new cap for the occasion, could support her through the ordeal, and she was too ill to appear. Doctor Johnson was of opinion that washerwomen have no time to break their hearts, and that only fine ladies have leisure to indulge in vain regrets. "For," said he, "the poor and the busy have no time for sentimental sorrow." But Mrs. Wand—who had just awoke from her afternoon siesta, to find the warm sunshine streaming into her neat little room, and a cheerful fire with boiling kettle and tea awaiting her—was a proof that this does not apply, at any rate, to those who have reached the peaceful retirement of an almshouse; for the question how far the succeeding generations, whose lives I have been trying to recall, were responsible for the making or marring of them, was a problem I was at that moment suddenly asked to decide, by my old friend requesting me to clear up a difficulty which disturbed her peace of mind, and that all the explanations of the clergy she had consulted had failed to satisfy. In a misguided moment, in her early youth, she had preferred the late Mr. Wand to David French, an underkeeper, who had shown his devotion by helping her at odd moments in the stillroom ("not that there was any love-making or anything of that sort"), hastily added Mrs. Wand, who usually conveyed half her information in parenthesis; but by this one mistake she had missed her happiness in life, and her only consolation was to recount how David—whom I can remember as the most delightful and picturesque old figure, when he was too infirm to do more than a little weeding in the "drive in"—never failed to inquire after his old friend from those going to and from the village. He married, it is true, eventually, but as a matter of convenience, in the following somewhat prosaic manner. One day he appeared before Mr. Bosanquet, accompanied by his father and his brother, and bringing with him on approval a young woman, who

stood curtsying and smiling by his side while he made the following speech : " There's father, and there's Samuel, and there's me, and you see, sir, as how we *must* have a woman amongst us ; there's father he refuses, and Samuel he won't have nothing to do with it, so if you've no objection, sir, I don't see but as how I hadn't better marry this young woman myself." So the young woman passed smiling and curtsying from the room, having been duly appointed to fill the place that, in a less crooked world, should by right have belonged to my friend Mrs. Wand.

My answer, eagerly awaited, could alas ! be only evasive. The old problem presented in such an unexpected form, on that hot July afternoon, sounded almost like the time-worn theological argument on free-will and predestination ; and while trying to express my views in a sufficiently soothing and cheerful manner to an octogenarian enjoying her afternoon tea, I thought of Samuel Pepys, who, in spite of the solemn anniversary of his great illness, when " he was cut for the stone," which he always set apart for serious thoughts and good resolves, drifted along much the same, and appeared to find fate too strong for him ; and William Franks who, with all the efforts of his cousin, was never after all far removed from the commonplace crowd of " rich boobies." Sir William Pepys himself, with his excellent theories and ideals, which he really contrived to live up to, happily furnishes an instance of the more cheerful view of free-will ; but even he had something to learn, for the upbringing of his own sons, whom he qualified for the Woolsack and the Episcopal Bench, was conducted on totally different lines. To one of them he wrote, " Pray let me entreat you not to trouble your head about being a Senior Wrangler or any such stuff ; who knows or cares whether a man in any profession was a Wrangler when at Cambridge. I always discourage you from engaging in any pursuit which may endanger your health, which is of



ENTRANCE TO BROOKMAN'S PARK, HERTS.

The seat of S. R. Gausson.

far more value than either riches or honours." He also advised Mme. d'Arblay to leave the education of her only son alone! "Take care only of his health and strength; never fear such a boy as that wanting learning." By his letters to his sons, we see he learnt that sympathy and companionship are more useful in training the young than any amount of good precepts; for, as Doctor Johnson said to some misguided parents, "You teach your daughters the diameters of the planets, and wonder, when you have done, that they do not delight in your company." To his eldest son he wrote, "It is a great thing for the first horse in a team to go well," and to one of them he said, "You did not choose to express *your* wish nor I *mine* lest they might not exactly meet the wishes of the other; we must, therefore, in future agree to be more explicit, though I do not apprehend that this delicacy is the source of all quarrels which arise between fathers and sons."

Sir William Pepys' second son became Lord Chancellor in 1836; he, and Vice-Chancellor Shadwell, and Mr. Justice Bosanquet having previously been Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal, when, on the formation of Lord Melbourne's second cabinet in 1835, the Great Seal was put in commission.

Sir Bernard Bosanquet, on his return from a meeting of the Privy Council on the accession of Queen Victoria, told his niece, Mrs. William Gaussen, who was then living with him, a characteristic story of the young Queen, which has always remained an oral tradition in our family, but should be recorded.

With the utmost dignity, before her assembled Privy Councillors, with her clear young voice, the Queen began reading—

"This act intitúled——" [The legal way of spelling entitled.]

"Entitled, your Majesty, entitled," hastily corrected Lord Melbourne in a loud aside.

The young Queen slowly drew herself up, and said quietly and firmly—

“I have said it.”

Then, after a pause, once more the beautiful childish voice rang out—

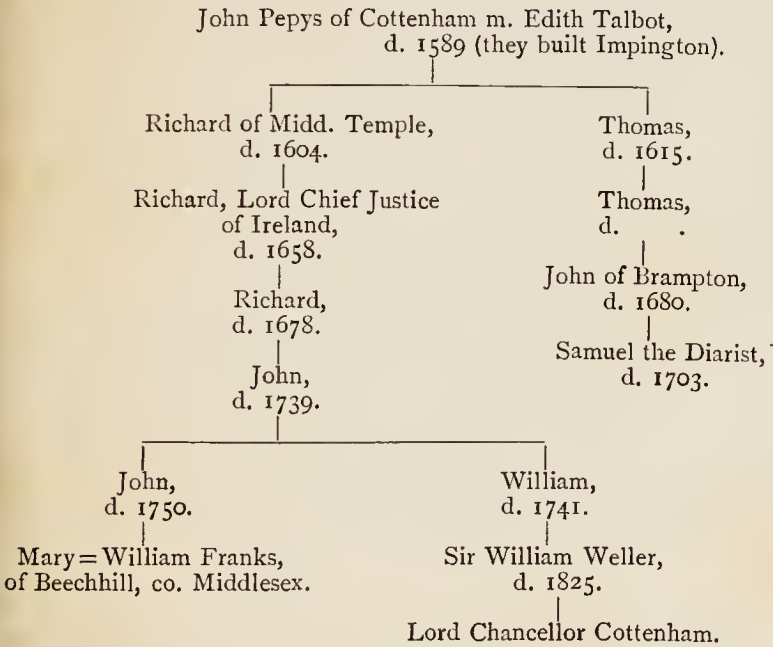
“This act intituled——”

The courage and spirit shown in administering this well-merited rebuke to Lord Melbourne, for his indiscretion in correcting his Queen in the matter of her own English, and that before her Privy Council, was characteristic, and was an act that no girl of eighteen would have been capable of, had she not inherited, from a long line of ancestors, the divine right of kings.

II

THE PEPYS FAMILY

SHOWING THE CONNECTION BETWEEN SAMUEL
PEPYS AND SIR WILLIAM WELLER PEPYS



This sketch pedigree has been kindly made by the Honourable Walter Courtenay Pepys, from whose interesting book, "Genealogy of the Pepys Family," much of the following information has been taken.

"PRAY tell me how the Irish Chief Justice Pepys [Sir William's ancestor] and Mr. Secretary Pepys [the diarist]

are connected," asked Sir Nathaniel Wraxall in 1821, which question will probably be repeated by those to whom Sir William has been hitherto a later and unknown Pepys.

Samuel Pepys' grandfather was the fourth son of John Pepys of Cottenham by Edith, daughter of Sir Edmund Talbot, and granddaughter and heiress of Sir Gilbert Talbot, of the Isle of Ely.

From John Pepys, who died in 1589, and Edith Talbot, his wife, are descended the various branches of the family, records of which can be found in Norfolk as early as 1273 ; though previously the family came from Languedoc, the name is thought to be of Italian origin.

John Pepys must have been a man of taste, for he built himself a considerable manor house at Impington in Cambridgeshire, and adorned it with beautiful gardens and canals. It is described as having "a noble hall, with Corinthian pillars, a most beautiful saloon, staircase, and gallery." Though it has passed from the family by marriage, and has since been sold, the shield of Pepys arms, quartered with the lion for Talbot, is still in excellent preservation over the hall door.

Regardless of the law of primogeniture, John Pepys and Edith Talbot left their property to their sixth son, Talbot Pepys, M.P. for Cambridge, who, by the Montagu interest, obtained through Lord Mandeville the Recordership of Cambridge in 1648. Talbot Pepys gave £500 towards raising a troop of horse for the Parliament Guard. In his private Chartulary, he wrote what he calls a genealogical "noate."

"August 3, 1615. I tooke to wife Beatrice, daughter of John Castle, of Raveningham, in the Countie of Norfolk, Esquier, and daughter of Frances Playters, aunt to the now Sir Tho. Playters of Soterley in the Countie of Suffolk, Knt. Deo Gra's Benedicto D'ni super nos.

"3rd May 1617. Att Heydon between 9 and 10 of the clocke in the morne, was John Pepys, my second son



IMPINGTON HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

Built in 1580 by John Pepys of Cottenham, and Edith Talbot, his wife.

borne. His godfathers ; Edmond Bedingfeild, and Apollo Pepys ; the Lady Anne Townshend, Godmother. God blesse him !

“ At Norw^{ch} on Tuesday being the fift day of June 1621 between the howers of eleven and twelve in the night, Thomas, my third son was borne. His Godfathers ; my brother, S^r Sydney Montagu, Knt and S^r Tho. Bendish Barronet. His Godmother my cozen Mary Plaiters. God blesse him !

“ At Norw^{ch} on Tuesday being the 30th day of Januarie 1622 within a quart of an hower of one of the clocke in the morning of the same day my daughter Paulyna was borne. Godfather Mr. Rob^t Varney. My sister the Lady Montagu, and my sister Bedingfeild Godmothers. God blesse her !”

His eldest son Roger, whose birth he does not mention, also was Recorder of Cambridge, and is the “ cozen Roger” so often alluded to by Samuel Pepys in his Diary ; he married Parnell, daughter and heiress of John Duke, of Worlingham, Suffolk. He sat throughout the Long Parliament as member for Cambridge. In spite of all these births so carefully recorded, whereby the succession in all human probability appeared to be secured, Talbot Pepys’ branch of the family died out, as did that of Samuel Pepys, who in his Diary pathetically remarked, “ It is a sad consideration how the Pepyses decay.”

Samuel Pepys’ heir, the son of his sister Paulina, is now represented by the family of Pepys Cockerell, who continue to pronounce the name “ Peeps,” as undoubtedly the Diarist did himself ; the rest of the family all pronounce it “ Peppis,” which is correct, from its original French form “ Pepy.” Mr. Henry Wheatley, F.S.A., in his “ Pepysiana,” says, “ No member of the family is known to call himself ‘ Peps,’ and yet that is the pronunciation most generally favoured by the public,” and he quotes an excellent epigram by Mr. Ashby Sterry, in which he declares himself

in favour of the "Peps," unauthorised by any bearer of the name.

"There are people, I'm told—some say there are heaps—
Who speak of the talkative Samuel as Peeps;
And some, so precise and pedantic their step is,
Who call the delightful old diarist Pepys;
But those I think right, and I follow their steps,
Ever mention the garrulous gossip as Peps."

From John, the eldest and disinherited son of John Pepys, and Edith Talbot of Impington, all the surviving branches of the family descend. His son was Sir Richard Pepys, M.P. for Sudbury, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, 1655-58. His arms are on the wainscoting and window of the Middle Temple Hall. Samuel Pepys was sixteen years of age at the time of the Lord Chief Justice's death; he makes no mention of this cousin in the Diary, though he alludes several times to "Cousin Glasscocke," whose wife and Sir Richard Pepys' were sisters, daughters of Sir William Cutte.

Sir Richard served as Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, under the Commonwealth, and received the following faint praise from an authority prejudiced on the other side.

"We do not hear of Pepys as a judicial bloodhound, soliciting the properties of convicted criminals, so let us presume him reasonably innocent."

The character of our worthy progenitor is better shown in his funeral sermon, preached by the Rev. Edward Worth, D.D., 1658—

"Few mention his name without some eulogie—the honest Lord Pepys, or the good Lord Pepys. He was a faithful and wise Ruler, both as a master in his own family, and as a magistrate in the Commonwealth. His servants were not like slaves, but lower friends, and the Lord Chief Justice might say with Samuel, 'Whose ox, or whose ass have I taken?'"

Paulina Pepys, youngest daughter of John Pepys and

Edith Talbot, of Impington, married Sir Sidney Montagu, younger brother of Henry, first Earl of Manchester, and their only son was created first Earl of Sandwich by Charles II. Through his influence the whole fleet acknowledged the restored monarchy. After his brilliant victory over the Dutch, under Admiral de Ruyter, in Sole Bay off Southwold, on May 28, 1672, he refused to leave his ship, and surrounded by a few sailors, who would not leave him, he was blown up in her. He was buried in the Duke of Albemarle's [General Monk] vault in Westminster Abbey, and not only may the Pepyses feel glad to acknowledge him as a descendant of the family, but also it was to his powerful interest that his cousin, Samuel Pepys, owed much of his subsequent advancement.

There was also a branch of the Pepys family, who through marriage with the Walpoles of Houghton became possessed of Broomsthorpe in Norfolk, to which Thomas Pepys, Master of the Jewel Office to Charles II. and James II., belonged; he was of Merton Abbey, Surrey, and Hatcham Barnes, Deptford (hence "Pepys Street" in that parish). He married Ursula, daughter of Bryan Stapylton of Myton, Yorkshire; both he and his wife are frequently mentioned in the Diary, and doubtless "Madame Turner" and her daughter Theophila ("The"), well known to readers of the Diary, were of the family of the Turners of Kirkleatham, co. York (Burke's Extinct Baronetage), one of whom married Jane Pepys.

The Pepys family have supplied the legal profession with men of every rank, from reader of an Inn of Court, to a Lord High Chancellor of England.

There is little doubt that Samuel Pepys' mother was of an inferior social rank to her husband; though nothing is known of her origin, there is a reference to her in the Diary, as having been "washmaid to my Lady Veere." However this may have been, Samuel Pepys, by his talents,

and the powerful interest of his father's relations, regained whatever position his father may have lost.

On March 30, 1653, John Pepys (father of the diarist) and Richard Cumberland (father of his school-fellow, Richard Cumberland, who became Bishop of Peterborough) were admitted as free brothers to the Merchant Taylor's Company. Richard Cumberland presented the Company with a silver tankard, and John Pepys gave a silver tankard and a trencher salt. John Pepys soon retired to a small property, Brampton in Huntingdonshire, which was left to him by his brother. For eighty-four years (1684-1768) the name Pepys Island appeared upon charts to designate *a small island supposed to form one of the Falkland group*—named after the Diarist, Secretary to the Admiralty.

Captain Cook, 1768, sailed over the position assigned to "Pepys Island," and finally dispelled all belief in its existence.

Before reading Sir William Pepys' correspondence, a description of some of the "Bas Bleu" and their salons may be useful; followed by a short account of George, first Lord Lyttelton, on whose death Mrs. Montagu said, "she had lost her use and importance in Society, for her house, when he appeared in it, was a school of knowledge and virtue." Mrs. Montagu (Queen of the "blues") occupies the next place, which brings us to the fierce war which raged between Dr. Johnson and the "Lytteltonians," when Sir William Pepys had to bear the brunt of the great man's wrath, in his defence of his dead friend's memory. Mrs. Thrale, "the conductress" of Dr. Johnson, requires a special note, and the "Wits" disporting themselves on the Pantiles at Tunbridge Wells, and a few of their ideas on the important subject of "Dress and Address," will not, I hope, be out of place. Criticisms pronounced by the survivors of the "Bas Bleu" on the generation of literati, who they saw arising to take their places, seem also worth recording.



IMPINGTON HALL, CAMBRIDGE.
Built in 1580 by John Pepys of Cottenham, and Edith Talbot, his wife.

Sir William Pepys' letters to William Franks are given first, because they formed the original nucleus of the book, and though his earlier style was somewhat ponderous and pedantic, they were written to his young cousin (fourteen years his junior), with the definite purpose of moulding his character as near as possible to his own ideal, and the standard of perfection thus shown is an interesting revelation of his own personality. The other letters I have placed as far as possible chronologically, beginning with those of Sir James Macdonald, whose chosen friend and confidant Pepys was, both at Eton and Christ Church. Sir Lucas Pepys' letters, mostly describing foreign travel, I have placed next. They show him as a man possessing what Wraxall called "a most classic and cultivated mind." Then we have letters from Mrs. Chapone, that "honest old gentlewoman," Pepys' constant friend and adviser, in spite of the surprise felt by her uncle, the Bishop of Winchester, at a grave matron corresponding with a young man. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, that entertaining society gossip, whose writing and talk, all of "sealing-wax and kings" (subjects that never tire the public), called down upon him the sneers of Horace Walpole, and George Selwyn wrote Sir William Pepys a series of letters, which, as he foretold, would one day prove valuable; they are followed by those of the great geographer Major Rennell, ancestor of Sir Rennell Rodd, and another budget from Mrs. Hartley, who kept house at Bath for her distinguished father and brother. The letters written by Sir William Pepys to Hannah More, with a few answers from her, close the correspondence; they are continued down to the date of his death. From all these I have occasionally quoted in my short sketch of Sir William Pepys' life.

III

THE "BAS BLEU"

MINDFUL of Gray's opinion of Boswell's book on Corsica, which he says, "proves that any fool may write a most valuable book by chance, if he will only tell us what he heard and saw with veracity," I have in all my notes, as in the following description of some of the principal members of the "Bas Bleu Coterie," allowed the eyewitnesses, as far as possible, to speak in their own words.

Mrs. Chapone (Hestor Mulso), at the age of twenty-three, originated the movement to substitute conversation for cards, and together with Dr. Johnson wrote the tenth number of the *Rambler*, in which appears the following protest :—

"At card tables, however brilliant, I could know nothing of the Company, but their Clothes and their faces. I saw their looks clouded at the beginning of every game, with a uniform solicitude, now and then varied with a short triumph ; at one time wrinkled with cunning, at another deadened with despondency, or by accident flushed with rage at the unskilful play of a partner."

The origin of the word "blue stocking" has been attributed to various sources, but the writer of an interesting article in the *Quarterly* for January, 1903, after quoting some of the best known, such as Dr. Stillingfleet's blue stockings, considers the name probably arose from the fact

that when Mrs. Greville (mother of Lady Crewe), the Duchess of Portland, and Mrs. Montagu, first imitated in London the salons of the Rue St. Honoré, Mme. de Polignac attended in blue stockings (then the rage in Paris), and the English ladies adopted the fashion.

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall does not consider that either in the period of its duration, or in the intellectual eminence of the principal members, the English Society can bear any comparison to that of France, which numbered among its members Maupertius, Helvetius, Montesquieu, the Marquis d'Argens, Mlle. de Launay, President Henault, D'Alembert, Diderot, La Condamine, the Duchesse de Choiseul, Marmontel, Raynal, Duke de Nivernois, Marivaux, the Abbé Barthélemy, and Turgot.

The assemblies at Paris lasted nearly half a century, from 1725-30 to 1775-80, at the two houses of Mme. du Deffand, and Mlle. de L'Espinasse. The blue stocking assemblies of Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Vesey remained in their brilliant state only about fifteen years, from 1770-85, just the period that Sir William Pepys' letters to William Franks were written. Wraxall adds, Mrs. Montagu and her dinners and assemblies survived, to a very late period, but the impulse that propelled them had disappeared. They were principally supported by, and fell with the giant talents of Johnson. It became impossible after his decease to supply his place. Burke had more powerful avocations; Hume and Adam Smith had retired to Scotland, or were already dead; Robertson, Lord Kaimes, and Lord Monboddo resided in Edinburgh, only visiting London occasionally on business, or for recreation. Gibbon never emulated to be a member of these assemblies, and never attended them, for, like Burke, he looked more to politics than letters for his substantial reward, being at that time member of Parliament, and a Lord of the Board of Trade, though he later gave up politics, and devoted himself entirely to literature. Probably the freedom of Hume and Gibbon's

opinions might have rendered their admission difficult, or their society distasteful to the principal persons who composed these parties. Johnson would hardly have remained in the same room as Gibbon or Hume, of whom he said he should just as soon think of praising a mad dog.

Mrs. Thrale (afterwards Mrs. Piozzi), under whose roof at Streatham Johnson spent six months annually, during a period of sixteen years, was as well-informed and cultivated, and possessed a more brilliant intellect than Mrs. Montagu; but she talked more unguardedly. As rivals they combated for precedence with placid though high-strained intellectual exertion, without the smallest malice in either. Each looked upon the other as alone worthy to be her peer. Garrick frequently made one of the assembly, and always diffused gaiety over the room. Mrs. Carter (who though unmarried, in accordance with the custom of her day at a certain age, assumed the brevet rank of a matron) is described as a really noble-looking woman, age had rarely been so gracefully seen in the female sex, her whole face beamed with goodness, piety, and philanthropy—her religious cast of character, and gravity of deportment, as well as her erudition, imposed some check on the asperity and eccentricities of Dr. Johnson, who said of her, "My old friend, Mrs. Carter, could make a pudding as well as translate Epictetus, and work a handkerchief as well as compose a poem." It was the affectation of learning that he disliked, not the learning itself—

"And Carter taught the female train
The deeply wise are never vain."

She was not *herisée de Grec*, nor blown up with self-opinion. Mrs. Carter's talk was all upon books; life and manners she was as ignorant of as a nun. She thought Epictetus inferior to Socrates, but saw no reason to reduce him to the level of modern heathen like Lord Bolingbroke, who treated Plato and St. Paul with equal virulence, being

opposed to all that was good in either Christians or heathen.

These assemblies were sneered at only by blockheads. Horace Walpole affected to laugh at them, but still attended them, though they furnished him with no gossip, wherewith to enrich his *chronique scandaleuse*, but he entertained the literati with his anecdotes.

“ For polish’d Walpole show’d the way,
How wit may be both learn’d and gay.”

Sir Joshua Reynolds held his trumpet to his ear ; and though unable to take part in the general conversation, the resources of his mind enabled him to repay with interest the attentions of those who addressed their discourses to him. Burke’s presence was more coveted than enjoyed, and the toils of Parliamentary discussions and Ministerial attack, left him little leisure to bestow on literary men and subjects, yet he sometimes unbent his faculties, among persons able to appreciate the powers of delighting and instructing, with which genius and study had enriched him.

Mrs. Boscawen (widow of the distinguished Admiral) was the mother of Viscount Falmouth, Mrs. Leveson, and the Duchess of Beaufort. Dr. Young dedicated a poem on “Resignation” to her, that he had written at the request of Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Carter, to console her for the loss of her gallant husband. She was distinguished by the strength of her understanding, the poignancy of her humour, and the brilliancy of her wit. She possessed less general information than Mrs. Montagu, yet conciliated more goodwill. Mme. d’Arblay wrote, “Mrs. Boscawen was all herself—that is, all elegance and good breeding. Do you remember the verses which we attributed to Mr. Pepys ?

“ ‘ Each art of conversation knowing
High-bred, elegant Boscawen.’ ”

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall thus sums up his account of the "Bas Bleu": "Sir William Pepys, to whose acquaintance I was not a little indebted for facilitating my entrance into this assembly of distinguished persons, is the last individual whom I shall enumerate. To a mind adorned with classic images and conversant with classic authors, he united great colloquial powers. The friend of the first Lord Lyttelton, of Sir James Macdonald, and of Topham Beauclerk, he was in principle a staunch Whig, and as Johnson might be justly esteemed a violent as well as bigoted Tory, much political sparring occasionally took place between them, in the progress of which many sparks of historical or philosophical fire were elicited on both sides."

Though literary reputation or celebrity of some kind constituted a primary title to a place in these conversations, yet rank and beauty were to be found there. The Duchess of Portland (Margaret Cavendish Harley), only child of the second Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, granddaughter of the Lord Treasurer Oxford, was a frequent visitant. To her Dr. Young dedicated, in extravagant terms, the third book of his "Night Thoughts," "Narcissa." She would only allow the initial letter of her name to be used; but as she had recently attracted universal admiration by appearing at the Duchess of Norfolk's masquerade as Cynthia, Young established her identity by addressing her as

"Thou who didst lately borrow Cynthia's form,
And modestly forgo thine own."

In early childhood she had formed the object of Swift's poetic homage, and had been the "Lovely Peggy" of Prior's expiring muse.

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall continues, "I have seen the Duchess of Devonshire (Georgiana Spencer), then in the first bloom of youth, hanging on the sentence that fell



Painted by Hudson.

MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY, SECOND DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

Daughter of Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford and Mortimer.

By kind permission of the Duke of Portland.

from Johnson's lips, and contending for the nearest place to his chair."

Hannah More, in 1825, mentioning the death of Sir William Weller Pepys in his eighty-sixth year, says: "Our acquaintance began nearly fifty years ago; he was the Loelius in my little poem 'The Bas Bleu.' As he was the Chief ornament, so he was the last survivor of the select Society, which gave birth to the trifle."

Though Dr. Johnson said of this poem, "Miss More has written a poem called 'Le Bas Bleu;' which is, in My opinion a Very Great performance, and there is no name in poetry, that might not be glad to own it," it was some time before Hannah More could be prevailed upon to do so. Mrs. Montagu wrote, "It wanders about in MSS., and will surely find its way to Bath."

Lady Pepys transcribed the verses that the writing might not be recognized, and sent them to amuse Mrs. Vesey and Mrs. Montagu and a chosen few staying at Burleigh (Lord Exeter's). Sir William excused himself for disobeying her commands to let no one see them but himself, by assuring her that every reading or writing Miss at Margate had a copy. He was pleased at the mention of himself as Loelius, and attributed it to his well-known passion for society, and his constant attendance on Mrs. Siddons. He wrote, "You cannot imagine the degree of consequence the poem has given me, and how I have risen in the estimation of some agreeable people by telling them that *I* was the first person who saw it, and that *I* would read it to them, but that no copy could possibly be given." He naïvely said he rather hoped that in some future edition of her works, he would see a letter addressed to himself beginning, "Dear Sir, it is owing to a suggestion of yours, that I originally conceived the intention of writing on the following subject."

King George III. desired to have a copy written in Miss More's own handwriting.

The poem was dedicated to Mrs. Vesey, and after describing the learned societies of Athens and Rome, returns to the social conditions in England in the eighteenth century. The following lines are short extracts :—

“ Long was Society o’er-run
 By whist, that desolating Hun ;
 Long did Quadrille despotic sit,
 That Vandal of colloquial wit ;
 And conversation’s setting light
 Lay half obscur’d in Gothic Night.
 At length the Mental shades decline,
 Colloquial wit begins to shine ;
 Genius prevails, & Conversation
 Emerges into Reformation.
 The vanquish’d triple crown to you,
 Boscawen sage, bright Montagu,
 Divided fell ;—your cares in haste
 Rescued the ravag’d realms of Taste ;
 And Lyttelton’s accomplish’d name
 And witty Pulteney shar’d the fame.”

After contrasting the English Blue Stocking assemblies with those of France at the Hôtel Rembouillet—

“ Where point, & turn, & equivoque,
 Distorted every word they spoke !
 All so intolerably bright
 Plain common Sense was put to flight ;
 Each speaker, so ingenious ever,
 ’Twas tiresome to be quite so clever ”—

she continues to describe the dulness from which the reformers were endeavouring to rescue English Society—

“ Muse ! snatch the lyre which Cambridge strung
 When he the empty ball room sung,
 ’Tis tun’d above thy pitch, I doubt,
 And thou no Music wou’dst draw out ;

Yet in a lower note presume
To sing the full, dull Drawing-room.

Cold ceremony's leaden hand
Waves o'er the room her poppy wand ;
Arrives the stranger ; every guest
Conspires to torture the distress ;"

The description of the unfortunate guest, after the ordeal of her arrival, continues—

"In sweet oblivion down she sinks,
And of her next appointment thinks ;
While her loud neighbour on the right,
Boasts what she has to do tonight ;
So very much, you'd swear her pride is
To match the labours of Alcides ;
'Tis true, in hyperbolic measure,
She nobly calls her labours Pleasure.

A circumnavigator she
On Ton's illimitable sea
We pass the pleasures vast & various,
Of Routs not social but gregarious ;
Where high heroic self-denial
Sustains her self-inflicted trial
Day lab'rors ! what an easy life
To feed ten children & a wife !
No—I my juster pity spare
To the night labrer's keener care ;
And, pleas'd to gentler scenes retreat
Where Conversation holds her seat.'

Then comes a description of the brilliant society collected at the "Bas Bleu" assemblies—

"Here sober Duchesses are seen
Chaste Wits, and Critics void of spleen ;
Physicians, fraught with real science,
And Whigs and Tories in alliance ;
Poets, fulfilling Christian duties,
Just Lawyers, reasonable Beauties ;
Bishops who preach, & Peers who pay,
And Countesses who seldom play ;

Learn'd Antiquaries, who from college,
 Reject the rust, and bring the knowledge ;
 And, hear it *age*, believe it, *youth*,—
 Polemics, really seeking truth ;
 And travellers of that rare tribe,
 Who've *seen* the countries they describe ;
 Who study'd there, so strange their plan,
 Not plants, nor herbs alone, but Man ;
 While travellers, of other Notions,
 Scale mountain-tops, & traverse oceans."

Dr. Johnson is described as—

" — rigid Cato, awful Sage
 Bold Censor of a thoughtless age."

And Horace Walpole (Horace) and Sir William Pepys (Loelius)—

"Taste thou the gentler joys they give,
 With Horace, & with Loelius live.
 Hail Conversation, soothing Power
 Sweet goddess of the social hour !
 Not with more heart-felt warmth, at least,
 Does Loelius bend, thy true High Priest ;
 Than I the lowest of thy train,
 These field-flowers bring to deck thy fane ;
 Who to thy shrine like him can haste,
 With warmer zeal, or purer taste ?"

Hannah More, who describes herself so modestly as "the lowest in the train of Conversation's Votaries," was the last survivor amongst the ladies who composed the original *Coterie*, as Sir William Pepys was amongst the men.

She had been so much in the habit of seeing Horace and Loelius together, they presented themselves to her mind spontaneously. She wrote, "Loelius is such a favourite with great and learned ladies, that he is generally fastened down by one or other of them ; and though he now and then makes some struggle for his liberty, it cannot always be obtained. Whereas Horace liking nonsense talk, better than to be always with the Greeks and

Romans, I sometimes get more than my share of him, as was the case at a most complete 'bas bleu' the other night, at Mrs. Vesey's, where was everything witty, and everything learned, that is to be had ; I generally stick by my old friends ; and got into a nook, between Mr. Walpole and Soane Jenyns, and was contented. I am very humble you will say !"

Pepys wrote to Hannah More that Lady Dartrey was the first to tell the literati of the appellation of "Bas Bleu," by which they were known, and they were highly diverted by it.

Richard Cumberland, whose fame as a playwright and novelist has hardly survived to the present day (though he was caricatured by Sheridan as "Sir Fretful Plegiary" in *The Critic*), wrote the following:—"When I lived with Johnson, Garrick, Dodington, Jenyns, and the wits of the period ; I had the happiness of living also with Sir William Pepys. No man had a better right to be present, wherever men of talent held their meetings ; for with a very quick comprehension, a ready elocution, and a fund of erudition, this gentleman has a grace and suavity of manners, not always to be found in contact with a superior understanding. There are few now left, who can be heard with equal profit upon literary topics, for his opinions are delivered with clearness and precision ; they cannot puzzle and entangle, they either confirm, or confute. He attached himself very zealously to Samuel Johnson, for he admired the man, and was more solicitous to elicit his talents, than to display his own ; I have known him follow, where he might have led ; for if the orbit in which Johnson's genius rolled, was wider than his, or any other man's of his time, still when classical authorities were appealed to, there could be none more fit to expound them than Sir William Pepys."

Mrs. Vesey, to whom Hannah More dedicated her poem, shared with Mrs. Montagu the honour of having

originated the "Bas Bleu" assemblies. She was gentle and diffident, and dreamed not of any competition, only desiring to collect celebrities under her roof, and without attempting to shine herself, or be accounted one of their number, she had the happy secret of bringing forward talents of every kind, and diffusing over the society the gentleness of her character. With no advantage of appearance and manner, she possessed, with a reserve of good sense, that easy politeness that gained every one in a moment, and had the almost magic art of putting all the company at their ease. They talked or were silent, sat or walked about, just as they pleased, while Johnson in one corner might be holding forth on the moral duties, and Horace Walpole amusing a little group in another; Sir William Hamilton describing Herculaneum or Pompeii, Mrs. Carter and Hannah More discussing some new author, and the beautiful old Duchess of Leinster encountering the beautiful young Duchess of Devonshire. Mr. Burke having stepped in, and marking no one with whom he wished to exchange ideas, would seize the first book or pamphlet he could catch, to soothe his harassed mind by reading a passage or two aloud.

Though Mrs. Vesey was famous for her dexterity and skill in selecting her guests, and rendering them easy with one another (an art that implies no mean understanding), simplicity and absent-mindedness were her chief characteristics. Her forgetfulness was such that she could hardly remember her own name. All her domestic arrangements were superintended by her sister-in-law, and, from the contrast of their physical and moral endowments, they were known as "Body" and "Mind." The brilliancy of her social gifts must have been somewhat obscured by her deafness. She had commonly two or three or more ear-trumpets hanging to her wrist, or slung about her neck, or tossed upon the chimney-piece or table, with intention to try them alternately upon different speakers, as occasion

might arise. She carried her stool and cushion about the room, joining the various groups, and in her earnestness for participation, she would hasten from one spot to another, in hope of better fare, frequently clapping the broad part of the brazen ear to her temple; but after waiting in vain, would dolorously exclaim, "As soon as I come near nobody speaks." The whole group tried to explain what had been said, but detecting amusement elsewhere, she would dart forward, trumpet in hand, to inquire what was going on, and arriving at the speaker at the moment he was to become the listener, she gently uttered her disappointment: "Well, I really thought you were talking of something." At one of Mrs. Vesey's assemblies Lady Spencer brought with her a collection of silver ears, to serve instead of trumpets, to help deafness. They had belonged to her late lord, and she presented them to Mrs. Vesey, who with great *naïveté* began trying them on before the company, and presented a ludicrous appearance as she rose to welcome her guests, still wearing one of them.

Lord Harcourt said that, though Mrs. Vesey was vastly agreeable, her fear of ceremony was really troublesome, and her eagerness to break a circle so great, that she insisted upon everybody sitting with their backs to each other, the chairs being drawn into little parties of three together, in a confused manner all over the room, so that those who occupied them saw no more of their neighbours than of those in the next room, except by twisting their necks. Can this have possibly been the origin of the early Victorian settee, where, isolated in the centre of a large room, the unhappy victim, placed back to back with two fellow-sufferers, to whom communication was painful, was scarcely within speaking distance of the nearest armchair? Mrs. Ord, on the contrary (who had the art of mixing her "Bas Bleu" with those of other sets, without incurring the sneer of Horace Walpole at "Mrs. Montagu and her

Mænades," "Mrs. Vesey and her Babels and Chaos," or the scientific "Saturnalia" of Sir Joseph Banks), with an equal desire to banish all ceremony and formality, made her guests draw their chairs about a table, which she kept in the middle of the room, and called the best friend to social conversation. This idea also seems to have survived till towards the end of the nineteenth century. But whatever the methods adopted at the one or two houses of which Dr. Burney records with pleasure that the company could be entertained merely by conversation unassisted by cards, the chief characteristics were easiness, cheerfulness, and politeness, and the absence of formality and restraint.

Amongst the constant frequenters of Mrs. Vesey's assemblies were Mrs. Montagu, Lord Lyttelton, and sometimes his son—who, with his usual inconsistency, seemed to take pleasure in the society at Mrs. Vesey's—Mr. Garrick, Sir William Pepys, Mr. Cambridge, Mr. Boscawen, Dr. Percy (Bishop of Dromore), Mr. Langton, Dr. Bowdler, the Editor of the *Family Shakespeare*, and Dr. Burney.

Hannah More wrote, "We have had a pleasant 'Vesey' or two lately. Mrs. Carter, Mr. Walpole, and I make our own parties, and ask or exclude just whom we like. Our last was a little too large, and had too many great ladies. We are agreed to keep the next a secret; but poor dear Mrs. Vesey is so sweet-tempered that, though she vows she will not mention it to anybody, she cannot help asking every agreeable creature that comes in her way."

One evening Mrs. Vesey attempted to moderate Fanny Burney's obtrusive shyness, and cried, "You cannot think, dear ma'am, how happy you will make me if you will be quite at your ease here, and run about just as you like"—a rather hopeless request to one who boasted of an over-delicacy that was worse than affectation, which Mrs. Thrale feared might make her unhappy all her life. "Indeed, you must check it; you must get the better of it," she sensibly observed. Fanny was seized with a fresh panic when

her hostess made her sit by Horace Walpole, whose entertaining talk she had never heard before; but, finding she shied and changed her place as soon as she could, he was too well-bred to force himself upon her, and left her alone. Mrs. Vesey exclaimed, "Mr. Walpole is sadly vexed that Miss Burney won't talk to him!" "Why, dear madam," said Sir William Pepys, good-naturedly, "who can talk when so called upon? I, who am the greatest chatterer in the world, if set upon in that manner, could not say a word."

The lively Miss Monckton, afterwards Countess of Cork and Orrery, used to entertain "the finest bit of blue" at the house of her mother, the Dowager Lady Galway, in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. According to Mme. d'Arblay, she was one of those who stood foremost in collecting curious people to her conversaziones, which, like those of Mrs. Vesey, mixed the rank and literature, and excluded all beside. Miss Monckton was at this time between thirty and forty, very short, very fat, but handsome; splendidly and fantastically dressed, rouged not unbecomingly, yet evidently desirous of gaining notice and admiration. She had an easy levity in her air, manner, voice, and discourse, that spoke all within to be comfortable; and her rage for anything curious might be satisfied, if she pleased, by looking in the mirror. Everything in the fine old house was ordered in a "new style." The visitors arrived in a hall full of servants, not one of whom inquired their names or took any notice of them. Mrs. Thrale and Miss Burney, on the occasion of their first visit, proceeded upstairs, and, after much deliberation, tried their fortune by opening a door, and found a room full of tea-things and one maid-servant! After further consultation, they again resolved to take courage, and entering a large and magnificent room, they found Lady Galway (an Irish lady, daughter of Mr. Westenra of Rathleagh) sitting by the fire, and receiving nobody. She seemed very old,

and wore a little round white cap flat on her forehead, not a single hair, cushion, roll, or anything else showing. Such part of the company as already knew her made their compliments to her where she sat; the rest were never taken up to her, but belonged wholly to Miss Monckton, whose own manner of receiving her friends was scarcely more laborious. She usually sat about the middle of the room, lounging on one chair while bending over the back of another; and without advancing to meet any one, rising, or troubling herself to see if there were any seats left for them, she would turn round her head to the announcement of a name, give a nod, a smile, and a short "How do do?" and then, chatting on with her own set, leave them to seek their fortunes. Her manners were, however, far better at her own house than elsewhere.

Hannah More's "Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society" may have been prompted by some such want of courtesy, and the title suggests a work that might still be read with profit—and not alone by the "Great."

Miss Monckton rose, however, contrary to her custom, and welcomed her guests on the occasion of a first visit; and when any new-comers placed themselves in a regular way, she exclaimed, "My whole care is to prevent a circle," and hastily rising, she pulled about the chairs, and planted the people in groups in the most dexterous disorder. Her manners were reflected not only in those of her servants, but their influence seemed to affect the whole company. Miss Burney found herself surrounded by strangers, all dressed superbly, and all "looking saucily." An inane conversation was conducted across her in whispers, an unknown lady leaning over her without any ceremony, and exchanging monotonous complaints with an insufferably affected friend about the weight of their "sacques," and how they were incommoded with their nasty ruffles; only the duty of presenting themselves later



Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Engraved by John Jacobi.

THE HON. MISS MONCKTON.
Afterwards Countess of Cork and Orrery.

at Cumberland House having persuaded them to think of dining in a *sacque*, which was vastly disagreeable, and quite depressed them, and put them out of spirits. However, a warm eulogium from Mr. Burke on her new book, "*Cecilia*," and eloquent compliments, "too delicate either to shock or sicken the nicest ear," soon restored Fanny Burney's self-complacency, and in the course of the evening she had the pleasure of observing a striking change in the manners of one of the offending ladies, who, having picked up her name, ceased her whispering, and with civilest smiles addressed her, calling to a fine beau, "Do pray sit this way, that you may screen Miss Burney, as well as me, from the fire;" which challenge to conversation was coldly answered by "Yes," "No," or a bow from the irate Fanny. Even old Lady Galway trotted from her corner, and leaning her hands on the back of two chairs, put her little round head through two fine, high-dressed ladies, on purpose to peep at Miss Burney—whose book, old wits, like the Duchess of Portland and Mrs. Delany, praised—and then trotted back to her place.

Dr. Johnson mentions an evening at Miss Monckton's, when he met Lady Craven and Lady Cranborne, who afterwards, as Lady Salisbury, perished in the fire at Hatfield, in 1835. There were many ladies and few men; perhaps the airs and affectations which Miss Burney elsewhere describes as "tonish graces and impertinences" were endured more patiently by the women, who, as Mrs. Thrale said, bear crosses better than men do, but bear surprises worse. "Give me time," said she, "and I'll go gravely up to the guillotine; but set me down suddenly within view of a battle, and I shall be a corpse before the first fire is over, through fear, whilst my footman shall feel animation from the scene, and long to make one of the sport." The men probably preferred the more stimulating society of Mrs. Montagu—who, as Johnson said, did not make a trade of her wit, but had a constant stream of

conversation, which was always impregnated, and had always meaning—or the gay spirits of Mrs. Thrale, and the easy politeness and good breeding of Mrs. Vesey. Miss Monckton's vivacity, however, enchanted Dr. Johnson, and during a discussion on Sterne's writings, which she said were pathetic, and always affected her, "That is because, dearest, you're a dunce," rejoined the Doctor. He afterwards added, "Madam, if I had thought so, I certainly should not have said it."

Bennet Langton, writing to Boswell, enumerated a group of blue stockings at Miss Monckton's house. There were present the Duchess of Portland (Prior's "Lovely Peggy"), Mrs. Boscawen and her two daughters, Mrs. Leveson and the Duchess of Beaufort, Lord and Lady Lucan, Lady Clermont, Lord Althorp, Lord Macartney, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Nathaniel Wraxall (a very agreeable and ingenious man, author of "The Tour to the Northern Parts of Europe"), Dr. Warren, Sir William Pepys, and Dr. Barnard, the Provost of Eton. As soon as Dr. Johnson had come in, and had *taken the chair*, the company began to collect round him, till they became four or five deep, those behind standing and listening over the heads of those that were sitting near him. The conversation for some time was between Dr. Johnson and the Provost of Eton, while others contributed occasionally their remarks.

The eccentric Miss Monckton occupied an equally conspicuous social position during the early part of the nineteenth century as Lady Cork, and lived long enough to entertain another generation of distinguished men, amongst whom were Sir Walter Scott, Samuel Rogers, Lord Byron, etc.

The stories told of her are endless. Kleptomania was amongst her peculiarities; and though in her youth she had always arrayed her short, fat figure in muslin, even at Christmas-time, later on she accentuated her voluminous

appearance by adding each winter, permanently, an additional petticoat to the ever-increasing number, which advanced with her years; and, as she dressed invariably in white, her circumference was the more apparent.

Some verses which appeared in the *Morning Herald* of March 12, 1782, on the literary women of the time, were supposed to have been written by Sir William Pepys. Fanny Burney gives the following reason for her strong suspicion that he was the author: "They are just what I have heard him say of all the people; and every creature mentioned in them—except Mrs. Cowley, Greville, and Crewe—were invited to his house the very day they were printed." However, some years afterwards, Sir William Pepys denied having written them; and in 1822 a MS. copy of them was found among Dr. Burney's papers, with so many erasures and changes as to give the most direct evidence that they were the doctor's own composition. We imagine self-advertising to be a modern phase of vulgarity, but there is nothing new under the sun. His daughter wrote: "Have you seen the verses in the newspapers upon literary ladies? They have poked me in with all the *belles esprits*—Mrs. Carter, Chapone, Cowley, Hannah More, Greville, Boscawen, Thrall, Crewe, Sophy Streatfield, and Mrs. Montagu. In such honourable company, to repine at being placed, would be impertinent, so I take it quietly enough; but I would to Heaven I could keep clear of the whole! However, my dear father is so delighted that, though he was half afraid of speaking to me at all about them at first, he carries them constantly in his pocket, and reads them to everybody!"

"ADVICE TO THE HERALD.

"Herald, wherefore thus proclaim
Nought of woman but the shame

.
Better sure record in story
Such as shine their sex's glory!

A LATER PEPYS

Herald, haste with me proclaim
 Those of literary fame.
 Hannah More's pathetic pen,
 Painting high the impassion'd scene ;
 Carter's piety and learning,
 Little Burney's quick discerning,
 Cowper's neatly pointed wit,
 Healing those her satire hit ;
 Smiling Streatfield's ivory neck,
 Nose, and Notions—*à la Grecque !*
 Let Chapone retain a place,
 And the Mother of " her grace,"
 Each art of conversation knowing,
 High-bred elegant Boscawen ;
 Thrale, in whose expressive eyes,
 Sits a soul above disguise,
 Skilled with wit and sense t' impart,
 Feelings of a generous heart.
 Lucan, Leveson, Greville, Crewe ;
 Fertile-minded Montagu,
 Who makes each rising art her care,
 And brings her knowledge from afar !
 Whilst her tuneful tongue defends
 Authors dead and absent friends ;
 Bright in genius, pure in fame ;—
 Herald haste, and these proclaim ! "

Fanny Burney had met almost all these wits at Sir William Pepys', on the day the verses appeared.

" Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Chapone, Hannah More, Mrs. Carter, Sophy Streatfield, Mrs. Buller, famous for her Greek notes in Greek books, Miss Georgiana Shipley, famous for construing ' Horace ' (after a year's studying Latin), Mr. Wraxall, the Northern historian, General Paoli, Dr. Cadogan, Sir Joshua Reynolds, &c." " Mrs. Garrick was extremely kind and obliging. She looks very well & very elegant. She was cheerfully grave, did not speak much, but was followed and addressed by everybody. I could not help being quite melancholy myself at sight of her, from remembrance of dear Mr. Garrick. . . . I was also gratified by meeting with the lady of the late young Lord

Lyttelton, who was made very celebrated by the book called 'Correspondents,' which was asserted to be written by her [to her father-in-law] the old [George 1st] Lord Lyttelton, but proves to be a very impertinent forgery."

A poem was also written by Hoole, son of John Hoole, the translator of Tasso, which describes—

"Streatfield, the learn'd, the gay, in blooming years."

"Carter's piercing eyes
To roll inquisitive through starry skies."

"To Chapone th' important task assigned
To smooth the temper and improve the mind."

Hannah More was

"To guide unthinking Youth."

"Smiling Streatfield's ivory neck, nose and notions *à la Grecque*" is a description of Sophy Streatfield, commonly known as the S.S. in the Streatham circle, to which her knowledge of Greek had gained her admission. "Taking away her Greek," said Dr. Johnson, "she is as ignorant as a butterfly." An extraordinary power of weeping, without any cause, diverted her friends, who made her cry by request, to show how beautiful she looked in tears. Mrs. Thrale said she would cry herself into any heart she pleased. "She has ten times my beauty and five times my scholarship; wit and knowledge she has none."

Her avowed preference for "the Parson" was objected to by Sir Philip Jennings Clerke and Mr. Seward, who declared that his only merit was "that he spoke first;" they believed her affections were as easily commanded as her tears, and that she would as soon have married either of them. In this they were apparently mistaken, for though we hear no more of "the Parson," the beautiful S.S. never married.

Mrs. Thrale said, "Nobody does cry so pretty as the

S.S. I'm sure, when she cried for Seward, I never saw her look half so lovely."

"For Seward!" cried Sir Philip. "Did she cry for Seward? What a happy dog! I hope she'll never cry for me, for if she does I won't answer for the consequences!"

"Seward," said Mrs. Thrale, "had affronted Johnson, and then Johnson affronted Seward, and then the S.S. cried."

"Oh!" cried Sir Philip, "that I had been here. I have heard so much of these tears, that I would give the universe to have a sight of them."

Mrs. Thrale: "Well, she shall cry again if you like."

Sir Philip: "Oh, pray do!"

Mrs. Thrale: "Yes, do cry a little, Sophy; pray do! Consider now, you are going to-day, and it's very hard if you won't cry a little."

Now for the wonder of wonders. Two crystal tears came into the soft eyes of the S.S. and rolled gently down her cheeks; neither her features or complexion were ruffled—she was smiling all the time.

Sir Philip nearly died of convulsions, his laughter and his politeness struggling furiously with one another. At last, colouring violently with his efforts to speak, he said, "I thank you, ma'am; I'm much obliged to you." And Dr. Delap gravely added: "What a wonderful command the lady must have over herself."

"There now," said Mrs. Thrale, "she looks for all the world as if nothing had happened, for you know nothing *has* happened!"

Miss Horneck (Mrs. Gwynn), whose loveliness has been immortalized by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was considered the greatest beauty in the room, except the S.S. at one of the "Bas Bleu" assemblies, as Lord Sandys was the greatest fright, which explains the allusion in the dialogue of "Mercury and the Painter," "if you *must* draw a Lord, draw my Lord Sandys; he is so stiff, and so like a picture,

a picture must be like him, and his cravat is in print already."

Dr. Johnson called Mr. Seward "an abrupt young man." He was "a hypochondriac, who ran about the world to borrow spirits, and forget himself; but though his disorders were imaginary, his imagination was a sufficient disorder."

Of Bennet Langton, another member of this circle, Johnson said: "His mind is as exalted as his stature; but he is no less amiable than formidable. I know not who will go to Heaven if Langton does not."

In after years Mrs. Piozzi quoted, as an instance of the capriciousness of public taste and the uncertainty of fame, the case of Bennet Langton. She could remember the time, when to have Langton at a man's house stamped him at once a literary character; on his coming to town a few years after the death of Dr. Johnson, he found no house where he was even asked to dinner. Mr. Wilberforce dismissed him with a cold "Adieu, sir; I hope we shall meet in Heaven."

Even the literati could not always have their parties arranged as they wished, and Sir William Pepys' sister-in-law, Lady Rothes, according to Hannah More, gave a great assembly, which was so hot, so crowded, and so fine, that I never passed a more dull and unpleasant evening. How I grudged the waste of time, squeezed to death among a parcel of fine, idle people, where it was impossible to have anything worthy of being called conversation. It is not only vanity, but vexation of spirit—one is drawn in by assurances of a "very small party." At the Bishop of St. Asaph's "the Prince of Wales was reckoned to come excessively early—half-past ten. It was only a *private* party of about two hundred, and I believe the Bishop was heartily glad when he got rid of us. For my part, I do not desire to be ever again in such a crowd whether of the great vulgar or the small!"

The Italian ladies also had their intellectual *coteries*. Mrs. Piozzi wrote from Venice: "All literary topics are pleasantly discussed at Quirini's Casino, where everything may be learned by the conversation of the company (as Dr. Johnson said of his literary Club), but more agreeably, because women are always half the number of persons admitted here."

"No women can be more charming than these Venetian dames, but they keep very late hours, and have forgotten that the youngest of the Graces was married to Sleep! Gray is a favourite writer amongst them, by his residence at Florence and his Latin verses, and Young, by his piety and brilliant thoughts. They were disposed to think 'dear Dr. Young very *near* to Christianity.'"

Mrs. Piozzi found that the Roman ladies could not endure perfume, and fainted away even at the smell of an artificial rose. She went once amongst them, introduced by the Venetian Ambassador, but she said: "The conversation was soon over, not so my shame; when I perceived all the company shrink from me very oddly and stop their noses with rue, which a servant brought to their assistance on an open salver. I was by this time more like to faint than they—from confusion and distress; my kind protector informed me of the cause; he said I had some grains of *maréchale* powder in my hair, perhaps, and led me out of the assembly; to which no entreaties could prevail on me to return, or make further attempt to associate with a delicacy so very susceptible of offence."

The Roman ladies probably thought with Pliny—

"Malo nil olere quam bene."

(I had rather smell of nothing than smell well.)

Or as Hannah More expressed it in her "Bas Bleu"—

"That finished head which breathes perfume
And kills the nerves of half the room."

IV

GEORGE, FIRST LORD LYTTTELTON

GEORGE, first Lord Lyttelton, who was so cruelly attacked by Johnson in his "Lives of the Poets," had a warm friend and admirer in Sir William Pepys, who, after his death, never ceased to defend his memory valiantly. He was the eldest son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, of Hagley, and was born in 1709. His mother was a daughter of Sir Richard Temple, of Stowe, and he was connected by marriage with William Pitt, and therefore belonged to the small and powerful party known as the "Cobhamites," and later on, as the "Grenville cousins," or the "cousinhood."

History repeats itself!

He has been described as an amiable absent-minded man, upright and benevolent, with strong religious convictions and great abilities. His ignorance of the world, and unreadiness in debate, made him a poor, practical politician. His address was said to be even more disagreeable than his voice, his meagre face, and thin, lanky, awkward carriage, together with "his distinguished inattention" Lord Chesterfield (who described him as a "respectable Hottentot"), held up as a terrible warning to his son, though apparently in vain, for Dr. Johnson once saw Mr. Stanhope in Dodsley's shop, and was so struck with his awkward manners and appearance, that he could not help asking who he was. Lyttelton's character was well described by the Duke of

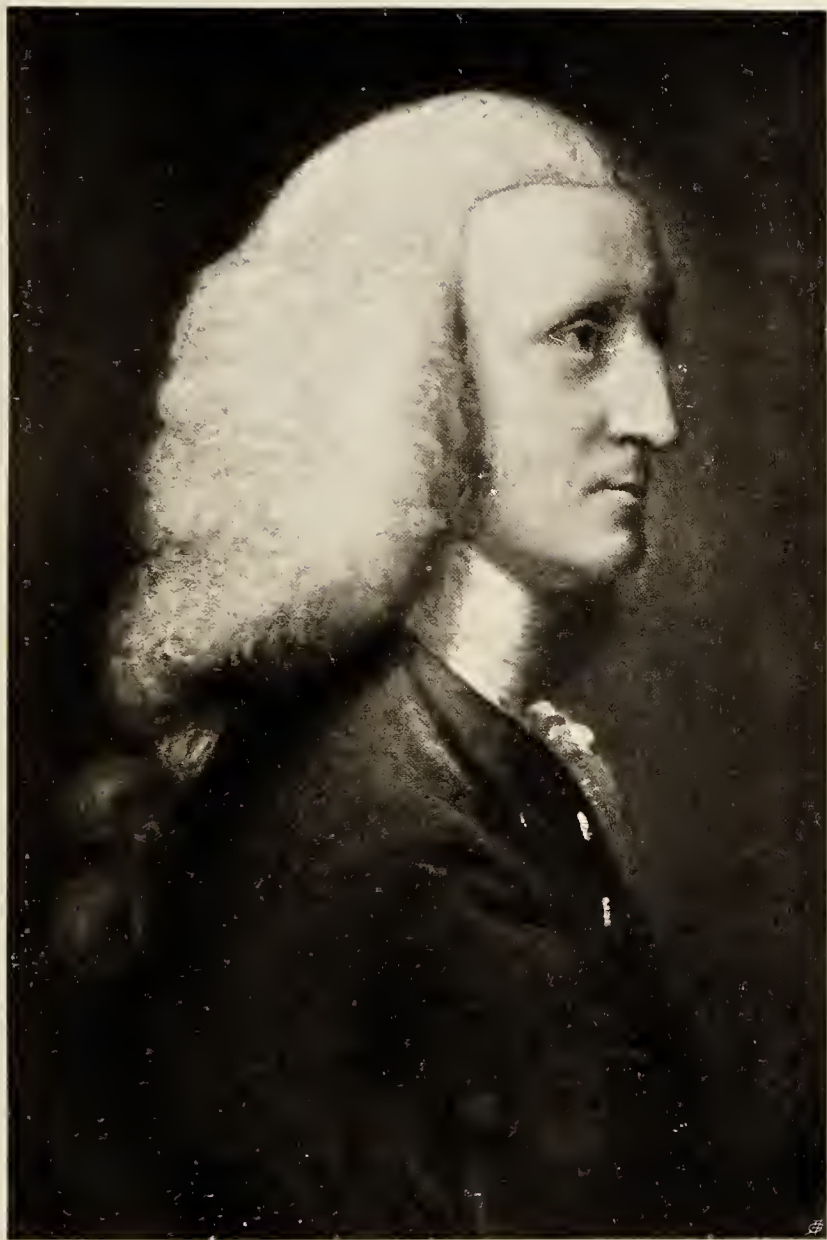
Newcastle, in his report to the King of an altercation with Pitt, on the subject of a vote of credit ; " Sir George," he said, " answered Mr. Pitt's arguments and repelled his abuse with the judgment of a Minister, the force and wit of an orator, and the spirit of a gentleman."

His conduct throughout his political career showed the same characteristics, and though he was so violently attacked by Temple in the House of Lords in 1753, that both Peers were compelled by the House to promise that the matter should go no farther, he became reconciled to his opponents, and did his best to bring the negotiations between them to a successful issue.

On the formation of Rockingham's first administration in July, 1765, he refused a seat in the Cabinet, declining to separate himself from Pitt and Temple.

Lord Waldegrave wrote in his memoirs: " Mr. Pitt's followers were scarce a sufficient number to deserve the name of a party, consisting only of the Grenvilles and Sir George Lyttelton. The latter was an enthusiast in religion and politics, absent-minded in business, not ready in debate, and totally ignorant of the world ; on the other hand, his studied orations were excellent, he was a man of parts, a scholar, no indifferent writer, and by far the honestest man of the whole society."

In the month of June, 1742, Lyttelton married Lucy, daughter of Hugh Fortescue, of Filleigh, known to all readers of English poetry by the monody he wrote to her memory, which was considered the best of his poetical pieces ; even Lord Chesterfield hoped that Mrs. Lyttelton had a head to discern merit, and a heart to value it, and would bring with her truth, tenderness, and all the other virtues she would meet with. Thomson's description in his " Seasons " (Spring) of Hagley and its possessor in his various characters of poet, philosopher, historian, and statesman, and his allusion to Lyttelton's first wife, Lucy, are too well known to quote ; but as Sir Robert Phillimore, in his



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GEORGE, FIRST LORD LUTTELTON.

After a portrait in the National Portrait Gallery.

"Life of Lyttelton," writes, "Thomson's praise of Mrs. Lyttelton was her due. She was the ornament and joy of her husband's life, and exerted her great influence over him, for the noblest end."

Thomson (who also described Lord Lyttelton in the "Castle of Indolence," and whose own description in the same poem is written by Lyttelton) first visited Hagley in the Autumn, which was the season he thought the most pleasing and poetical; he wrote: "The spirits are not then dissipated with the gaiety of Spring, and the glaring light of Summer, but composed into a serious and tempered joy. The year is perfect. I shall find with you the Muses of the great simple country, not the little fine lady Muse of Richmond Hill. . . . My compliments attend all at Hagley, and particularly Her, who gives it charms for you, it never had before—Believe me to be ever with the greatest Respect

"Most affectionately Yours—

"JAMES THOMSON."

Shenstone was their nearest neighbour in the country, and "was always received by Mr. Lyttelton and his lady in the most friendly manner, as they saw under a plain and bashful appearance his real merit." His melancholy and sensitive nature caused him to retire from the world, and landscape gardening was the chief occupation of his life. As Johnson said, "He began to point his prospects, diversify his surface, entangle his walks, and wind his waters, with such judgment, as made his little domain the envy of the great, and the admiration of the skilful." It was at this period that Lord Lyttelton, Grenville, and Pitt (whose genius for landscape gardening was partly formed at Wickham, where he and Lyttelton were often entertained by Gilbert West), were also carefully studying the art of laying out their grounds, though on a far different scale. Pope celebrated the wonders of Stowe, and at Hagley

"every rill had its course directed, in the line of beauty." Johnson's dislike of Lyttelton caused him to misrepresent him in his life of Shenstone, as a neighbour "whose empire, spacious and opulent, looked with disdain on the petty state that appeared behind it," and he said that after ignoring as far as possible "the little fellow who was trying to make himself admired," the inhabitants of Hagley "took care to defeat the curiosity, they could not suppress, by conducting their visitants perversely to inconvenient points of view, and introducing them at the wrong end of a walk to detect deception."

Though these charges of childish spite were proved by an intimate friend of Shenstone's to be wholly false, the reflection with which Johnson concludes his charge is true, "Where there is emulation there will be vanity, and where there is vanity there will be folly."

With Mrs. Lyttelton's death,

"All this pleasing fabric love had raised
Of rare felicity"

was destroyed; and Johnson's sneer, that Lyttelton "solaced his grief by writing a long poem to her memory," Sir Robert Phillimore thus answers, "If Johnson thought such exercise of his art inconsistent with the most poignant grief, he might have learnt a truer lesson of human nature from Milton's sonnet to his 'late espoused saint,' and from the lines of Virgil prefixed by Lyttelton to his Monody; who thus describes his wife—

"Made to engage all hearts, to charm all eyes,
Though weak, magnanimous, though witty, wise;
Polite as all her life in courts had been,
Yet good, as she the world had never seen.
The nobler fire of an exalted mind
With gentlest female tenderness combined.
Her speech was the melodious voice of love
Her song, the warbling of the vernal grove,
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,

Soft as her heart and as her virtue strong.
 Her form the beauty of her mind express'd,
 Her mind was virtue by the Graces drest.'"

In less than two years, he left unfinished an epitaph to his Lucy, and married a daughter of Sir Robert Rich, which may have been some excuse for Smollett's unfeeling burlesque on the "Monody." His hasty and ill-considered second marriage proved to be a very unhappy one.

Before taking this fatal step, he exchanged much good advice on the subject of matrimony with Thomson, who had never married; in his youth he had been hopelessly attached to a Scotch lady (Miss Young), whom he celebrated under the name of Amanda, but poverty had prevented his proposing to her, and she subsequently married Admiral Campbell. In answer to a letter from Lord Lyttelton, recommending a suitable substitute, Thomson said, he had given the question his mature and deep consideration by night and by day, and that though his judgment agreed with the advice received, and the lady recommended had as many good qualities as any woman, still every man had a singular and uncontrollable imagination of his own, and that she did not pique his. Imagination was the same in love, he thought, as charity (love) in religion, and that though a woman had the form, and spoke like the angels, and though all divine gifts and graces were hers, yet without striking the fancy "she does nothing!" He considered himself too much advanced in life to venture to marry without feeling himself invigorated and made young again, with the flame of imagination. He admitted that betwixt judgment and fancy, he ran an equal risk of never entering into the holy state, which possibility occurred on the 27th of August in the same year, when he died in his forty-eighth year.

With some inconsistency, often found in the giving and taking of advice, in the same letter Thomson urged his friend Lord Lyttelton to marry again, and not to expect

too much of his second venture, having apparently already forgotten his own theory about that "most excellent gift," without which all the rest is "as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." In an evil hour Lord Lyttelton followed this advice, and suffered in consequence "much domestic uneasiness," for his wife was always ailing and complaining, "malade de corps, et d'esprit," and eventually they agreed to separate.

Sir Robert Phillimore tells us that when weary of faction and debate, Pitt and Lyttelton found books, and quiet, a decent table, and literary conversation at Wickham, the home of Gilbert West (whose mother and Lord Lyttelton's were sisters, daughters of Sir Richard Temple, of Stowe), and that it was at Wickham that Lyttelton received that conviction which produced his "Dissertation on St. Paul." "These two illustrious friends had listened to the blandishments of infidelity," but Lyttelton now applied himself to honest studies, which ended in conviction. He found that religion was true, and even Dr. Johnson was obliged to admit that "to his 'Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul,' infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer."

He quaintly expressed a hope that it might bring people to think more deeply upon a matter of so great importance, by being "writt in a stile, more genteel than books of controversy usually are," and especially as coming "from a layman, and one of some rank in the world." He is sorry that these two last particulars should signify anything in such a point, but adds, "they certainly do." As the fashion of the times had so generally gone against Christianity, he considered it the duty of every Christian to endeavour to stem the torrent by which weak minds were carried away, and profess himself openly, not ashamed of his Redeemer. Voltaire objected to the description of himself in Lord Lyttelton's "Dialogues of the Dead," and wrote: "As to Religion, I think that God is neither a

Presbyterian, nor a Lutheran, nor of the lower church, nor of the higher church, but God is the Father of all Mankind, the Father of the noble author and mine."

Lord Lyttelton answered, "I entirely agree with you that God is the Father of all Mankind, and should think it blasphemy to confine His goodness to a sect, nor do I believe that any of His creatures are good in His sight, if they do not extend their benevolence to all His creation ; these opinions I rejoice to see in your works, and shall be very glad to be convinced that the liberty of your thoughts and your pen, upon these subjects of philosophy and religion, never exceeded the bounds of this generous principle, or that you disapproved in your hours of sober reflection any irregular sallies of fancy, which cannot be justified, though they may be *excused* by the vivacity of a great genius."

Lord Lyttelton's courage and dignity under the successive trials, whereby "the affections of his heart were disappointed in every scheme of that domestic comfort, which he was so peculiarly qualified to enjoy," excited the warmest admiration from a large circle of friends, and their devotion was won by his generous and lovable character, which is nowhere better shown than in the frequent letters he wrote to his brother, Sir William Lyttelton (afterwards created Lord Westcote), when he was Governor of Jamaica.

"I shall have the pleasure of your company at Hagley in the first opening of my new house, and a joy it is to me that you will be a partaker in the jollity of that day. My house, my dear Billy, is now my own again, and consequently yours."

His large-hearted and sympathetic nature enabled him to rejoice with his brother, on the birth of a son, at the moment when the anxiety, and fear, consequent on the dissipation, extravagance, and gaming of his own, had taken away much of the pleasure of his life, and amidst his own "domestic uneasiness" to hear with satisfaction

Sir William's "Lady Governess" praised for the good example she set to the ladies of Jamaica.

As Mrs. Carter said, "He was indeed an Israelite without guile."

His only son, known as the wicked Lord Lyttelton, gave great promise in his early youth. "Of Tom," Lord Lyttelton wrote to his brother, "I hope all that a parent's heart can desire. The greatest pleasure I had in my tour, through the North of England and Scotland, was his company, and the admiration his figure, behaviour, and parts, drew from all sorts of people, wherever he went. His mother has given him her *don de plaisir*, and he joins to an excellent understanding the best of hearts, and more discretion and judgment than ever I observed in any young man except you." He read Milton with delight, was a charming painter, and Mrs. Montagu thought his views of Scotland appeared as the scenes of Salvator Rosa would do, were they copied by Claude. She wrote to Lord Lyttelton, "Your oaks, like your son, will derive additional honour from you;" to which he answered, "The Dryads of Hagley are at present pretty secure, but I tremble to think that the rattling of a dice-box at White's may one day or other (if my son should be a member of that noble academy) shake down all our fine oaks." He adds, "It is dreadful to see, not only in the country, but in almost every house in town, what devastations are made by that destructive fury, the spirit of play."

On Lord Lyttelton's being raised to the peerage, Mrs. Montagu wrote to him: "As you had before raised your name above the dignity of a title, you have not laid any additional weight upon your son; but if my little friend was not so extraordinarily promising, I should advise him to change his name, leave his country, turn Mahometan, settle in Turkey, and try whether he could not make a good original Bashaw."

Though a moderately good original is always more

interesting than the best copy, unfortunately this young man only distinguished himself by histories which Horace Walpole himself, with all his love of scandal, found "too opprobrious to be entertaining," and said, "Even this age has the grace to shun him." He had great abilities, very ill applied ; a strong sense of religion, which never influenced his conduct ; he was the delight, when he pleased, of the most select society, but flew to company whom he despised and ridiculed, and passed his days in the painful alternations of the most extravagant gaiety and the deepest despair. Sir James Macdonald, writing to Sir William Pepys, said, "I am concerned at Tom's behaviour, though not surprised. He shewed marks of insanity in Paris, and in Italy passed for an absolute mad man." He inquired about Tom's contemplated marriage, and added, "You know my sentiments of Matrimony, he may be very happy, but if he should ever grow tired of his wife, which is more than possible, I should not envy either of them."

He survived his father only six years, and in the midst of his wild career he dreamed one night that a bird flew into the room, changed into a woman, and warned him that he had only three days to live. He told his dream in jest, and it became the talk of the town. On the third day he drove down to Epsom, feeling very well, and returning after a cheerful evening, expired almost instantaneously after getting into bed, probably from a fit, or heart disease, and possibly from the free use of drugs. One of his friends, with whom he had made a compact that either of them should at the hour of death warn the survivor if there was another world, averred that on that night, about the hour he died, he appeared to him. Both dreams are recorded in the *Scots Magazine* for 1779.

The only other surviving child of the first Lord Lyttelton was a daughter, who married Lord Valentia. He said she was a good girl, and did not want understanding, "Mais peu de genie, point de Graces." He thought

time might improve her, and if ugly tricks did not spoil her face and figure, they might turn out well.

After the failure of his second marriage, Lord Lyttelton returned with renewed ardour to the "Monody" on his first wife. The most effective memorials are often unwittingly raised by the unworthiness or incompetence of a successor.

He left directions that no separate monument should be erected to his memory, but that his name should simply be carved on his wife's tomb.

Mrs. Carter wrote that "Lord Lyttelton's great integrity, simplicity and gentleness rendered him unfit for the advancements of public life, which in this bad world are procured by arts to which he was a stranger. Like gold, he came out of the furnace of affliction, with brighter lustre, and greater purity. His sun set in calm splendour, without a cloud, and his hopes were full of immortality."

Extract of a letter from Lord Lyttelton's physician to Mrs. Montagu, from which Dr. Johnson has quoted in his "Lives of the Poets;" a copy was found amongst Sir William Pepys' papers.

"Kidderminster, Aug. 28, 1773.

"MADAM,

"I had the particular direction from Lord Lyttelton on his death bed to write to you the event of his illness, the course of which his Lordship did not chuse to communicate to any other of his friends. I know my letter will not bring you the earliest account of his death, it is the grief and inexpressible concern I feel for the loss of such a friend and such a man (who seem'd to have an Angelic preëminence above other Mortals) that prevented my giving you the earliest intelligence, and which even now almost incapacitates me from writing. Yet I will execute the intention of my dear departed friend, as well as I am able.

“On Sunday Morning the symptoms of his disorder which for a week past had alarm’d us, put on a fatal appearance, and his Lordship believed himself to be a dying man: he expected death with the utmost fortitude and resignation, and from this time suffered by restlessness rather than pain, and was nearly sensible to his last moments, though his nerves were apparently shattered, his mental faculties never seem’d stronger, as appeared from every expression which drop’d from him when he was thoroughly awake, his Lordship’s complaint seem’d alone not equal to this mournfull and fatal event; his long want of sleep accounts for his sudden loss of Strength, and for his death very sufficiently; the renewal of Strength from Sleep is indeed of such absolute necessity that a long want of it, must either terminate in death or madness; his Lordship’s death-bed was one of the most interesting scenes, I ever was a witness of; he was, as I before observed, perfectly sensible of his approaching dissolution, and though he wish’d it not to be lingering he waited for it with resignation: he said it is a folly, a Joke, to keep one in misery by attempting to prolong life, yet he was easily persuaded for the satisfaction of others to do, or take any thing proper for him—on Saturday he was remarkably better, and we were not without some hopes of his recovery, on Sunday about Eleven in the forenoon, he sent for me, and said, he felt a great hurry of Spirits, and wish’d to have a little conversation with me, in order to divert it, during this Conversation he sign’d a Codicil to his Will, disposing of his papers in favour of Mr. Wm. Lyttelton [his brother, afterwards Lord Westcote].

“Besides many obliging things said to me in the course of this illness, he now expressed himself thus, ‘I have experienced so much kindness from you, and all my other friends and attendants on this occasion, that I think it worth having such an illness, to enjoy such kindness; if I wish to live, it is to return it, and be more with you;’ in

this conversation he went on to open the fountains in that heart from whence goodness had so long flow'd as from a capacious spring. 'Doctor,' says he, 'you shall be my Confessor, when I first set out in this world, I had friends who Endeavour'd with all their might, to shake my belief in the Christian Religion, I saw difficulties which stagger'd me, but I kept my mind open to conviction; the evidences and doctrines of Christianity, studied with attention, made me a most firm and persuaded believer of the Christian Religion, I have made it the rule of my life, and it is the ground work of my future hopes; I have erred and sinn'd but have repented, and never indulged any vicious habit: in Politicks and publick life I made publick good the rule of my conduct, I never gave Counsel, which I did not at that time think the best, I have seen that I was sometimes in the wrong, but I did not err designedly; in publick affairs great good can only be done by risking some evil, and morality is in that sphere of action, necessarily on a larger ground than in more private affairs. I have endeavoured in private life to do all the good in my Power, and never for a moment could indulge malicious or unjust designs against any person whatsoever.' At another time he said, 'I must leave my soul in the same state it was in, before this illness. I find this a very inconvenient time for solicitude about anything;' in the evening when the symptoms of death came on, he said, 'I shall die, but it will not be your fault, write to Mrs. Mountagu, and comfort Mrs. Lyttelton,' and a hundred times closely grasped the hand that writes you this information.—When Lord and Lady Valencia came to see his Lordship he gave them his solemn benediction saying, 'be good, be virtuous, my Lord you must come to this,' thus he continued giving his benedictions dying as he was, to all around him; on Monday morning a lucid interval gave some small hopes, but those vanished in the Evening, and he continued dying but with very little uneasiness till Tuesday morning, When

between seven and eight o'clock he expired, almost without a groan.

"Thus died this amiable, and excellent man, in the midst of further designs for the instruction and benefit of mankind, no misery now assails him ; and we who are not to see his like again on earth, are alone to be pitied, I say nothing concerning his character, I have not expressions to paint what I think of this great Man's worth, or what I feel for his death, you, Madam knew him better than any one in the world, and are the fittest person in it, to instruct mankind, by committing to writing the life and Character of Lord Lyttelton, of whom it may justly be said, that being the greatest, and best man of this age, his friends, and his Country, have scarce in any individual sustain'd a greater loss, and have none greater to sustain. Thus have I endeavoured to execute my dear Lord's dying Commission in the manner I believe he intended I should, and flatter myself it will be very pleasing to you to know that his Lordship's death bed was one of the triumphs of that Religion, of which he had long been an able advocate, and of which his Life was always a distinguish'd and unaffected ornament."

Mrs. Montagu's Answer.

"SIR,

"If I had not been disabled by the Rheumatism, I should not so long have delayed returning my thanks for your excellent Letter, which gave me all the consolation the sad subject would admit, it was a great mercy that Lord Lyttelton was enabled to be in death, as in life, the best of examples to mankind, the solemn event is so often attended with such disorder of body, and mind, that the wisest and best often set forth only an instance of the weak and frail condition of humanity, and presents us only with a view of a body hastening through agony to

dissolution, and rather informs the Spectator what he is to suffer, than what can enable him to support suffering ; this excellent and incomparable man, was a noble instance how Virtue, integrity, and faith rob, Death of its sting, and the grave of its Victory, how poor does the sullen obdurate mind of the free thinkers appear, compared to the Cheerful nope of the Christian ; may the affecting example be ever present in our lives, and teach us to Walk in those paths which lead to peace and Joy eternal ; when I reflect that this worthy man, was taken from a world, that little deserved him, to rejoice with the kindred souls of just men, made perfect, I am ashamed to lament that he is no more with us ; when I consider that I have lost the most sincere, and amiable friend, the best instructor, the noblest example, the director of my Studies, the companion and guide of all my literary amusements, my misfortune seems almost insupportable ; I have lost too my use and importance in Society, my house when he appeared in it, was a school of knowledge, and Virtue to the young ; if Virtues not yet confirmed, Talents not yet acknowledged, appeared to dawn, he encouraged them ; under his protection they grew to stability, and to fame ; but as such a friend is the best worldly gift Heaven bestows, I must gratefully acknowledge the goodness of God, in having permitted me to enjoy many years such a friend, and such an example, I submit with humble resignation to the Stroke that deprives me of a much greater good, advantage, and Honor, then I ever could merit,—I am glad that all that human Skill and Care could do, was done, to prolong so valuable a Life to us, and it is a comfort to me that in you he had the consolation of the friend he loved, as well as the Physician he respected and trusted. I wish we lived nearer to each other, that I might hope to inherit some part of the friendship you had for this lamented friend, I will hope so far that if ever it is in my power to be of any little service to you or yours, you will command me ; I

have very little influence in the world, and I regret the want of it only, when if possessed of any interest I might use it for my friends—

“With great esteem,

“I am,

“ELIZABETH MONTAGU.”

Letter from Mrs. Montagu to Sir William Pepys, in answer to one written by him at Lord Lyttelton's request, describing the last hours of their friend.

“Sandleford, Aug. ye 30.

“SIR,

“All that the most tender humanity could do to soften the severest of blows you have done, and I feel a sense of your goodness which I am at present quite unable to express, but I wd^d not longer delay my acknowledgments. I was recovering from a slow fever when I had your first letter, how terrible had been ye shock if this news had been suddenly imparted by a newspaper! I must ever return thanks to God for having so long allow'd me the most valuable of friends, and ye most excellent of examples, and I feel that it is very wrong to repine that he is taken out of a world unworthy of him, and where he suffer'd much sickness and sorrow, to be translated to those angelick spirits to which he seem'd always to resemble rather than to corrupt humanity. Our loss is irreparable, his advantage immense. It is a great consolation to me that he had his near and dear friends and relations about him, and I think your being at Hagley was providential, and wounding as the same must have been to your tender sensibility, yet I am sure you will always reflect with satisfaction on ye consolation you gave to poor Lord Lyttelton, and the much more suffering relations that surrounded him. Poor Lady Valentia's condition makes me afraid of ye consequences of her grief. Mrs. Lyttelton

I dare say feels most tender concern for the best of Father's. Lord Valentia wrote me a letter which expresses ye greatest affection for his excellent Father. I am still stunned with this blow, and knowing not how to make my proper acknowledgments for your goodness, which I shall ever remember. The esteem you had for Lord Lyttelton cannot be transferred to any one, it was such as you could give to him alone, who in every virtue was unequalled, but some of the friendly affection you had for him, I hope you will transfer to me.

"I am, Dear Sir,

"Yr. most obliged and faithfull humble Servt.

"ELIZ. MONTAGU.

"W. WELLER PEPYS Esq^r. at the post office Worcester."

On the death of his son, the bad Lord Lyttelton, Hagley passed to his brother, Lord Westcote, who was created Lord Lyttelton; his son, Mr. William Lyttelton, on being asked how many Lord Lytteltons there had been, answered, "Three, and in the usual order of Good, Bad, and Indifferent." As the last was his own father, Sir William Pepys, who tells the story, adds, "The answer was more valuable for its readiness and truth, than for its filial piety."

The good Lord Lyttelton's name has been worthily handed down by generations of distinguished men, and is represented in the present cabinet by the Colonial Secretary.

V

MRS. MONTAGU

MRS. MONTAGU, to whom Lord Lyttelton as he was dying desired Sir William Pepys to write, was described by Dr. Johnson as the head of the set of "Lytteltonians" and "Queen of the Blues," and Pepys as being only her prime minister; her house, according to Wraxall, constituted the central point of union for "all who were already known, or who aspired to be known," and whose brains entitled them to a welcome. She ascribed the success of her assemblies to the fact that "no idiots were ever invited." "I receive all who can *think*," both native and foreign." As a child, at the house of her uncle, Dr. Conyers Middleton, she learnt the art of listening, and her perfectly trained attention enabled her to repeat to him all that had been of interest in the conversation of his distinguished guests. She came of a well-known Yorkshire family (Robinson), a member of which was later raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Rokeby, and Dr. Doran, in his "Lady of the Last Century," tells us that her mother, Mrs. Robinson, had been educated according to the system founded in 1673 by Mrs. Makin, governess to Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., who wrote an essay "to revive the Ancient Education of gentlewomen in Religion, Manners, Arts, and Tongues." "The barbarous custom to breed women low, is grown

general amongst us, and hath prevailed so far, that it is verily believed that women are not endowed with such reason as men." This seventeenth century upholder of women's right to a good education, proceeds in her dedication to the Lady Mary, daughter of James, Duke of York, "Let not your Ladyship be offended that I do not, as some have wittily done, plead for female pre-eminence, to ask too much is the way to be denied all." Amongst highly educated English women, she mentions her pupil Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., who, at nine years old, could write, read, and in some measure understand Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, and Italian. With all this learning, a graceful carriage, and easy manner were considered essential, and there was a popular little volume from the French called "The Art of being Easy in all Times, and in all Places," written chiefly for the use of a Lady of Quality. In the early training of Mrs. Montagu, recreation also held an important place; before she was fifteen we hear of her driving eight miles in the country, to dance till two o'clock in the morning to the strains of a blind fiddler, and in London joining in the midnight revels of Vauxhall, and Marylebone Gardens, and before going home to dress for the amusements of the following day, taking headers into the large plunge bath, "in the glad waters of Marylebone," on which accomplishment, Lord Dupplin, one of her many admirers, wrote an ode.

She first met Lord Lyttelton (then Mr. Lyttelton, eldest son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, of Hagley) at a Court Assembly at St. James' in 1740, and a lifelong friendship began, which was only broken by his death in 1773, after which she and Sir William Pepys never ceased to defend the memory of their dead friend, against all his detractors, amongst which Dr. Johnson, by his "Lives of the Poets," made himself conspicuous. Of this Assembly she wrote, "that the men were not fine;" but still there was one that seemed her ideal of a perfect scholar and gentleman, his

birthday suit at Court was "rich not gaudy ; costly but not exprest in fancy." She had appreciated his writings, from his earliest productions, for in this year she wrote, "Mr. Lyttelton has something of an elegance in all his compositions, let the subject be ever so trifling. Happy is the genius that can drink inspiration at every stream, and gather similes with every nosegay !" She said he was amongst those "who do not write for bread, but get both bread and fame." However, she confessed she was really in love with a picture of her own making, and had never seen an original like it in her life.

Two years later, on August 5, 1742, she married Edward Montagu, M.P. for Huntingdon, grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich, whose mother was Paulina Pepys. (Lyttelton had married two months previously). Mr. Montagu was a great mathematician and scholar, of very retired habits, and fond of severer studies, and under his influence she gradually grew into "Minerva," as she was called by her friends. She thoroughly appreciated this quiet and refined gentleman, and ended her letters to him, your most grateful and obedient wife. Soon after her marriage she wrote, "It must be irksome to submit to a fool, but the service of a man of sense is perfect freedom, for where the will is reasonable, obedience is a pleasure, but to run a fool's errand all one's life is terrible." Mrs. Montagu had always been an indefatigable reader, and was most happy when amongst the books, with which her husband's house at Sandleford was well furnished. "All one can reasonably expect of the great world, is a vagrant amusement at idle hours ; one should have one's solid comforts at home," was one of her sayings. She describes her writing-table under the Sandleford Elms, and her country house employments, varied with the reading of ancient history. "I go from the toilette, to the senate-house ; from the head of the table, to the head of an army ; or after making tea for a country justice, to attend the

exploits, counsels, and harangues of a Roman consul." Virgil carried her into Elysian fields, or Milton into Paradise. "How many powers must we neglect, and how many mercies forget, before we fall into Melancholy."

The most pathetic event in her long life, was the early death of her only child, of whom she said, "For amusement there is no puppet show like the pleasant humour of my own Punch at Sandleford;" but this little life was soon brought to a close by convulsions during teething, and she never had another child. She gratefully acknowledged her husband's kindness in her sorrow, and that he was able to preserve the "dignity of his temper," in spite of his disappointment of an heir to his vast possessions. She discovered in Mr. Montagu all those virtues which adversity needs, and adversity only can show, for "God alleviates our bitterest pangs, by their calling forth the tenderest affection. No two persons can love each other entirely till they have suffered some adversity together."

Mrs. Montagu's house in Hill Street, from whence she wrote to Mrs. Boscawen of her good fortune of being "one of your neighbours on the hill," was one of the fine old houses of which a few still remain. She wrote, "Mr. Adams has made me a ceiling, and chimney piece, and doors, which are pretty enough to make me a thousand enemies." Dr. Doran describes the neighbourhood at that period "Park Lane was then Tyburn Lane, and the butchers of Sheppard's Market and May Fair (which fair was held for six weeks), poured through Hill Street, on their way home from the monthly hangings at Tyburn. Hay Hill and Park Lane were infested with footpads." In 1748, when Lord Chesterfield removed from Grosvenor Square to Chesterfield House, he wrote, "As my new house is situated among a parcel of thieves and murderers, I shall have occasion for a house dog." In 1770, Hill Street, still unpaved, was crowded with the carriages of Mrs. Montagu's friends, and to show the perils they encountered on their way to her



In 1748 Lord Chesterfield said, "As my new house is situated among a parcel of thieves and murderers, I shall have occasion for a house dog."

assemblies, there is a letter written by Lord Cathcart to his son in 1774, describing an attack by footpads on Hay Hill. Though Mrs. Montagu cheerfully plunged into the vortex of society, "her honest ambition was to establish friendships with the wise and virtuous." Her interests and occupations were varied ; one morning after attending chapel, then a philosophical lecture, and next hearing a gentleman play on the "viol d'amore," she finally held a controversy with a Jew and a Quaker.

Wraxall said that sometimes her diamonds dazzled the disputants, whom her arguments might not convince, and that like Mme. du Deffand—who wrote, "Above all things, take care I have a good cook"—she had a deep conviction of that great truth laid down by Moliere, "*Le vrai Amphitryon est celui chez qui l'on dine.*" During a visit to Paris after the peace of 1763, she displayed to the astonished "literati" of that metropolis the extent of her pecuniary, as well as of her mental resources. Her friend Mrs. Boscawen wrote, "I apprehend *qu'elle reviendra de ces courses tout a fait gâtée* ;" she much feared Mme. de Montagu would never be Mrs. Montagu, an Englishwoman, again! and wished she could learn by heart her friend Mrs. Chapone's chapter on simplicity. Miss Burney said, "Mrs. Montagu is a character rather to respect than love; for she has not that 'don d'aimer' by which alone hearts can be made fond and faithful. Allowing a little for parade and ostentation, her conversation is very agreeable ; she has "a sensible and penetrating countenance, and the air and manner of a woman accustomed to being distinguished." Dr. Johnson was obliged to admit this, but unkindly added, his friend Mrs. Hervey could remember Mrs. Montagu *trying* for this same air and manner ; so she does not appear to have possessed that best of all manners, which Lord Lytton has since so happily described, as being no manner at all.

Mrs. Montagu wrote from Paris that, on the Eve of St.

Louis' day, she was present at a Meeting of the French Academy, at which D'Alembert read an invective of Voltaire's against "our Great Shakespeare." See letter to Mr. Burrows, p. 110.

When told that Voltaire had compared Shakespear to *un fumier*, Mrs. Montagu, alluding to Voltaire's unacknowledged thefts from him, retorted, *C'est un fumier qui a pourtant fertilisé une terre très ingrate*. "Schiller shows that in Germany Shakespear is understood, which in France he never can be. Voltaire said of Hamlet and the grave-diggers, 'que ces messieurs là se mettent à considerer les têtes.'"

In 1769, Mrs. Montagu wrote an Essay on Shakespear, in reply to Voltaire's criticism. Moved, as she said, "by the indignation with which I read, what the saucy Frenchman calls, '*les farces monstrueuse de Shakespear*,' I could burn him and his tragedy, foolish coxcomb!" Though Burke, Reynolds, Garrick, Lyttelton, Cowper, and others expressed their admiration of her work, Dr. Johnson remarked, "It does *her* honour, but it would do nobody else honour."

The verdict of the Dowager Countess Gower was the most concise and forcible.

"Mrs. Montagu has commenced author, in vindication of Shakespeare, who *wants none*, therefore her performance must be deemed a work of supererogation." The letters of this quaint old lady appear in many of the contemporary Memoirs, with their abbreviated words and sentences, always practical and to the point. For instance, she wrote to Mrs. Delaney in 1781—

"My old Man has inform'd me you was well, w^{ch} saves you y^e trouble of answering my enquiries. Then I've no ffrank left. Poor Toñy gave me many; but alas! his Mother bustled him out of Parliamt. and they are as useless as almanacks out of date!"

Five months later she wrote—

"All this country, I believe, have begun to friz for y^e

ball at Windsor: I wish 'em well diverted, and envy 'em not. Since Tommy is restor'd to Parliamt. his ffranks (he was so good humour'd to give me) are restor'd to use, y^t have long laid as out of date."

Mrs. Montagu also wrote three of the "Dialogues of the Dead," published under her friend Lord Lyttelton's name; her definition of "Bon Ton," and her description of Mme. Modish are the best part of her work, which was avowedly by "another hand." After the death of Mr. Montagu, and Lord Lyttelton's separation from his second wife, Horace Walpole took the opportunity to repeat with great satisfaction the gossip of Mrs. Montagu's postillion, a lad of fifteen: "Whenever my Lord comes to visit my lady, she orders the porter to let in nobody else, and then they call for pen and ink, and say they are going to write history." But this could not affect either of the people against whom it was pointed, any more than the scribblers, who weekly let fly their pop-guns at the Duchess of Devonshire's feathers, could harm her Grace, who was innocent, good-natured, and beautiful; "but," adds Mrs. Montagu, "these adders cannot be charmed, . . . of all vices, the love of scandal is the most contemptible. It has got from the gossip's tea-table to the press."

With the usual attractive power of wealth, Mr. Montagu's already large fortune was suddenly augmented by an event which Mrs. Montagu thus describes.

"The death of a relation of Mr. Montagu's in the North, with a large accession of fortune, has brought me the usual accompaniment of riches, a great deal of business, a great deal of hurry, and a great many ceremonious engagements, and has made me the most busy, miserable creature in the world. As the gentleman from whom Mr. Montagu inherits, had been mad above forty years, I had always designed to be rather pleased and happy when he resigned his unhappy being, and his good estate. I thought in fortune's, as in folly's cup, still laughed the bubble joy;

but though this is a bumper, there is not a drop of joy in it, nor so much as the froth of a little merriment. As soon as I rise in the morning, my housekeeper, with a face full of care, comes to know what must be packed for Newcastle ; to her succeeds the butler, who wants to know what wine, &c., is to be sent down ; and then succeed men of business, and money transactions ; then the post brings twenty letters, which must all be considered, and some must be answered. I am to pass three months in the delectable conversation of stewards, and managers of coal mines, and this, by the courtesy of avarice, is called good fortune ; while in truth, like poor Harlequin, I am acting a silly part *dans l'embarras des richesses*. . . . I proposed to have amused myself with learning Spanish as soon as I got to my quiet retreat in Berkshire, but this filthy lucre spoils all."

To conversations with Gilbert West (in whom she saw "a Christian poet, a humble philosopher, and great genius without contempt of those who have none"), are attributed her deep convictions of the truth of revealed religion ; and of her friend Lord Lyttelton's "Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul," Mrs. Montagu was a constant reader and eulogist.

In 1750, Mrs. Montagu (at her husband's house in Hill Street) gave breakfast parties, "where cards could not be thought of, and where mental powers were freshest for conversation, which was to take the place of gambling and other fashionable follies."

Mme. du Bocage, in her "Letters on England, Holland, and Italy" (1750), gives an account of these entertainments. "In the morning, breakfasts agreeably bring together the people of the country and strangers, in a closet lined with painted paper of Pekin, and furnished with the choicest movables of China. A long table, covered with the finest linen, presented to the view a thousand glittering cups, which contained coffee, chocolate, biscuits, cream, butter, toasts, and exquisite tea. You must

understand there is no good tea to be had anywhere, but in London. The mistress of the house, who deserves to be served at the table of the gods, poured it out herself. This is the custom, and in order to conform to it, the dress of the English ladies suits exactly to their stature ; the white apron, and the pretty straw hat, become them with the greatest propriety, not only in their apartments, but at noon, in St. James's Park, where they walk with the stately and majestic gait of nymphs."

The breakfasts gave way to the evening *coteries* for conversation ; "Blue-stockings assemblies," was the term applied to all social gatherings where ladies presided, and scholars were welcome ; politics were excluded. At Mrs. Montagu's, these meetings took place in the famous Chinese Room, decorated by Adams ; and here also, in company with Lord Lyttelton, and one or two more of her intimate friends, she spent quiet evenings in an unreserved interchange of thought. In 1781, Mrs. Montagu, who considered that the perfection of architecture was "the nobleness of greatness in a moderate space," built Montagu House, at the north-west corner of Portman Square, which was lived in by her and her heirs, until the lease fell in to the ground landlord, Lord Portman, who now lives there himself. Sir Horace Rumbold, in his memoirs, mentions a visit he paid in 1879 to Lord Rokeby (whose father was Mrs. Montagu's nephew and heir), in a house in Stratford Place, to which he had a few years before removed, on the expiry of the lease of Montagu House. "This trial of being turned out of the family home of a century he owed to his great-aunt, Mrs. Montagu (the patron of blue-stockings and chimney-sweeps), who might originally have secured a freehold, instead of a ninety-nine years lease." The old *coterie* was never so much at home in the big house ; the later breakfasts were sumptuous, and over-crowded, not so select and intellectual. Sometimes seven hundred people were present (so her rule of admitting "no idiots" must have

been slightly relaxed). The King and Queen occasionally honoured her. In 1788, Mrs. Montagu adopted a fashion, introduced by the Duke of Dorset, who had been ambassador in France, of giving a *thé*. In France people dined at two o'clock, and in England at six—tea was at eight. Hannah More wrote, "of all nations under the sun, the English are the greatest fools. At the breakfasts in Hill Street, there was appetite with clear intellects, a select circle, and not a fool among them; but what wit could there be among people eating buttered muffins, two hours after a heavy dinner, and strong port wine? The old little parties are not to be had in the usual style of comfort. Everything is great and vast, and late, and magnificent, and dull." Mrs. Montagu added, to her already large house, "the room of the Cupidons" which was painted with roses and jasmine, intertwined with Cupids, and the "feather room" which was enriched with hangings, made from the plumage of almost every bird, but all the magnificence could not compensate for the delights of the old Blue-stockings days of Hill Street.

When Lord Lyttelton was embellishing his house at Hagley, he wrote to the "Madonna" (as he always called Mrs. Montagu), "I am as busy here, with my workmen, as I was when Chancellor of the Exchequer with statesmen—and as much plagued with fools and knaves. I very much fear I shall be forced to open my house with one of my principal rooms unfurnished. Think, madam! what a vexation and disgrace. But it shall not break my rest, if you say you sleep well. I can always be a philosopher, if you are not sick. Nevertheless, you must allow me to swear a little. C'est un soulagement nécessaire." She answered, "Far from wondering that your lordship is vexed that the chairs and tables are not ready, I shall think you *outré* the stoic philosophers, if you do not break Mr. Lovell's head." Mrs. Montagu describes some people (unlike herself and Lord Lyttelton)



J. Hosmer Shepherd.

MONTAGU HOUSE, PORTMAN SQUARE.

From a Water Colour Drawing in the British Museum, representing Mrs. Montagu's "Annual Saturnalia" on May Day, when the chimney sweepers were fed with roast beef and plum pudding.

"who adorn their houses, and cultivate their gardens, and leave nothing rude and waste but their minds, and nothing harsh and unpolished but their tempers."

Mrs. Montagu's understanding was expanded by the acquaintance of men, as well as books. With all her respect for Johnson, she had a deeper feeling of regard for Burke. With pride she mentions "Mr. Burke—a friend of mine." During one of her visits to Lord Lyttelton, when Lord Bath (Pulteney) was one of the party, their host celebrated the friendship that existed between himself and his two guests in a poem called "The Vision."

"But left imprinted on my ravish'd view
The forms of Pulteney, and of Montagu."

Music in different parts of the park was provided for their entertainment. French horns reverberated from hill to hill, and soft music was concealed in the shady parts near the cascades.

Hagley, with its magnificent prospects of distant mountains and hills shaded with woods, excited the admiration of his guests. Mrs. Montagu wrote to her host, "For a wise man, not even a vanity is given in vain; your lordship makes a right use of a fine house—to gain the affections of those whom he entertains. Alas! much longer will you be the glory of Hagley than the possessor. Talents put a man above the world, in a condition to be feared and worshipped; a woman that possesses them must be always asking pardon for uncommon excellence."

With all her intellectual superiority, Mrs. Montagu was still liable to the feminine weakness of expressing decided opinions, which her subsequent utterances entirely contradicted. When staying with Burke at Beaconsfield, she wrote: "The demons of ambition and party, who hover about Westminster, do not extend their influences as far as this villa. A little mind is ever in a 'tracasserie,'

because it is moved by little things ; I have always found there is nothing so gentle as a chief out of war, or so serene and simple as a statesman out of place. I delight in these working master spirits, in their holiday humour." Soon after, she uses almost the same words to contradict this assertion : " There is hardly a greater misfortune than to have the mind much accustomed to the 'tracasseries' of the world. A country gentleman can amuse himself by angling in a trout stream, or venturing his neck in a fox chase ; a studious man can enjoy his books in solitude, and with tranquil pleasure, 'woo lone quiet, in her silent walk ;' but chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of peace, make a miserable affair of rural life."

She also said : " A life of privacy and seriousness, looks like a life of wisdom ; but no life of inaction deserves that name."

Nature's thrift in preserving her most artistic productions, and giving lasting power, where there is any great degree of beauty, she thus explains : " When Nature is at trouble to make a very singular person, Time does right in respecting it. Medals are preserved, when common coin is worn out."

Richard Cumberland, in the *Observer*, ridiculed Mrs. Montagu's receptions, and it is evident his exclusion from her set made him a hostile critic. Though he claims to have lived with Johnson, Garrick, Dodington, Jenyns, Pepys, and the wits of the period, Boswell said that Johnson and his friends never admitted him as one of the set. Sir Joshua did not invite him to dinner, and if he had been in the room, Goldsmith would have flown out of it, as if a dragon had been there ; but it is only fair to add, that on one occasion Johnson wrote : " The want of company is an inconvenience, but Mr. Cumberland is a million ; make the best of what you have."

Cumberland takes care to mention he had received *two* invitations before availing himself of Mrs. Montagu's

hospitality, and writes that he had a card from Vanessa, inviting him to a "Feast of Reason." He relates all he saw and heard at that lady's assembly. The following is a short *resumé*—

"The celebrated Vanessa has been either a wit or a beauty all her life long—she opens her doors, and her purse, to the sons of science; administers protection to all descriptions and degrees of genius, from the manufacturer of a tooth-pick to the author of an epic poem." After long waiting Vanessa appeared, mistaking Cumberland for the inventor of a diving-bell, and apologizing for the blunders she was betrayed into by "these wretched eyes;" which quickly caused one of her attendant wits to exclaim, "That they illuminated everybody else; and if they betrayed their owner, it was God's revenge against murder." Several literati now entered the room, and she particularly conducted a blind old gentleman to his chair with great humanity; but with a want of tact surprising in one so accustomed to society, began talking to him of his discoveries on the microscope. "Ah, madam!" replied the minute philosopher, "those researches are now over. I lost my sight just as I had discovered the generation of Mites." "Be content," replied Vanessa; "there is a blessing on him who throws even a mite into the treasury of science." The Philosopher proceeded to inform her that he had begun some curious dissections of the eye of a mole, and thought he could have brought him to his eyesight by the operation of couching; but his own would not serve him to complete them, so he had resolved to devote his talents to the discovery of a powder for destroying ants in the West Indies. But as it was even more fatal to eyesight than the eggs of mites, or couching of moles, it was to be blown through bellows of his own invention, only by men who were stone blind. He wished at once to try an experiment, on any flies or spiders in the rooms; but Vanessa eagerly assured him there were no such things in

her room, and drawing her chair to a distance, begged him not to trouble himself with any experiment at present.

At last Vanessa recollected to inquire Cumberland's name, and in a gracious manner repeated her excuses for mistaking him for the diver ; but added that, as Truth was said to lie at the bottom of a well, she hoped she had given him no dishonourable occupation, to dive for it. At this point her attendant wit whispered that the true diving-bell was in yonder corner. His evening concluded by Vanessa desiring to introduce "a young muse to Melpomene," and presenting a girl in a white frock, with a fillet of flowers twined round her hair, which hung down her back in flowing curls. The young Muse made a low obeisance, in the style of an oriental salaam, and broke forth—

"Oh thou whom Nature's goddess calls her own
Pride of the stage, and favourite of the town."

"But," he concludes, "I can proceed no further ; for if the plague had been in the house, I should not have ran away from it more eagerly than I did from Miss and her poems."

The following extracts from Mrs. Montagu's letters were copied out in Sir William Pepys' handwriting ; he, probably, considered them the best specimens of her style, but he wrote that, if he had been asked to advise on their publication, he would have said that, as *some* of Mrs. Montagu's letters could have been written by very few but herself, none ought to have been included in the volumes that were published, which anybody could have written as well as herself.

When the first volume appeared, Pepys wrote to Hannah More : "I quake for the reception of our friend's letters. Montagu [her nephew] declares he has laughed at them repeatedly by himself ; I trust we shall do so too. Some were written at 17 years of age, and she once told me she did not think she had improved much in letter writing, as she advanced in age."

The sentiments contained in them hardly seem to ring true, when considered as those of a young woman of one and twenty. Mr. Crisp wrote to Fanny Burney that the Duchess of Portland had shown him several of Mrs. Montagu's early letters, which he well describes as "so full of affectation, refinement, attempts to philosophise—talking metaphysics,—in all which particulars she so bewildered and puzzled herself, and her readers, and showed herself so superficial and ignorant that, in my private mind's pocket-book, I set her down for a vain, empty, conceited pretender. I know I am now treading on tender ground; therefore mum for your life, or rather for my life. Were Mrs. Thrale to know that I dare vent such desperate treason to her playmate, what would she say to me?"

Extracts from Letters to the Duchess of Portland

" 1741.

" Ceremony is Lord of this day, fashion of the other, business of the rest, few are the hours allotted to freedom, to leisure, to contemplation, to the adoration of our Maker, the examination of ourselves, and the consideration of things about us, how many turn their eyes from the beautiful objects of nature, and the wonders of the creation (nay do scarce regard the sun, the source of light and of life) to dedicate their attention and all the powers of their mind to the spots on a card, how shameful it is while the Book of Nature is so fair, so full of knowledge and beauty, to neglect it for so mean an object as a piece of spotted parchment. The smallest creature moves by the power of the Almighty, the least leaf was formed by the contrivance of the All wise, nor does the day alone manifest His glory, in the night season the firmament sheweth His handywork: the fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom, and the knowledge of Him is

understanding, this lesson is to be learnt by observing the mightiness of His works, and the wisdom of His ways ; but this like every good thing is defer'd to tomorrow, for few there are that remember their Creator in the days of their youth, and trust in him in their decline, we put off all things but Death which will not be delay'd, he overtakes the projector in his Scheme, and the Slothful in his Idleness, he bids make ready.

"I was to go upon a high hill to see what did not at all concern me, a great deal of Land which was none of it mine, a great deal of sea, which is none of any one's, and a little of France, which is our enemies', I gently intimated to my Pappa that perhaps if time should make my eyes a little dim, a little land in possession was better than a great deal in prospect, but a quick apprehension in other matters is sometimes slow in taking a hint, and I find if I sue for lands it must be under Covert Baron as the Widow Blackacre says, is it not a sad thing to be brought up in the Patriot din of Liberty and property, and to be allow'd neither? Upon this high mountain we met a gentleman who had a summer house there, which he received us into, and he set forth the beauties of the prospect to us, and distinguish'd the Cornfields near Boulogne from the pasture, for my part I scorn'd to act the part of a spy so I made no discoveries of their particular economy, when we had as it were taken a survey of the world we return'd here, my Pappa was much pleased with his ride, but I own I do not love to compare my little self and my small fortunes to the great system of the Universe, and to consider that upon this earth the greatest Emperor bears hardly the figure of a Caterpillar upon a Cabbage leaf. I was endeavouring to get rid of this painful comparison to one whose littleness should do honour to our degree, at last I consider'd the moon but as Cream cheese, and I magnified myself with the comparison of a maggot, and went to sleep at night happy and

conceited, and demolished a poor gnat that was idly buzzing about me, which three hours before in the period of my humility, I shou'd have treated as a fellow creature, while greatness and happiness are but opinion, may we all be well deceiv'd, and favour its cheat which lends us our importance.

“ I am glad no one ever goes to Law with his neighbour for a Pen and Ink, for then I can never be ruin'd, for it is all I possess, and Fortune gives the common goose to the fat landlord, but it sends me the quills, he surfeits himself with the goose, I my friends with my writing, is not my trouble a degree farther off? The wisest and richest man said that multiplying riches was increasing sorrow, how kind is Fate to heap no such care on me! if it spins my thread long and even, I shall be content with it, though it is not cover'd with gold, to wish to be richer, one ought to be sure to be better than one's neighbours, else it is a wish unjust to Society, it is easier to be an economist than a Benefactor, and if persons who are born to a small fortune, cannot be easier in it, how would they suit themselves to a station, where the happiness of many must be their care.

“ We are quite alone here, I am not sorry for it, for I do not like, as some good folks do, every creature that walks on two legs with a face to look up to Heaven, or down on the Earth, and yet understands neither ; an animal that has miss'd of instinct and not lit upon Reason, one that thinks by prejudice, speaks by Rote, and lives by custom, that dares do no good without an example, but dare do evil by precedent ; whose conversation is composed of more Remnants than a Tailor's waistcoat, snips off every man's superfluous observations to the patching of one sentence, an inconsistency of thought that makes monstrous opinions, and an absurdity of memory, that has laid up every fool's proverb as an infallible maxim ; one that thinks every thing wise his grandfather did, and every thing foolish that his Juniors do, who will not learn and cannot teach,

who if he does wrong or right, acts from some prejudices, got when he was a boy ; so one can neither blame nor praise, nor love nor hate, nor laugh nor cry for him or any thing he does, I had rather have the dead Palsy than such a companion.

“Wit is but a bubble and it is only fill’d with air, it seldom grasps riches or power, those that have no wit themselves, look upon it in another as an enemy ; those that have it, as a rival, few make it their acquaintance, fewer still their friend, however it makes poverty honourable, and indigence, honour’d.

“Caprice is a terrible Tyrant, he hides his rigor under the name of sport, of fancy, whim, or inclination, uncertainty, irresolution and a thousand fond excuses ; most people avoid Cruelty, and Strictness, but caprice and their idle will, they think may be their guide and governor ; to the torment of their invention, each dependant must submit, but happier are those who are govern’d by another’s will, than such as are tyrannised by their own ; a thousand accidents may set our actions and our reason free from another person’s dominion, but if once our own passions conquer us, true liberty and the rule of reason is for ever at an end : the soul’s calm sunshine, and the Heartfelt joy is then for ever lost. The storms of fortune, are nothing to the storms of passion, and the War of will ; so equitable is the order of things, who does an ill, receives a punishment, the Tyrant of another is the slave of himself, the doer or the speaker of an injurious thing is by his passion much abused, and by his conscience sharply reprehended ; these things are my comfort in all outrages offer’d to me, perhaps this consolation is not taught me by charity, but it learns me patience. I know my injuries are revenged, so do I less resent, and sooner forgive them : it is most admirably order’d by the Giver of all grace, that good and benefit done to the weakest and meanest, shall to the most great and most powerfull derive its adequate reward of

peace, of joy, of satisfaction, and on the contrary the least injury, the smallest oppression offer'd to the poor and defenceless, shall even in the bosom of the strong and the mighty, place fear, uneasiness and unhappiness, the conscience excusing or accusing ; conscience is Justice's best minister, it threatens, promises, rewards and punishes and keeps all under its rule.

“ My heart, I can boast, is fit for your reception, it is filled with fair affection, love and gratitude wait on you, esteem holds you fast, regard will never part with you, tenderness watches you, fidelity and every honest power is ready to serve you, the passions are all under the gentle sway of friendship ; many guests my heart has not admitted ; such as are there, do it honour, and a long and intimate acquaintance has preceded their admittance, they were invited it by its best virtues, they pass'd through the examination of severity, nay even answer'd some questions of suspicion that enquired of their constancy and sincerity, but now they are deliver'd over to the keeping of constant faith and love, for doubt never visits the friend enter'd, but only examines such as would come in, lest the way should be too common ; there are many ways into my heart, and but one out, which is to be forced but by outrageous injury, or breach of trust reposed. I am obliged to your Grace for your wishes of fair weather ; sunshine gilds every object, but alas ! December is but cloudy weather, how few seasons boast many days of calm. April which is the blooming youth of the year is as famous for hasty showers as for gentle sunshine, May, June and July have too much heat and violence, the Autumn withers the Summer's gayety, and in the Winter the hopefull blossoms of Spring, and fair fruits of Summer are decay'd, and storms and clouds arise, Nature is out of humour at her loss, bewails her youth and strength worn out, and fairest seasons past : thus is it too with us ! in our youth gentle expectation and kind hope like soft zephyrs fan our minds, but fear often

waters our tender wishes with sad tears in the maturest seasons of life, passions grow strong, and violent, though more constant; In the decline appears melancholy decay, softness and strength gone oft, while dismal age brings despair of amendment, and makes the pleasure of their youth, and profit of the riper age forgotten, unpleasant, unprofitable, uncomfortable, dark and dismal in itself, an enemy to every thing in Nature, churlish and unkind, it casts no benevolent beams, but blows rude and biting blasts. Happy and worthy are those few whose youth is not impetuous, nor their age sullen, they indeed should be esteemed and their happy influence courted."

Extracts from Letters to Lord Bath.

"Orpheus whose strains were tuned by Wisdom and eloquence, seems to have had most power over his country audience. Ignorance is but a slight cataract over the eye of the soul, it is easy to couch it and introduce the light of day, but the habits of Evil bring a paralytick inability on the mental optick nerves, on which radiant truth, and the bright beams of virtue play in vain.

"I never could have patience with the Superstitious veneration of modern wits to the Chorus. The first tragedy was indeed only Hymns to Bacchus, and what we shou'd now call the Chorus, performed by Singers and dancers: to these Thespis added a Tale acted by men disguised like Satyrs, and no doubt what they repeated had some relation to Bacchus, other Poets to give novelty to their works introduced other stories, and at last Bacchus lost even his Hymn: But as the Chorus was originally of sacred institution, it would probably have been considered as great impiety, to have excluded it. As the Dramas were acted to many thousand persons, it was necessary to fill a large Theatre, to which the Chorus greatly assisted. The pomp of spectacle seems much to have been consulted, and in

their vast Theatres the remote spectators perhaps partook of little entertainment, but the shew and the music and dance of the Chorus. The chorus was also to represent the motion of the heavenly bodies, and as sacred to Philosophy in its movements, as to religion in its words. But what is all this to any good Christian who writes a Tragedy? The most unartfull, injudicious manner of unfolding a story is certainly by the mediation of the Chorus, it is the coldest manner of conveying the sentiments it should raise, and indeed counteracts the very purpose of dramatical representation, which is to realize, and animate a story, by bringing the persons concern'd on the stage. What they say on their situation, makes a deeper impression than any other person's observation can do, and thus offer'd to the senses, it is brought within the compass of vulgar understanding. Every cobbler understands a tragedy of Shakespear's, few would comprehend Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' Dramatic writings may be of the greatest service to the morals of the people, if written as naturally as Shakespear writes. A French tragedy must be as little understood by them as a book of the Eneid, and therefore is very defective if consider'd as a Drama which is a popular work, and to be judged by rules very different from those by which one would pronounce upon an Epick Poem. I allow a great deal of Poetical merit to the Elfrida and Caractacus of Mr. Mason, and the Medea of Mr. Glover, I esteem George Bamwell more as a Drama, it is better to give natural sentiments in mean language upon the Theatre.

“Que d'aller par un tas de confuses merveilles,
Sans rien dire à l'esprit, etourdir les oreilles.”

“It is great pity that as the finest Tragedian, the world ever produced, was our Countryman, our Writers should be copying the Greeks and the French, (and the one or the other, all our writers imitate,) and thus the stage which is a

great school for morals is entirely lost to those who most want the benefit of it. The imitators of the Greek are understood only by persons of profound erudition, the imitators of the French only by people of polite and high sentiments. When nature speaks she is understood by all.

“I should grieve to see my Sovereign subdued by a Faction, I should equally lament to see him rule by one ; both are derogatory to his glory, destructive of his peace and unsafe to his interests. We see already how Great Britain so triumphant in war, so fear’d and dreaded while her strength went forth in fleets and armies, is now mocked and deluded, Her Ministers abroad, remonstrate and complain in vain of eluded articles, and unfullfill’d conditions of the Peace, ambassadors are but instruments which work according to the force of the hands that employ them, and when government at home is feeble, the efforts of publick Ministers effect little. It has been many years the misfortune of poor England, that it has been esteem’d the only business of Ministers to manage the Parliament, and if they can carry a point in St. Stephens Chapel, no matter if they lose every one in which it is interested in all the Courts of Europe, nay if Asia, Africa, and America, every Council of State from the first Divan, to an assembly of Chicksaws, and Cherokees, set us at defiance, insult us with their strength, or cheat us by their cunning, whoever was to read barely the Catalogue of our Conquests, our superiority over every Nation we contended with, and could then see how we are used by those very nations upon the articles of the Peace, would suppose England to be a vast country of hands without heads, of many valiant Barbarians void of Councils, void of Policy, and without the strength of civil government, without the aid of civil Arts. It is not so, we have not indeed any great Statesmen (among those who are willing to undertake the administration of affairs) but we are not without prudent and reputable men, who possess in some degree the

confidence of the publick, in whose hands would be the strength and power of Great Britain, and who would carry as much terror into the Cabinet Councils of our Enemies, as our commanders in War did into their camps, if there was the same concord in our civil government, as there was in our military operations. But alas! the Demons of cabal and faction have taken possession of us, and God knows what will be the consequence, if any publick calamity should make the smother'd discontent break forth. I detest those who sacrifice their King, and their Country at this critical juncture, to their private views, and certainly the opposition at this time is most mischievous in regard to our affairs, it blasts the olive that should have crown'd Britannius's brows when she laid down her laurels at the feet of Peace, at the same time if the present Ministry can only maintain itself by shifts and expedients, and obtain present quiet at the expense of future prosperity, though they are more courtly in their manners, they are not more loyal in their conduct, for what is a year or two to a King whose conduct is to be register'd for ages to read, and long posterity to judge of? and what is a Sessions in a House of Lords and Commons to him who has all mankind for his spectators? May his Majesty's counsellors judge for him, as impartially and as justly as time will judge of him! May Wisdom guide his steps, and honour and prosperity attend them! There is not in the known world so honourable and supreme magistracy as that of a King of England; in all other states, the first magistrate and Governor is either so arbitrary as to be the distemper and malady of the government, and a kind of excrement grown out of it, or, he is only a piece of the parade of the State, without power and efficiency; but a King of England who has the affections and opinion of his people, is the body and soul of a great commonwealth, and might tyrannize over the Tyrants of other kindgoms; and shall we see the most amiable man who has perhaps

almost ever possessed this great situation, unregarded by our subdued neighbours? Indeed this hurts my pride as an Englishwoman."

"Sandleford, May 20, 1764.

" 'Merrily merrily we live now
Under the hawthorn that hangs on the bough.'

"Congratulate your friend, my good Lord, on her escape from all the embarrassments, forms and frivolities of polite life, to the pure, serene, unsophisticated joys of the country. For some days before I left London I was languid, sick, and spiritless, now I am all health, and hilarity, of which, my beginning my letter with an old song is no small proof. My particular friends had all left town before me, and I have lost my taste for crowds, and mixed company, so I was glad to leave to my Porter in Hill Street the trouble of visiting cards, the unmeaning civility of many kind enquiries, and the perplexity of various invitations, and I think there is much more difference between the felicity of Israel's condition and mine now, than there was five days ago. A Florist wou'd say to me, your gardener, madam, is still a happier being ; soft and fair, good Mr. Florist, *Blest beyond a Florist's fate*, perhaps you have not a pin eyed polyanthus, nor Auricula, a fools cap tulip, or bursting carnation in your whole collection, your pasture glows with the natives of every climate, and you enjoy them with the intense delight of a virtuoso. I am an ignorant spectator, but an admirer of nature in all her forms, I look with pleasure on the green caterpillar which has canker'd your roses. The rustling shower which lays prostrate your pride is to me a soothing sound. A taste for general objects, and for general reading makes me perhaps more amused in the country than those who are more scientifically instructed in the nature of some particular subjects. I come, a happy guest to the general feast nature spreads for all her children, my spirits dance in the

sunbeams, or take a sweet repose in the shade. I rejoice in the grand chorus of the day, and feel content in the silent serene of night, while I listen to the morning hymn of the whole animal creation, I recollect how beautiful it is, sum'd up in the works of our great Poet Milton, every rivulet murmurs in poetical cadence, and to the melody of the nightingale, I add the harmonious verses she has inspired in many languages ; I do not want a fine garden, a beautiful park, a rich prospect to amuse me, my imagination does all without trouble or expense. If it grows weary of my little garden it can take a trip to the gardens of Armida, Alcina's Bower, or the orchard of Alcinous, nay it can scale the hanging gardens of Semiramis, the vale of Tempe, the garden of Eden, the Elysian fields lye before me. I can bid Mount Athos rise in my prospect, cut it into a statue for Alexander, and build a City on it, which was more than he cou'd do, though he call'd himself the Son of Jupiter Ammon. I will own I have not even a market town within sight, but I can place the City with an hundred gates in what point of view I please ; some old ruin is thought greatly to embellish a scene, the daughters of memory will sit before me, Roman, Grecian, Gothick Cities and towers in dust, or what is still more awful, more solemn, the monuments of the brave men who made those cities great. Happily for me I want not Stewart, Adams, or Brown to build me a palace, or lay a County into garden for me, I like some of their Art and magnificence, to hide the poverty and wretchedness of a town life, but in the rich pomp of summer these supplementary arts are not wanted. Your Lordship will begin to think I am out of my senses, but pray remember the distinction between two things nearly allied, madness and enthusiasm. I do confess I am *enthousiasmé* of the beauty of the country at this sweet season, and in this fine weather. In cities men run mad, in retirement they grow enthusiastick. If solitude can excuse one's being *un peu visionnaire*, your Lordship

must pardon me, for I have not seen a human creature except my servants since I came hither, nor have heard an articulate sound except the cuckoo's unvarying note which I think very agreeable, as, thank God, it neither upbraids me nor casts any reflection on my husband, and this is more than all women can say who have been married twenty-one years. Indeed, since I have had your Lordship's last charming letter, even the Raven's note would not be able to make me melancholy.

"I wish I could see your Lordship in all your greatness, and then I wish you could make me a visit to see the content of my cottage. John makes all my guard, Mary the housemaid acquits herself admirably well of half a dozen different characters, all the powder is combed out my hair, all the vanities are vanished out of my head. I am meek in my manners, and humble in my apparel, but rather more clean than is usual for a female philosopher. I should be perfectly happy if Dowlas and Linsay Woolsey were so cheap that I could cloath half the parish, but the virgins are drest according to the laws of Lycurgus, which, with the present restrictions of the marriage act, cannot be productive of any good. The oaks here are not yet in leaf, our gardener who knows I love nosegays has some beans in flower, and they are very sweet. As to peas they are not above two inches out of the ground. But my real calamity is that I have lost trees without number, of ivy leav'd and Indian jessamine, myrtles and geraniums, they dyed it seems the Winter before last, so it is too late to go into mourning for them, but I did not know my misfortune till I came down."

NOTE.—It is often said that Wordsworth was the first to extol the delights of the country, but the "Bas Bleu" were equally enthusiastic, though they may not have possessed a poet who expressed their feelings.

Extracts from Letters to Gilbert West, Esq.

“Mr. Montagu has been studiously disposed ever since we came to Sandleford, so that I pass seven or eight hours every day entirely alone. Five months are to pass before I return to the land of the living, but I can amuse myself in the regions of the dead, if it rains so that I cannot walk in the garden, Virgil will carry me into the Elysian Fields, or Milton into Paradise, Writers of more sacred inspiration offer a nobler prospect, and when every animal is cheerfully running its little circle, shall that call'd rational, to whom only it is given to look back to remote ages, and forward to future existence, who has the resources of recollection and expectation, be discontented and ill humoured. How many powers must we neglect, how many mercies must we forget, before we fall into melancholy! Hence loathed melancholy, I will have none of It!

“Mr. Linnel told me yesterday that he was going to send your chimney piece by the carrier, I hope it will please you. It can indeed make but a very inconsiderable ornament to a fire side where the social virtues always sit: in London we poorly supply their place in our chimney corners by marble bosoms without hearts, and finely sculptured heads without brains. However I am far from thinking the Cherubs on my chimney piece the worst *tête-à-tête* in town, they have lost nothing of their native firmness by being highly polish'd, nor of their purity by being in the fine world.

“Poor Dr. Courayer notified to me that he was ill of a sore throat, and could not come to visit me though he wanted to see me, to make this matter easy I went to him, I was obliged to pass thro' all the gay vanities of Mrs. Chenevix, and then ascend a most steep and difficult staircase to get at the little Philosopher; this way to

Wisdom through the vanities and splendid toys of the world, might be prettily allegorised by the Pen of the great Bunyan, and the good man himself to an emblemizing genius would have afforded an ample subject, his head was *enfonce* in a cap of the warmest beaver, made still more respectable by a gold Orrace: *a wondrous Hieroglyphick Robe he wore*, in which was pourtrayed all the attributes of the God Fo, with the arms and atchievements of the Cham of Tartary. Never did Christian Doctor wear such a pagan appearance, one would have imagined he had been sent here from Tonquin to propagate Idolatrous worship, when I ceased to look upon him as a missionary, I began to consider him as the best piece of Chinese furniture I had ever seen, and could hardly forbear offering him a place on my chimney piece. He ask'd much after your health, and with so much regard, I am convinced he is still a good Christian at heart, though his habit is so heathenish."

NOTE.—Pierre François Le Courayer, a Norman ecclesiastic, was born 1681, died 1776. Although of the Catholic Church, he wrote zealously and ably in defence of the ordinations of the Church of England, and was censured by an assembly of French Cardinals and Archbishops. He left France for England where he was well received, and the University of Oxford conferred the degree of LL.D. on him.

Extracts from Letters to Lord Lyttelton.

"I always admir'd the luxurious melancholy of Montezuma in his *Palais de tristesse*. Art can easily assemble solemn objects, exclude gay ones, and soothe a disposition to sadness, into a habit of soft melancholy, but if it be more our interest to assume a temper of cheerfulness, and shake off the weight of sorrow, I would then advise to repair to pleasing rural scenes, and the great spectacle of Nature. If I sit on some contemplative bench on a summer's day, I know that I soon throw myself and all the circumstances that belong to me, into the vast ocean of

animal life and in a literal sense, I am as busy as a Bee, and as gay as a butterfly. I am of the general society, and in so large a company all that is personal is lost. I look round me on the universal plan, and see that it is good. I draw in comfort and content, from the inexhaustible store of infinite mercy, from whence I see the whole creation supplied with joy, but it is happiness limited to the faculties and destination of each creature, it is moderate, and it is short; humbled without being mortified, I acquiesce in the general laws and determine to enjoy my short day of Being like the animals about me. The pompous Palace of tristesse does indeed belong to Emperors, and Kings, their whole life is sorrow regally attired, cheerfulness, tranquility, and joy are the portion of the Philosopher, and when to a Philosophic temper, Poetical genius is added, the taste for rural objects is compleat.

“I return your Lordship thanks for the pleasure I received from Mr. Wharton’s work. In the true order of things, the Poet should introduce the Critick, but as Spencer has been long neglected, I wish the Critick may reproduce the Poet. I am glad to have a man of Classical taste, not despising the Gothick learning, I have the same respect for it that I have for their architecture, I feel a veneration for their edifices, though I do not approve their stile, there is something rudely great and majestically severe in the sentiments, and manners of our Forefathers. As in an ignorant and credulous age fables obtain belief as facts, so in a refined and sceptical one, facts are in danger of passing for fables.”

Of Antonio de Solis she writes: “It is lamentable to see a man of his discernment in other matters so blind in the great concern of Religion. I agree with him so far as to imagine there was some supernatural assistance given to the Spaniards in this enterprise, and the character of Cortez is not among the ordinary productions of nature, but composed of those various and contrary qualities, that

are requisite to bring about great events. Daring courage, and consummate prudence, a character of frankness and magnanimity, with occasional dissimulation and artifice; all these in the highest degree, make a most rare and uncommon composition, and I am apt to look on those extraordinary persons as inspired. I think Cortez equal in courage to Alexander. It is easy to find valour for a day's occasion, and vigilance for a short danger, but to live with a few friends in a vast and populous country of enemies for so long a time, when labour was never crown'd with rest, nor victory with security, seems to me the most formidable of all undertakings."

Letter to Mr. Burrows, in which Mrs. Montagu describes her visit to Paris, and a meeting of the French Academy, when d'Alembert read Voltaire's invective against Shakespeare (see p. 86).

"Chaillot, Sep. 6th, 1776.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have often intended to write to you, but good intentions are so jostled and jumbled and diverted out of their road, there are not one in a thousand of them ever get to the place of their destination. In the indolence of retirement they are still born, and in crowds they are crush'd in their infancy. I have been long sensible it was my duty to give you an account of the manner in which I have disposed of your pupil. You know the only thing ever said of Shakespear which can be applied to Mr. Blondel is, that he had small Latin and no Greek. I had not such a friend as Mr. Burrows to assist me, and as I could not find any one to put life into the dead languages, I was to make the best of the most lively of living languages; so I sent my nephew with his governor, and my Godson, to a school at Passy, where much French is

poured into their ears. It is impossible for you to conceive the ignorance, and the idleness, and the stupidity of French School Masters. The boys are kept many hours in school to do such exercises as little Misses are taught at boarding schools in and about London, but as all the stupid stuff has a French twang, I believe my nephew will have got a pretty good pronunciation, which was my great object. If I had not any other reason but the extream insufficiency of these teachers, it would make me return in October, and as it approaches so near, I beg of you, to inform yourself, as well as you can, of the character of some man who you think might be induced to attend him at Harrow. I mean the Person should be in Holy Orders, as that circumstance will secure me from any apprehensions that he will teach his pupil a contempt for religion; or suffer in him any violation of morals. When I come to town you will have the goodness to inform me of your opinion and the fruit of your enquiries in this matter. My little man had a terrible cough at Paris, but has been well ever since he was at Passy.

“You will expect that I shou’d give you some account of France, but as people who contradict themselves seem convicted of fibbing, I am a little afraid to do it. I assure you my story will not hang together, whether it relates what I have seen in the country, in the City, in the Courts of Justice, in the Academy, or even in the Church. If I was to tell it to Sir John Fielding, he would commit me to prison as an Idle vagrant. To begin from Calais. It seems very royal and great in the French King to make a fine causeway for travellers to pass, and no turnpikes to pay, but then it is very pitiful to make a poor Woman pay for 14 horses for her carriages and servants, when he often furnishes her with no more than twelve, it is strange the most Christian King should act so like a Jew, but thus it happen’d to the great delay of my journey. The country we pass’d through, was so rich, and full of corn, there was

enough for every body to eat, but the aspect of the people shew'd no one had eaten a bellyfull in their whole lives. After stopping ten thousand times to mend the ropes which tyed the miserable horses in a miserable manner to the carriages, and waiting till the postillions who were to rectify these disasters, had stepped out of their boots and stepped into their boots again (for because a French man has small slender legs he has the largest boots imaginable) we arrived at Paris. Now you expect my story should first grow uniform then sublime; why really if I was to describe the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the Place de Victoire; and other Royal Edifices, you wou'd say it was a noble, a splendid city; but if I was to tell you of the narrow dark streets offensive with bad smells, deform'd with the meanest shops, infested with crowds of beggars, you would say it was the poorest and most disagreeable Town you had ever heard of. So much for the map of my travels.

“The first event worth relating was a Trial at Le Chaldit before le Lieutenant Criminel; an Abbé was sued by the Person at the head of a Bank call'd La Caisse de Poissy for defaming the managers, and blaming the conditions of the said Bank, damages to be paid, pains and penalties were requir'd for the offence. This Abbé was the author of a Periodical paper in which he had so exposed the Caisse de Poissy, that by the late Minister (Mr. Turgot) it was abolish'd; English ears have not heard, nor can it enter into an English heart to conceive an Institution like this Caisse de Poissy. It was a Bank first settled by the Government, under an obligation at a vast Interest, to lend money to the establish'd Butchers. There on hard conditions, they might borrow money when they wanted it. By a happy dexterity of the Governors of the Bank, and the humane indulgence of the Ministers who drew something for the revenue out of it, this money lending faculty was no longer conditional, but absolute,

and the rich Butcher with money of his own to purchase with, was obliged to borrow at 84 pr. cent. whatever he laid out in his Trade. This you see must almost double the price of Butcher's meat. The Abbé had therefore both a good and a popular cause, he desired to plead it himself, he did it with great ability, and as great clapping and applause followed every *bon mot* that fell hard on La Caisse de Poissy it was according to the fashion of this country, clapp'd in the same manner as a Witticism in a Comedy, or a fine sentiment in a Tragedy spoken by a good actor is with us. Monsieur Gerbier, Council for La Caisse de Poissy, a very eloquent Lawyer, was not heard with any attention. When the pleadings were over Le Lieutenant Criminel and the King's Lawyers retired for above an hour. I trembled for the poor Abbé when they return'd, I fear'd a severe sentence, but to shew you the lenity of this government, the Abbé was acquitted, each party to pay their own costs. He passed through a crowd of people all clapping their hands and shouting with joy, and with a very satisfied air retired with one of his friends who carried him to his house near Paris, where three days after he received a letter de Cachet, ordering him into exile, he is not to stir out of a miserable village, nor to hold any correspondence with his friends, he will there have time you see to reflect on the equity of the Judges, who pronounced him guiltless of offence ; and where can innocence be more suitably situated than in a rural village ? You will ask what said the voices who shouted at the Abbé's triumph ? What did the hands that clapped him ? Why, as the trial was over, and he was acquitted and punished, there was nothing to be said by friend or foe, the voices were silent, and as for the hands, having no more reason for them, some put them in their pockets, others in their bosoms, and his particular friends, who were most concern'd, scratched their heads with theirs. In a country where all the philosophers boast a general love *pour*

l'humanité, and the polite, infinite sensibility, it is worth while to remark with what tranquility they see a writer exiled for having endeavoured to serve mankind by destroying a combination which render'd the food of the people exorbitantly dear.

"You begin I see to be so tired of the inconsistency of worldly things you wish to go to Church. I will therefore carry you thither on St. Louis's day. You shall hear a very good and pious sermon preach'd on the occasion by a reverend Monk, who knowing that worldly vanities, and many sins are apt to creep in amongst the duties and offices of secular life, had renounced them all; amongst the vanities, no doubt that of noisy popular applause; his discourse was plain and sensible, he divided into two parts and paused at the end of the first part, and then the audience clapped as at our play-houses. As soon as silence was restored, he went on with the rest of the sermon, and at its conclusion the applause was repeated. This sermon was preached before the French Academy, and I could not help observing to one of the Academicians, that I thought such a kind of applause hardly suitable to the place or the office. He said it was only done on St. Louis's day, as the sermon was consider'd as a political discourse, and the place was a Chapel, not a Church. However the host was on the altar, and as soon as lifted up by the Priest all the Catholick part of the congregation acknowledged the real presence, and Mass was performed with due ceremony. The Te Deum having been very well sung in one of their Churches the other day, I heard it was exceedingly clapped, and notwithstanding what my Academician said, I believe that if the present French race (with reverence be it spoken) were to hear the Sermon on the Mount preached by the divine preacher, they would clap it wherever they had the sense, and the virtue to approve it.

"The evening of St. Louis's day the French Academy

meet to dispose of a prize which a year before is promised to him who shall produce the best performance on a subject proposed by the Academy, that on which the poets were now to shew their talents was a translation of the parting of Hector and Andromache at the Icean Gate. The Academicians were seated round a Table, the audience in rows behind them, the Governor's [of the Louvres] Lady had the goodness to place me where I had the pleasure to hear every word that was read. Very ingenious and elegant discourses were pronounced on the advantage of studying and imitating original genius, and then the translations of two contending bards were read; the Compositions, as they may be more properly call'd than translations, were then read; and by the same spirit of inconsistency that I have before remark'd to you, the more the Poet deviated from the original, the more he was clapped. Hector was curl'd and powder'd, Andromache wore rouge and as to Astyanax he was a prodigy of parts, and had a thousand pretty thoughts about his papa's helmet, and as it was in a manner impossible to tell which of the Poets had most skilfully avoided the poor simplicity of Homer, they thought both deserved to be crown'd, and the prize was divided between them. You will perhaps think that after having said every thing that was possible in praise of original genius, and the benefit of studying, admiring and setting them before young persons for their reverence and imitation, and then crowning and applauding the Poets who had studiously avoided the style, manner, and thoughts of Homer, Genius had received as much jeer and contempt as could be expected from a learned and ingenious assembly, but no such thing, those Pygmies the Witts will make their nibbling war on Genius as she soars through vast regions where they never could rise, if vermin like, striking by their sting, they did not fasten on Her. Monsr. D'Alembert read an Invective of Voltaire's against our great Shakespear, you must

know Voltaire is enraged that Conte Camelan and Monsr. Le Tourneaux have translated Shakespear, by which many thefts of the said Voltaire were discover'd to the French Nation. This piqued him so much, he sent this paper to put the Academy on their guard against the mischief a translation from such a wretched Poet would bring on the taste of his country. Having never had the honour to frequent Billingsgate, I cannot tell you how gross and vile and low this paper was, though Monsr. D'Alembert told us he had soften'd it. I have enclosed a letter of Voltaire's to Monsr. D'Argentol where he shows something of the decency and delicacy with which he treats our bard and his translators; I must do that justice to the Academy, to say, that they shew'd great signs of displeasure while the paper was reading, nor were there any claps given, except by about a dozen people: I do not think any where in Europe, you would find so large an Assembly without at least as many fools as a dozen. None of the Academicians clapped; Monsr. D'Alembert pronounced an Eloge on Destouches a very good comic writer, his panegyrick, and the discourses of the other Academicians were ingenious and elegant.

"I am much pleased with the conversation one finds here, it is equally free from Pedantry and ignorance: all the hours I have pass'd in mix'd company I have spent agreeably. The men of letters are well bred and easy, and by their vivacity and politeness shew they have been used to converse much with women. The Ladies by being well inform'd and full of those graces we neglect when with each other, shew they have been used to converse with men. As to the common people they seem infinitely inferior to ours. I complain'd much of the inconsistencies I found here and at the same time have given a proof of being infected with the same spirit, for surely this long letter ill suits the respect I have for your time, and my sense of the valuable purposes to which you

usually employ it, but in spite of all the trash I have troubled you with, be assured that I am with the greatest regard,

"Dear Sir,

"Your most obliged most aff^{te}. Humble Servt.

"E. M."

NOTE.—"Was there ever such stuff as a great part of Shakespear?" exclaimed George III. to Miss Burney; "only one must not say so! But what say you? What? Is there not sad stuff—What? What? But one should be hanged for saying so."

"Shrewsbury. May 1764.

"MERCURY AND A PAINTER.

"*A Dialogue.*

"*Mercury.* So Mr. Painter, you have undertaken to make a likeness of the Earl of Bath [Pulteney]. Do you pretend your art can imitate what nature herself could but once attain to? I wish you could succeed, it would mortify that proud Dame, who is always insulting Art, and she uses me no better than if I was her Journey-man, unskillfully working after her patterns. I must confess that all my skill does not come up to her felicities. She has her lucky hitti sometimes, and then she is inimitable. You had better paint the Mayor and the rest of the Corporation, or if you must draw a Lord, draw my Lord Sandys, he is so stiff, and so like a picture, a picture must be like Him, and his Cravat is in print already.

"*Painter.* It is very hard, men of our profession must be continually working to give immortality to others, and rarely have a thought that can immortalise them. Sir Godfrey [Kneller] will live for ever in the Kitcat Club. Here is a man, in whom all the talents of that society are summ'd up, I would fain therefore do his portrait and by one picture get as lasting a fame as Kneller did by Sixty, the very attempt is noble.

"*Mercury*. As you seem to have undertaken the work out of a noble desire of fame, rather than presumptuous vanity, I will help you a little. The gods are always ready to assist a liberal and ingenuous mind.

"*Painter*. I have never been at Rome, so I am not conceited, and shall be glad of your Instruction.

"*Mercury*. Let me see what you have done, I perceive you have made a portrait that represents a person of Wisdom and Dignity, but if that be all you aim at, you do not yet know half your business.

"*Painter*. His Lordship you know is reckon'd a very wise man, and I am sure I have endeavour'd to represent him so, I have heard people say he is like one Demosthenes, but that Gentleman was dead before my time, and I never saw any Picture of him, so if they were ever so like, it can be no guide to me.

"*Mercury*. No indeed, and had you the Grecian Orator perfectly delineated you could not finish Lord Bath's picture by that pattern. Demosthenes has been well drawn by Tully, Quintilian, and some others. They have given him great fire, force and majesty, but that is not all you have to express here. When you have made his Lordship's eyes beam the brightest rays of Wisdom, and arm'd them with all the fire of Eloquence, you must make them at times flash Odes, epigrams, Ballads, satyrical and facetious, wanton sonnets to maids of honour, gallant verses to celebrated beauties, and you must make craftiness lurk in a sarcastical smile, now and then a shrewd Pamphlet dart from a keen glance of his eye, about his mouth you must put mirth, raillery, jest, pun and fun, and when the Ladies like it, a little sly double *entendre*. If he is speaking to Princes, you must paint truth, and persuasion, sincerity and insinuation at once upon his lips, if talking to his Friends, professing less than his Love, and promising less than his performance. *Quand il dit des fleurettes à une belle, il faut le représenter*

fripon, volage, parjure, mais pourtant discret. Now if you can do all this, deepen his wrinkles, whiten his beard, throw the hoar frost of a hundred winters on it, he will be as amiable as youth in venerable age.

"*Painter.* Alack a day! Sir Anthony Vandyke, a Knight, and the King's painter could not put all this into one countenance.

"*Mercury.* You say very well, Nature herself never but once could put it all into one character. She brag'd it was her masterpiece, and seventy odd years ago, threw it into the world, saying, half boast and half regret, *You ne'er shall look upon his like again.*

"However Sir your portrait will do very well to hang up in the Town Hall. His Lordship appears in it as he will do in history, the wisest and greatest man of his time. The rest is painted on the hearts of his friends, and the memory of his contemporaries. Long may the world possess this great original, and may Nature (for the effort is above the reach of Art) assist some happy genius to snatch some of his various graces from oblivion, and transmit them though with abated lustre to posterity in his private Memoirs."

NOTE.—Sir Godfrey Kneller told the Bishop of Rochester that the following were his articles of religion: "That God loved all ingenious persons; that painting was the most ingenious of all arts; and, that he himself was the most ingenious of all painters."

The Kit-Kat Club, was political, literary, and artistic. It was formed by the Whig leaders about 1700. The Dukes of Somerset, Richmond, Grafton, Devonshire, Marlborough, and Newcastle, and the Earls of Dorset, Sunderland, Manchester, Stanhope, Essex, Wharton, Kingston, and Bath (Pulteney), Lords Halifax and Somers, Sir Robert Walpole, Vanbrugh, Congreve, Granville, Addison, Garth, Maynwaring, Stepney, and Walsh were amongst the members. The club probably derived its name from Christopher (Kit) Katt, a noted pleman, who lived at the sign of the "Cat and the Fiddle."

"Immortal made, as Kit-Kat by his pies,"

or as the *Spectator*, No. 9, considers, it was possibly from the pie itself, a sort of sandwich, called a Kit-Kat, that the name of the club was taken—

"A Kit-Kat is a supper for a lord."

Dr. Arbuthnot, in the following epigram, says :—

“ Whence deathless Kit-Kat took his name,
Few critics can unriddle ;
Some say from pastrycook it came,
And some from Cat and Fiddle.

The members subscribed four hundred guineas for the encouragement of good comedies in 1709. Each member presented a picture of himself, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller of a uniform size (thirty-six inches by twenty-eight inches, afterwards known as the Kit-Kat size), to the club ; the room, built for them by Jacob Tonson the secretary of the club at Barn Elms, was not large enough to admit of half-length pictures. On the death of Tonson the pictures were bequeathed to Mr. Baker of Bayfordbury in Hertfordshire, where they remain to this day. Sir Samuel Garth, the witty physician of George I., was reminded one evening by Sir Richard Steele of fifteen patients, whom in the midst of his convivial surroundings he had forgotten, he said, “ It’s no great matter, whether I see them to-night, or not, for nine of them have such bad constitutions, that all the physicians in the world can’t save them ; and the other six have such good constitutions, that all the physicians in the world can’t kill them.”

VI

DR. JOHNSON AND THE LYTTTELTONIANS

HANNAH MORE wrote of Johnson : " He has just finished the Poets, I am sorry he has lost so much credit by Lord Lyttelton ; he treats him almost with contempt ; makes him out a poor writer, and an envious man ; speaks well only of his ' Conversion of St. Paul ' of which he says, it is sufficient to say it has never been answered. Mrs. Montagu and Mr. Pepys his two surviving friends are very angry."

And can we wonder at their indignation when we read the following extracts :—

" DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD."

" They were kindly commended by the *Critical Review*, and poor Lyttelton with humble gratitude returned acknowledgments, which can never be proper, since they must be paid either for flattery or for justice."

Pity is always a mean thing, and the offensive epithet " poor " applied to " his great and good friend " is what Pepys could not forgive. It was unkindly suggested that Mrs. Montagu more especially resented this attack on the " Dialogues of the Dead," she herself having been " the other hand " by which three of them were written.

Johnson wrote of Lyttelton's "History of Henry II." that it was "published with such anxiety, as only vanity can dictate, his ambitious accuracy cost him £1000, he employed Andrew Reid, a master in the art of punctuation (I know not at what price), to point the pages ; when he had paid the pointer, he probably gave away the rest of the money he took for the copy, for he was very liberal to the indigent. When Reid was either dead or discarded, a comb-maker known by the style of Doctor, took his place, to whose edition a list of errors in 19 pages was appended."

The "History of Henry II." was the labour of the greater part of Lord Lyttelton's life, and Horace Walpole, who seldom lost an opportunity of sneering at him, cruelly remarked, "It shows how dull one may be, if one will but take pains for six or seven and twenty years together."

Johnson wrote of "its most vulgar Whiggism," and Hume asked Adam Smith if he did not admire the author's "Whiggery and Piety, qualities so useful both for this world and the next."

Mrs. Montagu, on the contrary, was an enthusiastic admirer of the book, but appears to have thought, like a modern publisher of great experience, that no work entirely free from scandal is likely to have an unqualified success, for, said she, "Most readers want to find history a smart libel, on former times and persons, and Lord Lyttelton thought it wiser to speak truth of Great Men, who lived in this kingdom six hundred years ago, than of those who are or would be great now." To Lord Lyttelton she wrote, "If there is one oak more noble than the rest at Hagley the honor of having shaded Lord Lyttelton, while he wrote his 'History of Henry II.' will be ascribed to it. I imagine that when you take your rest in the House of Peers, the ghost of Henry II. will claim his seat in the Temple of Fame, near the heroes recorded by Livy and the great historians of antiquity ; assuring them that your Lordship is making out his patent for eternal fame." In

fact her admiration of this work, caused him to write, "I am proud your judgment of my History can be so blinded by your friendship to me, true friendship is little more clear-sighted than love."

Dr. Johnson further enraged the Lytteltonians by saying that "His poems had nothing to be despised, and little to be admired, his blank verse had neither much force nor much elegance, and that his little performances, whether song or epigram, were sometimes sprightly, sometimes insipid. His epistolary pieces," he added, "have a smooth equability, which cannot much tire, because they are short but which seldom elevate or surprise."

Though a strong personal dislike was shown in these hostile criticisms, Johnson complained that the intelligence his inquiries had gained was general and scanty, and that before commencing the "Life of Lord Lyttelton," he wrote to his brother, Lord Westcote, assuring him of his desire to avoid offence, and "in order to be totally out of danger" asked him to employ any friend he liked to write the historical account under his own direction. Lord Westcote accepted his assurances that he would not "wantonly and willingly offend," and said he was sure Dr. Johnson would do his brother no injury. Before publishing, it was also submitted to Mrs. Montagu for her judgment and correction; she objected, but it was published all the same without a word being altered. Dr. Johnson said in his defence, that, as a biographer, he was bound to describe the person as he really was, and not to terrify or render mankind desperate, by holding out models of absolute and unattainable perfection to their imitation.

Biographies, Mrs. Piozzi considered, are an additional reason why men should be afraid to die, and the "Lives of the Lord Chancellors" was said, by one of the victims, to have added a new pang to death.

In June, 1781, Fanny Burney wrote from Streatham, "On Wednesday we had a terribly noisy day."

"The long war which has been proclaimed among the Wits concerning Lord Lyttelton's 'Life' by Dr. Johnson, and which a whole tribe of 'blues' with Mrs. Montagu at their head have vowed to execrate and revenge, now broke out with all the fury of the first actual hostilities, stimulated by long concerted schemes and much spiteful information. Dr. Doran says good-natured friends embittered the quarrel, Mrs. Vesey sounded the trumpet by her indiscretion, Walpole fomented it by his malice, and wished he could have made 'Dagon and Ashtaroth scold in Coptic.' The Cophti, Walpole explained 'are an Egyptian race of whom nobody knows anything but the learned, and thence I gave Mrs. Montagu's Academics the name of Coptic.' Sir William Pepys (then Mr. Pepys) dined at Streatham on this stormy June evening." Miss Burney continues: "Mr. Pepys, Dr. Johnson well knew, was one of Mrs. Montagu's steadfast abettors; and, therefore, as he had some time determined to defend himself with the first of them he met, this day he fell the sacrifice to his wrath.

"In a long *tête-à-tête* which I accidentally had with Mr. Pepys before the company was assembled, he told me his apprehensions of an attack and entreated me earnestly to endeavour to prevent it; modestly avowing he was no antagonist for Dr. Johnson, and yet declaring his personal friendship for Lord Lyttelton made him so much hurt by the 'Life,' that he feared he could not discuss the matter without a quarrel which, especially in the house of Mrs. Thrale, he wished to avoid.

"It was, however, utterly impossible for me to serve him. I could have stopped Mrs. Thrale with ease, and Mr. Seward with a hint, had either of them begun the subject; but, unfortunately, in the middle of dinner, it was begun by Dr. Johnson himself, to oppose whom, especially as he spoke with great anger, would have been madness and folly.

"Never before have I seen Dr. Johnson speak with so much passion.

"‘Mr. Pepys,’ he cried, in a voice the most enraged, ‘I understand you are offended by my “Life of Lord Lyttelton.” What is it you have to say against it? Come forth, man! Here am I, ready to answer any charge you can bring!’

"‘No, sir,’ cried Mr. Pepys, ‘not at present; I must beg leave to decline the subject. I told Miss Burney before dinner that I hoped it would not be started.’

"I was quite frightened to hear my own name mentioned in a debate which began so seriously; but Dr. Johnson made not to this any answer he repeated his attack and his challenge, and a violent disputation ensued, in which this great but mortal man did, to own the truth, appear unreasonably furious and grossly severe. I never saw him so before, and I heartily hope I never shall again. He has been long provoked, and justly enough, at the sneaking complaints and murmurs of the Lytteltonians; and, therefore, his long-excited wrath, which hitherto had met no object, now burst forth with a vehemence and bitterness almost incredible.

"Mr. Pepys meantime never appeared to so much advantage; he preserved his temper, uttered all that belonged to himself with modesty, and all that more immediately related to Lord Lyttelton with spirit. Indeed, Dr. Johnson, in the very midst of the dispute, had the candour and liberality to make him a personal compliment, by saying—

"‘Sir, all that you say, while you are vindicating one who cannot thank you, makes me only think better of you than I ever did before. Yet still I think you do *me* wrong,’ etc., etc.

"Some time after, in the heat of the argument, he called out—

"‘The more my Lord Lyttelton is inquired after, the

worse he will appear; Mr. Seward has just heard two stories of him, which corroborate all I have related.'

"He then desired Mr. Seward to repeat them. Poor Mr. Seward looked almost as frightened as myself at the very mention of his name, but he quietly and immediately told the stories, which consisted of fresh instances, from good authorities, of Lord Lyttelton's illiberal behaviour to Shenstone; and then he flung himself back in his chair and spoke no more during the whole debate, which I am sure he was ready to vote a bore.

"One happy circumstance, however, attended the quarrel, which was the presence of Mr. Cator, who would by no means be prevented talking himself, either by reverence for Dr. Johnson, or ignorance of the subject in question; on the contrary, he gave his opinion, quite uncalled, upon every thing that was said by either party, and that with an importance and pomposity, yet with an emptiness and verbosity, that rendered the whole dispute, when in his hands, nothing more than ridiculous, and compelled even the disputants themselves, all inflamed as they were, to laugh. To give a specimen—one speech will do for a thousand.

"As to this here question of Lord Lyttelton, I can't speak to it to the purpose, as I have not read his "Life," for I have only read the "Life of Pope;" I have got the books though, for I sent for them last week, and they came to me on Wednesday, and then I began them; but I have not yet read "Lord Lyttelton." "Pope" I have begun, and that is what I am now reading. But what I have to say about Lord Lyttelton is this here: Mr. Seward says that Lord Lyttelton's steward dunned Mr. Shenstone for his rent, by which I understand he was a tenant of Lord Lyttelton's. Well, if he was a tenant of Lord Lyttelton's, why should not he pay his rent?"

"Who could contradict this?"

"When dinner was quite over, and we left the men to

their wine, we hoped they would finish the affair; but Dr. Johnson was determined to talk it through, and make a battle of it, though Mr. Pepys tried to be off continually. When they were all summoned to tea, they entered still warm and violent. Mr. Cator had the book in his hand, and was reading the 'Life of Lyttelton,' that he might better, he said, understand the cause, though not a creature cared if he had never heard of it.

"Mr. Pepys came up to me, and said—

"'Just what I had so much wished to avoid! I have been crushed in the very onset.'

"I could make him no answer, for Dr. Johnson immediately called him off, and harangued and attacked him with a vehemence and continuity that quite concerned both Mrs. Thrale and myself, and that made Mr. Pepys, at last, resolutely silent, however called upon.

"This now grew more unpleasant than ever; till Mr. Cator, having some time studied his book, exclaimed—

"'What I am now going to say, as I have not yet read the "Life of Lord Lyttelton" quite through, must be considered as being only said aside, because what I am going to say——'

"'I wish, sir,' cried Mrs. Thrale, 'it had been *all* said aside; here is too much about it, indeed, and I should be very glad to hear no more of it.'

"This speech, which she made with great spirit, and dignity, had an admirable effect. Everybody was silenced. Mr. Cator, thus interrupted in the midst of his proposition, looked quite amazed; Mr. Pepys was much gratified by the interference; and Dr. Johnson, after a pause, said—

"'Well, madam, you shall hear no more of it; yet I will defend myself in every part and in every atom!'

"And from this time the subject wholly dropped. This dear violent doctor was conscious he had been wrong, and therefore he most candidly bore the reproof. . . .

"When leave-taking time arrived, Dr. Johnson called

to Mr. Pepys to shake hands, an invitation which was most coldly and forcibly accepted. The moment he was gone, 'Now,' said Dr. Johnson, 'is Pepys gone home hating me, who love him better than I did before. He spoke in defence of his dead friend ; but though I hope I spoke better, who spoke against him, yet all my eloquence will gain me nothing but an honest man for my enemy !' "

He did not, however, cordially love Pepys, though he respected his abilities. "I knew the dog was a scholar," said he, when they had been disputing about the classics for three hours together, one morning at Streatham ; "but that he had so much taste, and so much knowledge, I did *not* believe : I might have taken Barnard's word, though, for Barnard would not lie."

Dr. Johnson said of Dr. Barnard (Provost of Eton) : "He is the only man that does justice to my good breeding ; and you may observe that I am well-bred to a degree of scrupulosity. No man is so cautious not to interrupt another ; no man thinks it so necessary to appear attentive when others are speaking ; no man so steadily refuses preference to himself, or so willingly bestows it on another, as I do ; nobody holds so strongly as I do the necessity of ceremony, and the ill effects which follow the breach of it. Yet people think me rude : but Barnard did me justice."

It is a significant fact, however, that it was invariably the good breeding of Dr. Johnson's *opponents* that is mentioned by those who witnessed these encounters. In a debate with Sir Philip Jennings Clarke, we are told "the very superior abilities of Dr. Johnson, and the remarkable good breeding of Sir Philip, kept them both on good terms."

"Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred in the company," is an undeniable fact ; but the precept contrasts strangely with the practice. "Perfect good breeding consists in having no particular mark of any

profession," is another truth uttered by this great observer, and is one which should be remembered by many excellent men, whose professional mannerism destroys their individuality and lessens their influence.

In a letter from Sir William Pepys to Mrs. Montagu, dated August 4, 1781, we read his version of the scene.

"I met Johnson some time ago at Streatham, and such a day did we pass in disputation upon the 'Life' of our dear friend Lord Lyttelton, as I trust it will never be my fate to pass again. The moment the cloth was removed he challenged me to *come out* (as he called it), and to say what I had to object to, in his 'Life of Lord Lyttelton.' This, you see, was a call which, however disagreeable to myself and the rest of the company, I could not but obey, and so *to it we went* for three or four hours without ceasing. He once observed, that it was the *duty* of a biographer to state *all* the failings of a respectable character.—He took great credit for not having mentioned the coarseness of Lord Lyttelton's manners. I told him, that if he would insert *that* in the next edition, I would excuse him all the rest. We shook hands, however, at parting; which put me much in mind of the parting between Jaques and Orlando—'God be with you, let us meet as seldom as we can. Fare you well; I hope we shall be better strangers to you.' We have not met again till last Tuesday, and then I must do him the justice to say that he did all in his power to show me that he was sorry for the former attack. But what hurts me all this while is, not that Johnson should go unpunished, but that our dear and respectable friend should be handed down to succeeding Generations under the appellation of poor Lyttelton."

Fanny Burney describes a dinner, subsequently given by Mrs. Thrale at Streatham, which was composed of Lady Frances Burgoyne and her family. "To these were added Mr. Pepys, who was as entertaining, and Sophy Streatfield as beautiful as ever. Mr. Pepys had desired this meeting

by way of reconciliation after the Lyttelton quarrel. Dr. Johnson now made amends for his former violence ; he advanced to him as soon as he came in, and holding out his hand, received him with a cordiality he had never shown him before. Indeed, he told me himself that he thought the better of Mr. Pepys for all that had passed." She adds, "He is as great a souled man, as a bodied one, and were he less furious in his passions, he would be demi-divine."

"Mr. Pepys also behaved extremely well, politely casting aside all reserve or coldness that might be attributed to a lurking ill-will for what had passed."

Fanny Burney continues—

"*Tuesday, December 9.*—This evening at Mrs. Vesey's Mr. George Cambridge came, and took the chair half beside me. I told him of some new members for Dr. Johnson's club.

"‘I think,’ said he, ‘it sounds more like some club that one reads of in the *Spectator*, than like a real club in these times ; for the forfeits of a whole year will not amount to those of a single night in other clubs. Does Pepys belong to it?’

"‘Oh no ! he is quite of another party ! He is head man on the side of the defenders of Lord Lyttelton. Besides, he has had enough of Dr. Johnson ; for they had a grand battle upon the “Life of Lyttelton,” at Streatham.’

"‘And had they really a serious quarrel ? I never imagined it had amounted to that.’

"‘Oh, yes, serious enough, I assure you. I never saw Dr. Johnson really in a passion but then : and dreadful, indeed, it was to see. I wished myself away a thousand times. It was a frightful scene. He so red, poor Mr. Pepys so pale !’

"‘But how did it begin ? What did he say ?’

"‘Oh, Dr. Johnson came to the point without much

ceremony. He called out aloud, before a large company, at dinner, "What have you to say, sir, to me or of me? Come forth, man! I hear you object to my 'Life of Lord Lyttelton.' What are your objections? If you have anything to say, let's hear it. Come forth, man, when I call you!"

"What a call, indeed! Why then he fairly bullied him into a quarrel!"

"Yes. And I was the more sorry, because Mr. Pepys had begged of me, before they met, not to let Lord Lyttelton be mentioned. Now I had no more power to prevent it than this macaroon cake in my hand."

"It was behaving ill to Mrs. Thrale, certainly, to quarrel in her house."

"Yes; but he never repeated it; though he wished of all things to have gone through just such another scene with Mrs. Montagu, and to refrain was an act of heroic forbearance."

"Why, I rather wonder he did not; for she was the head of the set of Lytteltonians."

"Oh, he knows that; he calls Mr. Pepys only her prime minister."

"And what does he call her?"

"Queen" to be sure! "Queen of the blues!" She came to Streatham one morning, and I saw he was dying to attack her. But he had made a promise to Mrs. Thrale to have no more quarrels in her house, and so he forced himself to forbear. Indeed he was very much concerned, when it was over, for what had passed; and very candid and generous in acknowledging it. He is too noble to adhere to wrong."

"And how did Mrs. Montagu herself behave?"

"Very stately, indeed, at first. She turned from him very stiffly, and with a most distant air, and without even curtsying to him, and with a firm intention to keep to what she had publicly declared—that she would never

“speak to him more ! However, he went up to her himself, longing to begin ! and very roughly said,—“Well, madam, what’s become of your fine new house ? I hear no more of it.””

““But how did she bear this ?”

““Why, she was obliged to answer him ; and she soon grew so frightened—as everybody else does—that she was as civil as ever.”

“He laughed heartily at this account. But I told him Dr. Johnson was now much softened. He had acquainted me, when I saw him last, that he had written to her upon the death of Mrs. Williams, because she had allowed her something yearly, which now ceased.

““And I had a very kind answer from her,” said he.

““Well then, sir,” cried I, ‘I hope peace now will be again proclaimed.’

““Why, I am now,” said he, ‘come to that time when I wish all bitterness and animosity to be at an end. I have never done her any serious harm—nor would I ; though I could give her a bite !—but she must provoke me much first. In volatile talk, indeed, I may have spoken of her not much to her mind ; for in the tumult of conversation malice is apt to grow sprightly ! and there, I hope, I am not yet decrepit.’

“He quite laughed aloud at this characteristic speech.

“I most readily assured the doctor, that I had never yet seen him limp !”

On another occasion Miss Burney wrote from Streat-ham :—

“By the way, I must tell you that Mrs. Montagu is in very great estimation here, even with Dr. Johnson himself, when others do not praise her improperly. Mrs. Thrale ranks her as the first of women in a literary way. I should have told you that Miss Gregory, daughter of the Gregory who wrote the ‘Letters,’ or ‘Legacy of Advice,’ lives with Mrs. Montagu, and was invited to accompany her.



MRS. MONTAGU'S *SALON*, THE SCENE OF HER "BAS BLEU" ASSEMBLIES
AT MONTAGU HOUSE, PORTMAN SQUARE, NOW THE RESIDENCE
OF VISCOUNT PORTMAN. THE CEILING IS BY
ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

“‘Mark you,’ said Dr. Johnson, ‘if I contradict her to-morrow, I am determined, let her say what she will, that I will not contradict her.’

“*Mrs. Thrale.* ‘Why, to be sure, sir, you did put her a little out of countenance, the last time she came. Yet you were neither rough, nor cruel, nor ill-natured; but still, when a lady changes colour, we imagine her feelings are not quite composed.’

“*Dr. Johnson.* ‘Why, madam, I won’t answer that I shan’t contradict her again, if she provokes me as she did then; but a less provocation I will withstand. I believe I am not high in her good graces already; and I begin (added he, laughing heartily), to tremble for my admission into her new house. I doubt I shall never see the inside of it.’ (Mrs. Montagu is building a most superb house).

“*Mrs. Thrale.* ‘Oh, I warrant you, she fears you, indeed; but that, you know, is nothing uncommon; and dearly I love to hear your disquisitions; for certainly she is the first woman for literary knowledge in England, and if in England, I hope I may say in the world.’

“*Dr. Johnson.* ‘I believe you may, madam. She diffuses more knowledge in her conversation than any woman I know, or, indeed, almost any man.’

“*Mrs. Thrale.* ‘I declare I know no man equal to her, take away yourself and Burke, for that art. And you who love magnificence, won’t quarrel with her, as everybody else does, for her love of finery.’

“*Dr. Johnson.* ‘No, I shall not quarrel with her upon that topic.’”

Dr. Johnson’s fears were groundless as to his admission to Mrs. Montagu’s fine new house in Portman Square, with its ceiling painted by Angelica Kauffman, the room of the Cupidons, the feather room, the pillars of verd-antique and the *Porte-cochère*, about which Pepys said Mrs. Montagu was in such perplexity, for everybody found fault with it, and no two people could agree about the

remedy ; but after her quarrel with him, though she still asked him to dinner, she took little notice of him when he arrived, and he thought she had dropped him. "Now Sir," said he, "there are people one should like very well to drop, but one would not wish to be dropped by." At a party at Lady Lucan's they remained at different ends of the room, and it was observed, that the doctor and the lady kept aloof like the west from the east.

At Brighthelmstone in 1782. Sir William Pepys wrote Mrs. Thrale a fine note, saying he was *pressé de vivre*, and entreated to see Mrs. and Miss Thrale, Dr. Johnson, and Cecilia [Miss Burney], at his house next day. Dr. Johnson would not go, and said it was Fanny Burney's day, that she should be crowned, for Pepys was wild about Cecilia. "However," he added, "do not hear too much of it ; but when he has talked about it, for half an hour or so, tell him to have done ; there is no other way." This was the method, the doctor pursued himself on his first introduction to Hannah More ; she began singing his praises, and after he had heard her for some time with quietness, she redoubled her strokes, and peppered it still more highly ; till at length he turned suddenly to her, with a stern and angry countenance, and said, "Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider ; whether or not, your flattering is worth his having." The Pepyses' party included Sir Lucas Pepys and Lady Rothes. Sir William received the young authoress with great distinction, made it evident how much her new book ["Cecilia"] was in his head, and said he thought her character of "Meadows" was the best hit possible, on the present race of fine gentlemen. He was very unwilling to part with his guests, and knowing Fanny's much-vaunted modesty, said, "And has Miss Burney courage to venture to the rooms ?"

Two days later there was a party at Mrs. Thrale's, when Johnson fell upon Pepys, and fairly drove him from the house.

Fanny Burney describes the scene :—

"*Oct. 29.*—We had a large party at home in the evening. I was presently engaged by Mr. Pepys, and he was joined by Mr. Coxe, and he by Miss Benson. Mr. Pepys led the conversation, and it was all upon criticism, and poetry. The little set was broken up by my retreat, and poor Mr. Pepys (who had real cause to bemoan my escape) joined Dr. Johnson, with whom he entered into an argument upon some lines of Gray, and upon Pope's definition of wit, in which he was so roughly confuted, and so severely ridiculed, that he was hurt and piqued beyond all power of disguise, and in the midst of the discourse, suddenly turned from him, and wishing Mrs. Thrale good-night, very abruptly withdrew.

"Dr. Johnson was certainly right with respect to the argument and to reason ; but his opposition was so warm and his wit so satirical and exulting, that I was really quite grieved to see how unamiable he appeared, and how greatly he made himself dreaded by all, and by many abhorred. What pity that he will not curb the vehemence of his love of victory and superiority.

"The sum of the dispute was this. Wit being talked of, Mr. Pepys repeated—

"‘True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.’

"‘That, sir,’ cried Dr. Johnson, ‘is a definition both false and foolish. Let wit be dressed how it will, it will equally be wit, and neither the more nor the less for any advantage dress can give it.’

"*Mr. Pepys.* ‘But, sir, may not wit be so ill-expressed, and so obscured, by a bad speaker, as to be lost?’

"*Dr. Johnson.* ‘The fault, then, sir, must be with the hearer. If a man cannot distinguish wit from words, he little deserves to hear it.’

"*Mr. Pepys.* ‘But, sir, what Pope means——’

"*Dr. Johnson.* 'Sir, what Pope means, if he means what he says, is both false and foolish. In the first place, "what oft was thought," is all the worse for being often thought, because to be wit, it ought to be newly thought.'

"*Mr. Pepys.* 'But, sir, 'tis the expression makes it new.'

"*Dr. Johnson.* 'How can the expression make it new? It may make it clear, or may make it elegant; but how new? You are confounding words with things.'

"*Mr. Pepys.* 'But, sir, if one man says a thing very ill, may not another man say it so much better that——'

"*Dr. Johnson.* 'That other man, sir, deserves but small praise for the amendment; he is but the tailor to the first man's thoughts.'

"*Mr. Pepys.* 'True, sir, he may be but the tailor; but then the difference is as great as between a man in a gold lace suit and a man in a blanket.'

"*Dr. Johnson.* 'Just so, sir, I thank you for that; the difference is precisely such, since it consists neither in the gold lace suit nor the blanket, but in the man by whom they are worn.'

"This was the summary; the various contemptuous sarcasms intermixed would fill, and very unpleasantly, a quire."

After this scene, which occurred at Brighton, Dr. Johnson's name was omitted from several invitations received by Mrs. Thrale and her circle. "He had tortured poor Mr. Pepys so much, that Lady Rothes omitted to invite him, in compliment to her brother-in-law." Lady Shelley and Mrs. Hetsel were also among the hostesses who would not receive him. Miss Burney wrote, "He is constantly omitted, either from too much respect, or too much fear. I am sorry for it, as he hates being alone." He disliked solitude so much that during this visit to Brighton, he accompanied Mrs. Thrale and her party to a ball, to the amazement of every one, giving as his reason, that "he had found the previous evening so dull, it could not

be worse than being alone." "Though he scolds the others, he is well satisfied himself, and, having given vent to all his own occasional anger or ill-humour, he is ready to begin again, and is never aware that those who have so been 'downed' by him, never can much covet so triumphant a visitor. In contests of wit the victor is as ill off in future consequences, as the vanquished in present ridicule. He has been in a terrible severe humour of late, and has really frightened all the people, till they almost ran from him. 'Tis very strange and very melancholy that he will not a little more accommodate his manners and language to those of other people!" Poor Dr. Delap confessed the reason he came so seldom to visit Mrs. Thrale was in consequence of his being too unwell to cope with Dr. Johnson; and Mr. Selwyn preferred calling on a day when he was out; he suddenly rose at the time he was expected to return, and said he must run away, "for fear the Doctor should call him to account." Even Miss Burney "did not pretend to vindicate Dr. Johnson's temper, or justify his manners, but his many virtues and excellencies made her grieve at his defects, and showed how much remains to be pardoned, even amongst the most admired. During this visit to Brighton he appears to have been unusually irritable, probably from ill-health.

Miss Burney described the principal hostesses at Brighton. Lady Rothes was sociable, lively, sensible, gentle and amiable—she, Lady Shelley and Mrs. Hetsel, were all of the same cast, but Lady Rothes in understanding seemed to have the advantage; in manners it would be hard to say which excelled, but unfortunately Lady Shelley, having heard wits commended, had taken up a new character, and said not only the severest but the cruellest things.

Dr. Johnson himself describes a Sunday evening at Mrs. Vesey's, "when we made such a noise all the evening, and there was Pepys and Wraxall, till I drove him away."

Wraxall was perhaps thinking of this evening, when he wrote : " Those whom Johnson could not always vanquish by the force of intellect ; by the depth and range of his arguments, and by the compass of his gigantic faculties, he silenced by rudeness ; and I have myself more than once stood in the predicament which I here describe. Yet no sooner was he withdrawn, and with him had disappeared these personal imperfections, than the sublime attainments of his mind, left their full effect on the audience ; for such the whole assembly might be in some measure esteemed, while he was present." No wonder Dr. Johnson wrote " Mrs. Vesey suspects still that I do not love them [Pepys and Wraxall] since that skirmish." " How do you imagine he would amuse himself in Paris ? " wrote one of Dr. Johnson's friends, at the time he was meditating a visit to the French capital. " If he got fairly into conversation with some of the French *beaux esprits*, how he would stun them by one of his violent explosions."

After recounting, on the authority of Dr. Johnson's friends, all these antagonistic encounters between himself and Sir William Pepys, it is only fair to allow him to speak for himself of a meeting, at which they appear to have been quite harmonious, he wrote, " I was one night at Burney's. There was Pepys, and there were Mrs. Ord, and Paradise, Hoole, and Dr. Dunbar, of Aberdeen, and I know not how many more. And Pepys and I had all the talk." Miss Burney wrote of this party, that Dr. Johnson was in high spirits, and good humour, talked all the talk, affronted nobody, and delighted everybody.

Soane Jenyns wrote an anticipatory epitaph of Johnson—

" Here lies poor Johnson ! Reader have a care
Tread lightly, lest you rouse a sleeping bear !
Religious, moral, generous, and humane
He was : but, self-sufficient, rude and vain.
Ill-bred, and over-bearing in dispute
A scholar, and a Christian, and a brute.

Would you know all his wisdom and his folly,
 His actions, sayings, mirth, and melancholy.
 Boswell and Thrale, retailers of his wit,
 Will tell you how he wrote, and talked, and coughed, and spit !”

The original MSS. belongs to Lord Spencer, and was probably read out at one of Mrs. Montagu’s assemblies.

When Boswell’s “Life of Johnson” was published, Sir William Pepys was greatly entertained by it, and thought there was no biographical work containing more instruction and improvement. Johnson’s avowed endeavour “to lessen him more than he deserved,” did not prevent his acknowledging him to be “one of the most exemplary characters of our nation.” He wrote to his eldest son, “Though Johnson’s prejudices were very great, and he personally disliked me, yet such a vein of strong sense, integrity of heart, and exalted piety, runs through all his conversation, that I think it highly delightful and instructive, especially when you feel yourself out of reach of any sudden ebullition (as Boswell calls it) of coarse and unmannerly resentment, of which he gives some striking instances, tho’ I had the good fortune never to experience any !” Surely at the moment of writing Pepys must have not only forgiven but forgotten.

When Mrs. Piozzi’s [Mrs. Thrale] book came out he wrote to Hannah More, “I was not a little alarmed on opening the book, to see my name, for well knowing how ill Johnson was inclined towards me, especially after I had defended the character of my friend, Lord Lyttelton (on whose account I was so sore), I expected nothing better than ‘fool’ ‘booby’ and ‘blockhead,’ judge therefore how lucky I think myself to have been treated better than I deserve. How often have I lamented the good he might have done, if to his knowledge and strength of thought he had united a conciliatory manner. I forced myself for a long time to endure all the disgust, which I felt at his manners, for the sake of

his conversation, but gave it up at last when I heard him declare that in company he talked not for the investigation of truth, so much as for *victory*; and that victory, over people whom no one could ever have placed in competition with himself. Poor human nature! The 'Journal' is so faithful a picture of him, that anybody who has a clear idea of his *person*, and *manner*, may know as much of him from that book, as by having been acquainted with him for three years. His prayers and meditations brought tears to my eyes, but they are a most unjustifiable publication, as they discover those weaknesses and ritual observances to which all are liable, but ought never to be exposed. In such a man I fear it will give occasion for the enemy to triumph. I have a great deal of fellow feeling with him about the returns of the New Year and birthdays, which always revive in me the warmest gratitude, for preservation, and domestic happiness, but I fear Johnson, poor man! had not quite the same cause of thanksgiving. I wish I had read this publication long before his death, for had I known of those nights of pain, and restlessness, I would have forgiven all his peevishness and asperity, as would the servant to whom he called with such impatience for coffee, had he known that poor Johnson had been fasting all day. I think as I read it, 'How 'scaped I killing, when I crossed you so.' I always say when I am indisposed, lest weariness of body should be construed into fretfulness of mind. When I heard of poor Johnson's despondency towards the conclusion of his life, I wrote him an anonymous letter (for he would not have regarded it, had he known it came from me) to place in a strong light, the good produced by his writings, and I trust that it administered some consolation."

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall wrote to Pepys, in August, 1821, "I daily prefer Juvenal's request—

"' Fortem posce Animum, Mortis Terrore carentem.

How singular was it that Johnson himself should not have possessed such a mind ; while *Lady Jersey* (of unenviable notoriety in the history of George IV.), who died here at Cheltenham, scarcely three weeks ago, expired as calm as a saint, with a smile on her features ! We cannot draw any certain inference, from particular instances. I believe Johnson's mind became quite composed long before he expired. Your letter probably contributed towards that calm. He mentioned it to Mrs. Thrale as 'A letter of consolation.' It was most benevolent and pious of you to support him, at such a time. It is not improbable he might suspect the kind quarter from which it came."

The following incident shows that Dr. Johnson's dislike to Sir William Pepys was caused by the recognition of his talents.

Mrs. Thrale writes : " We had got a little French print among us at Brighthelmstone, in November, 1782, of some people skaiting, with these lines written under—

" ' Sur un mince cristal l'hiver conduit leurs pas,
Le precipice est sous la glace ;
Telle est de nos plaisirs la légère surface ;
Glissez, mortel, n'appuyez pas.' "

I begged translations from everybody : Dr. Johnson gave me this—

" " O'er ice the rapid skater flies,
With sport above and death below ;
Where mischief lurks in gay disguise
Thus lightly touch and quickly go.' "

He was, however, exceedingly enraged when he found Mrs. Thrale had asked half a dozen acquaintances to do the same thing, and declared it had been done to make every one look little when compared with the Pepyses, whose translations he said, were unquestionably the best.

Sir Lucas Pepys wrote—

" O'er the ice as o'er pleasure we lightly should glide ;
Both have gulfs which their flattering surfaces hide."

A more serious one was written by his brother, Sir William Pepys—

“Swift o’er the level how the skaiters slide,
And skim the glittering surface as they go ;
Thus o’er life’s specious pleasures lightly glide,
But pause not, press not on the gulf below.”

Johnson, seeing this last, and thinking for a moment, repeated—

“O’er crackling ice, o’er gulfs profound,
With nimble glide the skaiters play :
O’er treacherous pleasure’s flow’ry ground
Thus lightly skim, and haste away.

One day, when Mrs. Siddons was reading Milton at one of these assemblies, Sir William Pepys made the following impromptu while she was speaking, repeating it the moment she had done—

“When Siddons reads from Milton’s page,
Then sound and sense unite ;
Her varying tones our hearts engage
With exquisite delight :
So well those varying tones accord
With his seraphic strain ;
We hear, we feel, in every word
His angels speak again.”

Another day, when they were all assembled in the library at Streatham, Garrick’s impromptu was accounted the best, and gained the approbation of Johnson, I quote it not only as an illustration of the intellectual exercises, with which the “Blues” sharpened their own and their friends’ wits, but also as containing what appears to be sound advice—

“Ye fair married dames who so often deplore
That a lover once blest, is a lover no more ;
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

Use the man whom you wed like your fav'rite guitar,
Though there's music in both, they are both apt to jar ;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch ;
Not handled too roughly, or played on too much.

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame by caressing and come at command,
Exert with your husbands the same happy skill,
For hearts like your birds may be tamed to your will.

Be gay and good-humoured, complying, and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind,
Attractions so pleasing, resistless will prove,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of Love."

Dr. Doran writes in his "Life of Mrs. Montagu," that these efforts to stir up even dull minds to write some sort of poetry, were at least as beneficial as the process which counts honours, and eternally asks, "What's trumps?"

VII

MRS. THRALE, AFTER- WARDS MRS. PIOZZI

HAYWARD said that Holland House alone in its best days could compare with Mrs. Thrale's circle at Streatham, and that brilliant society that quoted, criticized, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings at Mrs. Montagu's. Fanny Burney considered the occasion of her first visit to Streatham, the most "consequential day" she had spent since her birth. Lord Macaulay described Mrs. Thrale at the height of prosperity and popularity—with gay spirits, quick wit, showy though superficial acquirements, pleasing though not refined manners, a singularly amiable temper, and loving heart. She married, when quite young, Mr. Thrale the brewer, and member for Southwark, who was considerably her senior, of whom Dr. Johnson said, "I know of no man who is more master of his wife and family than Thrale, if he but hold up a finger, he is obeyed." This great gift, that all men who have it not by nature, should try to acquire, ensured the comfort and harmony of his surroundings, and earned for him the name of "my master," by which he was always spoken of in his family, and by his guests. Dr. Johnson's complete failure in managing his own *ménage* (which he thus described, "Williams hates everybody ; Levett hates Desmoulins and



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MRS. THRALE.
Afterwards Mrs. Piozzi.

does not love Williams ; Desmoulins hates them both ; and Poll loves none of them") caused him to admire the firm rule of "the master," as it did to exclaim with astonishment when he heard that Hannah More lived with her four sisters, "I love you all five. I never was at Bristol. I will come on purpose to see you. What ! five women live happily together ! you live lives to shame duchesses."

Shortly before Mr. Thrale's death in 1781, Mrs. Thrale wrote from their house in Grosvenor Square, describing some of the members of their intimate circle of friends—

"Sophy [Streatfield] smiled, Mrs. Montagu was brilliant in diamonds, solid in judgment, critical in talk. Piozzi sang, Pepys panted with admiration, Johnson was good humoured, Lord John Clinton attentive, Dr. Bowdler lame, and my master not asleep. Mrs. Ord looked elegant, Lady Rothes dainty, Mr. Davenant dapper, and Sir Phillip's curls were all blown about by the wind."

Of Lord John Clinton, Mrs. Thrale thus wrote from Brighthelmstone—

"We are to drink tea with Lady Rothes ; after which the Steyne hours begin, and we cluster round Thomas' shop, and contend for the attention of Lord John Clinton, a man who could be of consequence in no other place upon earth, though a very well-informed and modest mannered boy."

There was to be a concert at Mrs. Thrale's, and all the "fine people" were to be present to meet a Bramin and two Parsees. Hannah More promised herself no small pleasure in seeing the disciples of Zoroaster, and worshippers of fire. Just as her hair was dressed, a servant came to say Mr. Thrale was dead. "What an awful event ! He was in the prime of life, but had the misfortune to be too rich, and to keep too sumptuous a table, at which he indulged too freely. He was a sensible and respectable man."

Mrs. Thrale said, "To have been born into this world

is our only claim, for some sort of place in a better . . . our longest life is but a little short parenthesis in the broad page of time, which is itself a mere preface to eternity. Let us, however, write the brief period neatly, and leave our visiting-ticket to the world, such as may not disgrace us." Her own "visiting-card" was, however, greatly marred in the eyes of her friends by her second marriage to Piozzi, her daughter's singing-master, and caused a complete estrangement from her large circle of friends, who said, "she had given great occasion to the enemy to blaspheme and triumph over the *bas bleu* ladies." That the memory of long years of hospitality and kindness should have been effaced by an act, that though foolish was in no way wrong, is hard to understand; and the conduct of her friends, who were indebted to the Streatham surroundings for their intercourse with Dr. Johnson, and without which many of his sayings would have remained unrecorded, has never been explained. Dr. Johnson, without the solid comforts provided by the brewhouse (which one of George the Third's daughters so thoroughly appreciated, that when told of the creation of a fresh batch of Pitt's peers, she exclaimed, "Give me a good brewhouse!"), would have had no escape from his own charitable establishment overrun with strange creatures, who quarrelled incessantly, and where the domestic economy was such that he said, with a profound gravity, he had some thoughts of buying a jack, instead of having his small joints managed with a piece of string, as a jack was "some credit to a house;" but when the addition of a spit was suggested, he replied, "No, sir, no, that would be superfluous; for where a jack is seen, a spit will be presumed."

Many years afterwards, in 1825, Miss Williams Wynn, daughter of Sir Watkyn Wynn, wrote that she had had an opportunity of talking to old Sir William Pepys on the subject of Mrs. Piozzi. He told her he had never met with any human being who possessed the talent of conversation

in such a degree, and that Piozzi did not even understand her ; her infatuation for him seemed perfectly unaccountable, but he believed she had combated her inclination for him as long as possible. One day, speaking to Sir William Pepys of her second marriage, Mrs. Piozzi said, not one of her old friends had taken any notice of her since that event. This may have accounted for the disparaging way she afterwards wrote of them ; as, for instance, " Sir William Pepys, who talks about taste, and classics, and country customs, and rural sports with rapture, which he perhaps fancies unaffected, was riding by our chaise on the Downs yesterday, and said, because the sun shone, one could not perceive it was Autumn ; for said he ' There is not one tree in sight to show us the fall of the leaf and hark ! how that sweet bird sings, just like the first week in May.' ' No ! No ! ' replied I, ' that's nothing but a poor robin redbreast, whose chill wintry note tells the season too plainly.' ' Why, you amaze me,' quoth our friend, ' I had no notion of *that*.' Yet Mrs. Montagu says, this man is a natural converser, and Mrs. Montagu ' is an honourable lady.' "

Mrs. Thrale never restrained her tongue or her feelings. Fanny Burney wrote, " She laughs, cries, scolds, sports, reasons, makes fun, does everything she has an inclination to do, without any study of prudence, or thought of blame ; " and pure and artless as was this character, it often drew herself and others into scrapes, which a little discretion would have avoided. This total want of control of herself, and consequently of those around her, made it impossible for her to continue her hospitality to Dr. Johnson, who, released from the strong hand of the master, grew most unreasonable and unpunctual, and drove all her friends from the house by his rudeness.

Mrs. Thrale laid aside her weeds on the anniversary of her husband's death ; and, within a week, she was obliged to write to the *Morning Herald*, begging them to

circulate no more rumours about the various people she was expected to marry. She valued herself highly, and returned, she said, to Streatham very sound in heart, "notwithstanding the watchers and wager-layers (who think more of the charms of their sex, than I, who know better), and think they are doing me honour with these imaginary matches. A woman of passable person, ancient family, respectable character, uncommon talents, and three thousand a year, has a right to think herself any man's equal, and nothing to seek but return of affection from whatever partner she pitches on. To marry for love, would therefore be rational in me, who want no advancement of birth or fortune."

In January, 1782, Mrs. Thrale returned to society, and took a house in Harley Street, and wrote that she was invited by Sir William Pepys to dine in Wimpole Street, to meet Mrs. Montagu and "a whole army of blues, to whom I trust my refusal will afford very pretty speculation, and they may settle my character and future conduct at their leisure. Pepys is a worthless fellow at last ; he and his brother run about the town spying, and inquiring what Mrs. Thrale is to do this winter, what friends she is to see, what men are in her confidence, how soon she will be married, etc. The brother doctor, the medico as we call him, lays wagers about me I find—God forgive me, but they'll make me hate them both, and they are no better than two fools for their pains, for I was willing to have taken them to my heart. When I took off my mourning the watchers watched me very exactly, 'but they whose hands are mightiest, have found nothing.'" To Fanny Burney she wrote, "May I venture, do you think, to call a little company about me on St. Taffy's day? or will the world in general, and the Pepyses in particular, feel shocked at my 'dissipation,' and my 'haste to be married?' They came last night, and found me alone with Murphy. There was an epoch! . . . The Bishop of Peterborough came in soon after . . .

what dangers we do go through! . . . This evening Mrs. Ord's conversation, and Piozzi's 'cara voce' have kept away care pretty well. Mr. Selwyn helped us to be comfortable. . . ." Subsequent events justified the Pepyses' premature speculations on Mrs. Thrale's matrimonial projects, and her allusion to Piozzi's "cara voce" exonerates them at least from the charge of malicious inventions. Sir William Pepys wrote to Hannah More, "Oh, how I do lament the loss of her lively, pleasant Society, and fine understanding." He also mourned over her conduct as a mother, and added, "I most cordially and sincerely compassionate the dreadful struggle, which as a woman she so long and so painfully sustained." Her second marriage proved a very happy one, and her devotion to Piozzi was so great, that she adopted his nephew, and left him her Welsh property, to the exclusion of her own daughters, with whom she had little further intercourse. Some qualms of conscience she may have had, for she wrote, "We must do the best we can, and, as King David says, 'Let us fall into the hands of God, and not into the hands of men,' for they are cruel judges of each other." And in her old age she added—

"When we approach the confines of immortality, the best is to look forward; for retrospection is but a blotted page to wiser and better folks than . . .

"H. L. P."

VIII

THE WITS AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS

MRS. MONTAGU wrote of Tunbridge Wells, "This is a strange place, for one has neither business, nor leisure here, so many glasses of water are to be drunk, so many buttered rolls to be eaten, so many turns on the walk to be taken, so many miles to be gone in a post-chaise or on horse-back, so much pains to be well, so much attention to be civil. In the beginning of the season there are many people of quality, whose behaviour is extremely bourgeois ; at the end of it, citizens who by their pride, and their impertinence, think they are behaving like persons of quality. Tunbridge is very good for bodily infirmities ; as to the weakness and faults of the mind, I cannot recommend it. One leads but an idle and irrational life. . . . The slow and consuming disease called '*l'Ennui*' is not known among the industrious, and though as fortune's elder children, we are best portioned, I know not if we are the best beloved ; I hope not ; as Providence made the system for the multitude, I believe the life that the generality of the world must lead, is most happy. The Muses are too critical, and the Graces too delicate for common life ; poor ladies ! how they would tire of the publick rooms at Tunbridge. We had Masquerades of

great expence and show ; these tired too. A Venetian Masquerade was thought of ; it was called a jubilee ; and a boat was surnamed a gondola, and all people were transported ; a jubilee at Ranelagh, and a gondola on the canal ! Oh rare ! The conductor of this noble amusement, repeats the diversion ; all people were tired. . . . There is a variety of company, and consequently some agreeable people . . . All pages of human life are worth reading. The wise instruct, the gay divert us, the absurd cure the spleen, the imprudent show us what to shun, the vapoured teach us that reasonable employments, and sufficient exercise, are necessary to keep the frame of mind and body in order. . . . I have always thought tossing in a blanket one of the best instituted punishments in the world for slight offences, as I am convinced half our faults arise from want of shaking the machine, so that it is a medicine as well as a chastisement."

Spleen and Vapours ! those two good old English words, that have now unhappily fallen into disuse, whilst the thing signified, is more than ever rampant in our midst. We attribute to high pressure, and modern conditions of life, those unused muscles, and ill-regulated minds that are condemned to the solitary confinement and discipline of the modern rest cure ; which should exist only for those who from definite illness, or self-sacrifice have earned their rest ; but the eighteenth century knew the complaint well, and called it by its name.

Dr. Johnson thought highly of Mandeville's "Treatise on Hypochondriack and Hysterick Passions, vulgarly called Hypo in Men, and Vapours in Women"—1711. In his dictionary, he gives the following quotations to illustrate the words :—

Vapours

"Pallas grew vap'rish once and odd
She would not do the least thing right."

POPE.

Spleen

Melancholy ; hypochondriacal vapours.

"The spleen with sullen vapours clouds the brain,
 And binds the spirits in its heavy chain ;
 Howe'er the cause fantastick may appear,
 Th' effect is real, and the pain sincere."

BLACKMORE.

Mrs. Montagu met Dr. Young, author of "Night Thoughts," at Tunbridge Wells, and though she wrote amusing accounts of his eccentric appearance and behaviour, she had "been in the vapours these two days" on account of his leaving. "We used to ride, walk, and take sweet counsel together ; . . . he carried me into places suited to the Genius of his Muse, sublime, grand, and with pleasing gloom diffused over them ; there I tasted the pleasure of his conversation in its full force ; his expressions bear all the stamp of novelty, and his thoughts of sterling sense." On another occasion, Lord Bath, Lord Lyttelton, and Mrs. Carter, were all at Tunbridge, so "you may imagine the place was agreeable, and wit flowed more copiously than the springs."

The Dowager Lady Gower wrote from Tunbridge, "Fortune has blest this forest with the geniuses of the age ; Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Dunbar, etc., etc., and Lord Lyttelton are at Sunning Wells, and sport sentiment from morn till noon, from noon to dewy eve."

Mrs. Carter wrote that they found themselves at Tunbridge in a fair romantic situation, and the air would be delightful, if it were not for the terrors of the road. She was very indignant at an "intelligencer" [reporter], with a fine laced coat, which he must have got by writing newspapers (no other genius could report things so falsely), reporting that a certain Lady A. [Abercorn] had attracted Lord Bath, and Lord Lyttelton more than herself and Mrs. Montagu. She said, "It is true that my Lord Bath does sometimes draw his chair, in a sort of a kind of an edgeway

fashion near my Lady A. But pray consider the difference. It is by mere dint of scratching and clawing, that Lady A. can draw Lord Bath—poor man!—a few plain steps across the Pantiles; while we, by the natural power of sober attraction, draw him quite up ‘Tug Hill’ to the top of Mount Ephraim, and keep him there till we are quite afraid he will endanger his life in returning. Well; but my Lord Lyttelton? Let any impartial person ask Lord Lyttelton’s postillion, and his horses, and his dog “Pert” whether many a long evening’s attendance upon Mount Ephraim has not given them good reason to wish there was nobody that detained his Lordship longer than Lady A.”

IX

DRESS AND ADDRESS

THOUGH warning his *élève* against those who thought cards, dress, and public diversions, the only things that make life worth living, Sir William Pepys at the same time, urges him to do nothing without his advice in a matter of so great importance, as the "sort of Frock for the season," when the fortnight had elapsed during which they were mourning some common relative. He was himself, according to Fanny Burney, a man of the most fashionable air, dress, and address, and probably thought the higher life he aimed at would be better exemplified, if, in this matter, he was not behind the insignificant idlers whom he despised. In fact he approved of doing everything well, and knew that the "snoring, lumpish, frowsy Goddess Indolence" is generally the real cause of the bad "dress and address" which many flatter themselves to be a virtue. In this he followed his kinsman Samuel Pepys, who, Stevenson said, "arrayed himself in a manner nicely suited to his position, and thought a public man should travel gravely with the fashions, nor foppishly before, nor dowdily behind, the central movement of his age." Mrs. Montagu also did not despise being attractive, but she dressed her mind ever more carefully than she did her person. Mrs. Thrale thought the labours of the Press resembled those of the toilette, both should be attended to,

and finished with care, but once completed should take up no more of our attention. Even Dr. Johnson, whose slovenly appearance, tried to the utmost the forbearance of his friends, and necessitated a tidy wig being kept at Streatham, which the footman handed to him as he went in to dinner, expressed theoretically sound views on the subject. He held that no decoration should be attempted, that was not thoroughly good. "Were I to wear a ring, it would not be a bauble, but a stone of great value. Were I to wear a laced or embroidered waistcoat, it should be very rich." And Greek he compared to lace. "Every man gets as much of it as he can." Though often absent-minded, and always near-sighted, Dr. Johnson scrutinized every part of people's appearance. Miss Brown, a visitor at Streatham, had a slovenly way of dressing; he saw something was wrong, and did not know where the fault was. In vain the good-natured girl said, "I'll change it, sir, if you don't like it," every time he objected. "Ay, do," answered the doctor, and away ran poor Miss Brown. But all the changes were useless, as it was the art of putting on her things in which she was totally wanting. But Dr. Johnson had a supreme contempt for those whose clothes were their only recommendation, and said, "If every man who wore a lace coat (that he could pay for) were extirpated, who would miss them?" His dictum that "women have no idea of grace; fashion is all they think of," solves in a dozen words the everlasting problem of feminine extravagance in dress. If grace were their only object, instead of vulgar competition, and slavish submission to fashion, it could be easily and moderately attained. Of the waving plumes and preposterous *Babelonian* heads towering to the sky (which were the fashions of this period) Mrs. Delany wrote: "In my Youth it was reckon'd *very* vulgar to be extravagantly in the fashion, moderation is always genteel, which in plain English is an ease, and a grace, entirely free from affectation. Nature not tortured

is always genteel ; children so soon as they have strength to walk upright are *so* till, pinch'd or tortured indiscreetly, they lose that simplicity of nature which they were born with. The friend at your elbow (Lady Propriety) will never suffer you to wear your hat with one edge to touch your nose, and the other perpendicularly in the air ! with long streamers dangling, like a poor mad woman, who lived in a hollow-tree, with a toad as her companion ; and yet she was *not* so mad as to wear her head-dress too high to go under the arch of her hollow tree."

How well these people understood not only their dress, but their address. The word genteel, which has gradually become corrupted, corresponded to the French word "*gentil*," and implied all that was in good taste, and showed a sense of proportion. Mrs. Delany wrote : "There is a particular affectation in speaking now practised by the present *bon ton* in twisting their mouth, and spreading it out to show their fine teeth. It appears to me a great blemish, only watchfulness can prevent bad tricks. Lady Caroline Stuart's accomplishments were 'a little hurt, by an awkward habit, a trick of a laugh at whatever is said, or that she says herself ; it proceeds from a want of attention in her training up.'" "They who contract absurd habits," wrote Dr. Johnson, "are such as have to fear. It is impossible to do the same thing very often without some peculiarity of manner ; but that manner may be good or bad, and a little care will at least preserve it from being bad : to make it very good, there must be something of natural felicity which cannot be taught." Mrs. Barbauld, the well-known authoress, Mrs. Chapone, said, was a good young woman, and replete with talents ; "but why must she always smile so ? It makes my poor jaw ache to look at her." In after years Mme. d'Arblay [Fanny Burney] said the flight of Mrs. Barbauld's youth had taken with it a great portion of a set smile, which never risked being off its guard. "I hope she loves work, practices her French,

and holds up her head," wrote Mrs. Delany of a young lady; "tho' I do not think *les grâces* are to be all in all, they ought not to be neglected." The good breeding of two *grandes dames* is well described—

"The Duchess of Somerset did what was civil without intending to be gracious, because the state the Duchess had so long been used to, has left her such an easiness of manners." And the Duchess of Portland, who was "charming, high-bred, courteous, sensible, and spirited; not merely free from pride, but free from affability—its most mortifying deputy." Mrs. Walsingham, on the contrary, was violently dressed, with a large hoop, flowers, ribbons, and ornaments extremely shown, and a fan in her hand, which were the external signs of a character, civil only to people of birth, fame, or wealth, and extremely insolent to all others. This failing was fortunately less apparent in her own house, as she invited no company whom she was "disposed to disdain," and her wit, which she had inherited from her father, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, was some compensation for her want of taste and good breeding.

Sir William Pepys wrote: "I give you *d'avance* an epigram of Mrs. Walsingham's *piping hot*.

"Says Fox (premier) I'll have a tax
That shall not fall on me,
Right says Lord North, then tax Receipts,
For those you never see."

Lord Mount Edgcumbe was so delighted with this epigram that he felt sure he had made it himself, but had forgot it!

We read of a very agreeable dinner given by Mrs. Walsingham in her splendid house in Stratford Place, at which were present Sir William Hamilton, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Warton, Mrs. Montagu and her nephew, Miss Gregory, Dr. and Miss Burney, and Sir William Pepys. They sat long after dinner, till eight o'clock, and

Sir William Hamilton entertained the company with anecdotes of his Neapolitan Court. Most of the guests, including Sir William Pepys, met again that evening at Mrs. Boscawen's house, at nine o'clock, when the conversation was on the merits and demerits of Mrs. Siddons.

Sir William Pepys went to see Sir William Hamilton's vase, for which Mrs. Chapone said the Dowager Duchess of Portland gave £1200, whilst Lord Edward Bentinck had barely a leg of mutton and a one-horse chaise.

The powers of conversation even of the "Bas Bleu" varied. Miss Burney tells us of a very entertaining evening, when Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Thrale, and Lord Mulgrave "talked all the talk, and talked it so well, that no one else had a wish beyond hearing it," and of another party to meet the Bishop of Chester, which "proved a very gloomy kind of grandeur. The Bishop waited for Mrs. Thrale to speak, Mrs. Thrale for the Bishop; so neither of them spoke at all! Mrs. Montagu cared not a fig, as long as she spoke herself, and harangued away. The evening was not what it was intended to be, and nobody was satisfied." Miss Burney concludes that it is always so of long-projected meetings.

Johnson truly said that "Questioning is not a mode of conversation for gentlemen," and it is one that should only be used when talking to children or inferiors. He also said of a tiresome, silly woman, who could only talk of her children—

"Madam, why do you blame the woman for the only sensible thing she could do—talking of her family and her affairs? For how should a woman who is as empty as a drum, talk upon any other subject? If you speak to her of the sun, she does not know it rises in the east; if you speak to her of the moon, she does not know it changes at the full." Grown-up people who did not read, he considered, as only children in understanding, and

that the same difference exists between the learned and unlearned as between the living and the dead. He advised every one to habituate their minds, to dwelling on the bright side of things, and to cultivate happiness as much as possible. According to Mrs. Montagu, women should be independent of their surroundings, ambition she held was only to be excused in "a little [minded] woman, who must stand on an eminence to become conspicuous; one who finds herself so empty, that she must have vanity to bear her out."

Lord Lyttelton wrote to Mrs. Montagu of his daughter, afterwards Lady Valentia:—

"My daughter's genius I fear will not enable her to profit much by y^r letters; but y^r conversation, which you will let down to her pitch, may be of great service to her, in smoothing and polishing her rustic virtues. It is with the mind, as with the body: no culture can add an inch to its natural height, but it may be taught not to stoop beneath its proper stature, and to be amiable though not exalted."

Above all, ladies who delight in literature should remember Sydney Smith's idea, that "if the stocking be blue, the petticoat must be long," and not allow their pursuits to weary the unlearned; but rather as Lord Chesterfield expressed it, "Be curious, attentive, and inquisitive" [sympathetic]; for, said he, "almost every one knows some one thing, and is glad to talk upon that one thing." As with religion, and all the most sacred feelings of the human heart, so is it with literature; its followers must guard against personal eccentricities, which may bring it into disrepute with people who "care for none of these things."

X

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND MODERN WRITERS

CRITICIZED BY THE "BAS BLEU"

AMONG the visitors at Bath in 1775-76 was a little lame boy between four and five years old. He bathed in the morning, got through a reading lesson at an old dame's, near his lodgings on the Parade, and had a drive over the Downs with the author of "Douglas" and Mrs. Home—his name was Walter Scott. Dr. Doran adds, "Much of the other company at Bath, was then about to withdraw from the stage which the boy was to occupy with such glory to himself, and to the lasting delight of his countrymen."

It is interesting to see the effect produced on the minds of the few survivors of the eighteenth-century literati by the sudden appearance of this great light of the nineteenth century.

Hayward tells us that Mrs. Piozzi [Mrs. Thrale], as an octogenarian critic of the Johnsonian school, did not know what to make of the "Tales of my Landlord." She writes, "The second and third volumes of a strange book, entitled 'Tales of my Landlord' [Old Mortality] are very fine in their way. People say 'tis like reading Shakespear! I

say, 'tis as like Shakespear as a glass of peppermint water is to a bottle of the finest French brandy ; but the third volume is very impressive for the moment, without spectres, or a trick played, except the sensations of Morton when going to be executed, and the gay conversation of Claverhouse immediately following, which is a happy contrast."

Mrs. Piozzi wrote in December, 1815—

"Walter Scott has certainly fallen in the plains of Waterloo. I was always half afraid that arctic Phœbus would set in a fog."

She wrote to Sir James Fellowes, who had gone to practise in London as a doctor : "You will see women to more advantage than in a Ball room ; attentive to a sick parent, brother, or sister, and you will say—

"Oh ! woman ! in our hours of ease
Capricious, coy, and hard to please ;
When grief and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

"These," she writes, "are Sir Walter Scott's lines, and very pretty, sure."

In October, 1818, writing again to Sir James Fellowes, Mrs. Piozzi says—

"Did you like the last volume of the 'Tales of my Landlord ?' I prefer a pretty novel little spoken of, called 'Civilization.' Dr. Whalley says 'tis written by Hannah More. . . . The novel called 'Marriage' (by Miss Ferrier), is the newest and merriest. How marriage should be a new thing, that is at least as old as Adam, the author may tell : but 'tis a very comical thing, and would make Lady Fellowes laugh on a long evening."

Mrs. Piozzi showed curiously little foresight in her estimate of Sir Walter Scott. In March, 1819, she wrote—

"The last series of those half novels, half romance things, called 'Tales of my Landlord,' are dying off apace ; but if their Author gets money, he will not care about the

rest ; having never owned his work, no celebrity can be lost, nor no venture can injure him. 'Tis thus Joanna Baillie might have done. I well remember when her plays upon the 'Passions' first came out, with a metaphysical preface. All the world wondered, and stared at me, who pronounced them the work of a woman, although the remark was made every day, and everywhere, that it was a masculine performance. No sooner, however, did an unknown girl own the work, than the value so fell, her booksellers complained they could not get themselves paid for what they did, nor did their merits ever again swell the throat of public applause. So fares it with *nous autres*, who expose ourselves to the shafts of malice, or the breath of caprice."

Sir William Pepys wrote in 1812: "Walter Scott's poems leave a strong desire in my mind to read them again, though partly because I seldom understand them thoroughly at first. He seems to have the true spirit of poetry, but whether he can sing anywhere but in the Highlands I cannot say." "In modern poetry I know of no such poems of representation as 'Marmion'; the battle is the best I remember since old Homer, you *see* the banners stoop and rise again. (It has been on every table; let any one write what is truly excellent, and the public will be their patrons); but there are no lines one wishes to get by heart, like those in the 'Last Lay,' and many of them bear such marks of haste and idleness, that he who can do so much better ought to be whipped for them."—1815.—"Let me exhort you to read Guy Mannering, it is a book of very superior order written, I understand, by a brother, or brother-in-law of Walter Scott!"

The views of Sir William on another modern writer are thus expressed to Hannah More.

"Did you ever see such disproportionate praise as the *Edinburgh Review* bestowed on Miss Edgeworth's tales? The Irish post chaise is however beyond all praise, and

the Scotch Steward is admirable. I question whether that character did not operate upon the *Edinburgh Review* as a bribe for their applause? I advise you in the next book you write, to insert the most perfectly good character of a Scotsman, that ever was imagined, and see whether it will not countervail all y^r attacks upon the Church; if you have a mind to make quite sure of your object scatter a few strong sentiments in favour of democracy and the receipt cannot fail."

All authors whose books are adversely criticized, will do well to remember Dr. Johnson's dictum on the subject. When Mrs. Montagu pronounced the dedication of Fanny Burney's "Evelina" to be so well written, that she could not but suppose it must be Dr. Johnson's, he said good naturedly to the indignant authoress, "You must not mind that, for such things are always said where books are successful. There are three distinct kind of judges upon all new authors or productions; the first are those who know no rules, but pronounce entirely from their natural taste and feelings; the second are those who know and judge by rules; and the third are those who know, but are above the rules. These last are those you should wish to satisfy, next to them, rate the natural judges; but ever despise those opinions that are formed by the rules."

PART TWO

LETTERS FROM SIR WILLIAM
PEPYS TO WILLIAM FRANKS

LETTERS FROM SIR WILLIAM PEPYS TO WILLIAM FRANKS

THE first letter with its formal beginning "Dear Sir" written to a public schoolboy by his cousin, sounds strange in these days, but in the eighteenth century Christian names were rarely used. Mrs. Montagu writes of "My Sister Scott," and addresses the most affectionate letters to the son of her life-long friend, Lord Lyttelton, during his school days, "Dear Sir." The advice Pepys gives young Franks, on entering the career of a banker, coincides with Dr. Johnson's opinion, that the happiest life was that of a man of business, with some literary pursuits; he advised Mr. Barclay, on becoming a partner in Thrale's brewery, not to allow his commercial pursuits to divert his attention from his studies, and said "A mere literary man is a *dull* man; a man who is *solely* a man of business is a *selfish* man; but when literature and commerce are united, they make a *respectable* Man."

It is hardly possible that Dr. Johnson can have really thought a mere literary man dull, but this was said during the period of what Mrs. Thrale calls "his incipient passion for trade," when he was delighting in the new experience of signing drafts for hundreds and thousands, and when, as Lord Lucan tells us, he hustled about with an inkhorn and pen in his buttonhole like an excise man; and said, "We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

Sir William Pepys to William Franks.

“Oxford Circuit, 17th July, 1771.

“DEAR SIR,

“The pleasure which you gave me the other day by the sensible and animat’d Manner, in which you pronounced your speech at Harrow, and particularly the pleasure which you seem’d to take in it yourself, have convinc’d me that you have now attain’d to that relish for classical reading which Dr. Sumner has never fail’d to infuse into those who have been long under his tuition. The walk of Life upon which you are entering is of all others, not only the most advantageous for the Improvement of your fortune, but is also the most desirable to a classical Man, as it affords him ample leisure to cultivate the acquaintance of those Great luminaries of Antiquity, who have never fail’d to enlarge the Understanding, and improve the heart, of those who have been most conversant with them. A Banker whose very business seems chiefly to consist in conversation with Mankind, must find that classical reading will afford him the most delightful variety. An intimate acquaintance with the best of those books, will have such an effect upon your style of conversation, as to be a great means of recommending you to many people whose acquaintance may be of the utmost service to you.

“Believe me, my classical Friend,

“Yours very sincerely,

“WILLIAM W. PEPYS.”

NOTE.—Dr. Johnson persuaded Dr. Sumner to remit the tasks usually given to fill up boys’ time during the holidays. He never ceased representing to all the eminent school-masters in England, the absurd tyranny of poisoning the hours of permitted pleasure.



William Franks.

“Brighthelmstone, Sept. 11, 1772.

“DEAR FRANKS,

“It has always appear’d to me that the most fatal error we are liable to, is that of attempting to justify to ourselves by Reason, those faults which we are guilty of in practice. ‘J’ai mal fait ; je ferai mieux une autre fois,’ was all the letter the King of Prussia wrote to his Mother, upon having fail’d in some attempt, by his own fault, at the beginning of the last war ; and was a sentence which did him more honour than all the rest of his writings.

“In the description of the Storm in the first book, Virgil with the Judgment, which is the certain mark of the *Master hand* selects only the great objects in describing a scene of such confusion and distress, not confounding his readers, with trifling incidents, which would have detract’d from the dignity of the whole. Æneas laments not that he must die, but that he must die an inglorious & obscure death ; death by drowning was peculiarly dreadful to the Ancients, as it depriv’d them of Sepulture, without which they had a prospect of a very cold and uncomfortable walk on the banks of the Styx, with no more chance of getting over, than you or I should have at Richmond Ferry, without a halfpenny in our pocketts.

“The simile of a Great Man’s appeasing a riotous Mob, to Neptune’s calming the waves, was occasioned by Tully, when he was Consul, being sent for to quell a Riot in the Theatre. The moment he appeared there was a dead silence, upon which the only rebuke he gave them was, that he was ashamed that Romans should show so little taste, as to be noisy and turbulent, when Roscius was on the stage.

“Write every week to me, largely upon what you read, state all your questions, and difficulties, continue your application, but above all Believe me to be most sincerely and affectionately yours,

“W. W. PEPYS.”

NOTE.—Brighthelmstone or Brighton was, in 1761, bounded on the west by a large cornfield, and on the east by a fine lawn called the Steine; in 1766 it was described in the *Gentleman's Magazine* as "a small ill-built town, containing six principal streets. It is become one of the principal places in the kingdom, for the resort of the idle and dissipated, as well as for the diseased and infirm." Dr. Johnson detested Brighthelmstone Downs, "because it was a country so truly desolate that if one had a mind to hang one's self for desperation at being obliged to live there, it would be difficult to find a tree on which to fasten the rope."

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

"I was rather disappoint'd in not receiving from you any account of the passages which struck you the most, as I cannot but flatter myself that the eloquence of Him, who, as Milton says—

" ' Shook th' Arsenal, and thunder'd over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' Throne.'

must have animat'd you to a degree of enthusiasm against the supineness and Indolence of the Athenians, who sat gaping and staring at their theatrical amusements, while Philip was surrounding them with a net, like a Covey of Partridges. My great object is to make these pursuits (what they were intend'd to be in truth) the most elegant and exalted pleasure. You have it now in your power to be respected as a gentleman of classical knowledge, and by that means qualify yourself to live with those people whose Education places them in a much more distinguish'd light among men, than any Rank or Fortune can do, but I will not answer for it, that the same thing will be in your power half a year hence. Every week's idleness will diminish your inclination. I have still the most perfect conviction, that you will never consent to become a *button hole man*, viz. a fellow who has by the habit of dissipation nothing left at last to value himself upon, but a new button hole, or fashionable cock of his hat. Your station in Life will furnish you with the means of obtaining the best Society that can be had, and at the same time will afford

you leisure to improve your mind and store it with such Ideas, as will render you worthy of such Society. I hope, one day or other to have an establishment of my own, and promise myself great pleasure in being able to receive you, not only as a Relation, but as one whose ideas have turn'd much upon the same objects as my own.

"Yours very sincerely,

"W. W. PEPYS.

"Better late than never, says every old Batchelor when he marries, and better late than never, said I, when I receiv'd my friend Franks' letter at Worcester. Let me desire you to put a small Virgil in your pocket, as regularly as your handkerchief, and by the help of such another pretty little pencil, as that you gave me, I make no doubt that at the end of a week, you will have mark'd all the most striking passages in the 4th book, and then you will have nothing more to do, than to throw upon a sheet of paper what has occur'd to you upon them, and the Post Master General will take care of the rest if you will only direct it to me under cover to Lord Lyttelton at Hagley near Stourbridge Worcestershire."

NOTE.—Fanny Burney thought the Duke of Devonshire's place, Knowle, with its park of seven miles in circumference, containing seven hundred head of deer, nearly equal to Hagley, in the disposition of trees, hills, dales, etc., though in regard to Temples and obelisks, it could bear no comparison to that place, the distant mountains gave dignity to the prospect, and added to the scene.

"Highclear, 31st of Octob^r. 1772.

"DEAR FRANKS,

"As I take great pleasure at all times in thinking of my Friends, and how they are employ'd, you may be sure I did not get up this morning without recollecting, that this was the day upon which my classical Friend

would have finished the first and finest Poem in the World, the Admiration of above two thousand years, and the great reservoir from whence all other Streams of Poetry are deriv'd: I therefore congratulate you upon your new Acquaintance with one who has been the Pattern of Poetical Excellence thro' all Ages; and make no doubt but that you think the Month of October 1772 has been as delightfully employ'd, as any October of your Life. I make a great point of squaring a piece of work to a portion of time. I remember a certain October which I devot'd to Tasso's Epick Poem of Gerusalemme liberata, and I think I hardly ever pass'd a Month more to my satisfaction. There is indeed great use as well as great pleasure in appropriating a particular portion of time to the Performance of any undertaking: in the first place it is the best way of preventing Procrastination, that Thief of Time, as Dr. Young calls it, 2^{ly} it enures you to stated periods of application, which is the most Useful habit that can be acquir'd, 3^{ally} it serves as a kind of technical Memory by which you may remember many things, as having perform'd them upon a certain time, as Virgil was the Amusement of September, Homer of October, &c., which to me is very pleasant, as it distinguishes each Period of Time by something which is satisfactory in the recollection, and rescues those Portions of our Lives which have been so employ'd from that oblivion into which our time too often sinks, as soon as it is past, and like an Arrow passing thro' the Air, leaves no trace of itself behind. If you continue to do yourself the same Justice for the two remaining months of this year, you will (I doubt not) before the commencement of the next, wonder how it is possible that people should *while* away so many days, months, and years, without any object that can afford them rational amusement at the time, or any degree of pleasure in the retrospect.

“Somebody says of the Emperor Titus, that

“ ‘The Prince who nobly cri’d *I’ve lost a day*
Had been an Emperor without His crown.’ ”

“The habit I have been speaking of is perhaps as good a habit, as a man could acquire, if he want’d to become an Emperor, or to fill any great station deservedly.

“Let me caution you against taking comfort from seeing someone else as late as yourself. It was the praise of Hector, that he always stood *foremost* in the Battle, not that there was someone behind him.

“My letters have been sent from hence to Bath, while I was upon the Road, and I have not yet recover’d them, I should be glad to find a line from you, at Serles Coffee house on my arrival in town.

“I wish to bring you acquaint’d with every body, and every Thing from which I have myself receiv’d either instruction or entertainment.

“Yours sincerely,

“W. W. PEPYS.”

NOTE.—This letter was written from Highclere Castle (spelt also by Horace Walpole “Highclear”) where Pepys was staying with his friend, Mr. Herbert, afterwards created first Earl of Carnarvon. Sir James Macdonald wrote to Sir William Pepys: “I am sorry Harry Herbert lives so retired, he is one of those men, who require most to see the world, and would have seen it to the best purpose. But habits soon grow inveterate; he will not begin late, what earlier he would have earnestly desired. Herbert,” he said, “is a right kind of man.”

“August 26, 1773.

“DEAR FRANKS,

“I shou’d have sent you an answer to your last letter, but have been prevent’d by one of the heaviest misfortunes that cou’d have befallen me.

“On my road between Stafford and Worcester I call’d at Hagley, where I have pass’d some of the happiest days of my life, and there found my dear and excellent friend Lord Lyttelton very dangerously ill. His disorder at times gave way to the efforts of His constitution, and

the Art of the Physicians, but on Sunday evening the symptoms were so alarming that we did not expect his life for an hour longer. I was called up to his bed, and found him perfectly sensible. He attempt'd once to rouse his spirits, and taking his son-in-law, Lord Valentia, by the hand said to him with great energy '*Be good, be virtuous, my Lord, for to this, you must come.*' He pronounc'd my name but cou'd add no more, at last he said, as I lay by him on the Bed, *Write* to Mrs. Montagu. He gave us all his blessing in the most affectionate manner, and as we were all collect'd about his bed said with Great earnestness '*Pray for my Soul.*' After the Physicians had declar'd on Sunday evening that there was no hope, we resolv'd to give him Dr. James' Powder, if they did not object, and the effect of that medicine upon him was almost Miraculous, for tho' he seem'd expiring on the Sunday evening, He was so much restor'd by it, that on Monday night, we began to entertain very sanguine hopes of his recovery, but alas! the fatal symptoms return'd, and on Tuesday the greatest and best of men breath'd his last, without a groan. Never did I feel any Loss so sensibly, his friendship was the Pride and happiness of my Life and as his life resembl'd that of Socrates more than any I have known, so his death was equally calm and serene. In his death I venture to say all Europe is interest'd, at least all the world of letters, in which he shone as one of its most distinguish'd ornaments. The distress of this scene, which I trust in God, will have made an impression on my mind for the rest of my life, has driven all thoughts of criticism, as you may suppose, out of my head. Any letter directed to me at the Post Office Monmouth, will be forwarded. I trust you will tell me you have completed the '*Iliad*,' as I am very eager to wish you joy of that event in your Life.

"I am always

"Yours very affectionately

"W. W. PEPYS."

NOTE.—It was thought that the description given by Johnson, in his “Life of Lyttelton,” of his dignified death, which he says “saves him the task of his moral character,” might have caused his friends to forgive the rest of his adverse criticism. He quotes the affecting scene related by his physician (which Sir William Pepys, who was present, confirms in his letters to William Franks).¹ Pepys adds how their hopes were raised by the apparent success of Dr. James’ powders, the fashionable remedy of the day prescribed for every complaint, regardless of its nature, about the merits of which a controversy was then raging. Horace Walpole was very indignant with the French Dr. Bouvart, for refusing to administer it to his dying friend, Mme. du Deffand, and said he had such confidence in it, he believed it would almost cure anything, but the villainy of physicians. One day he met Lord Waldegrave coming out of his club, looking very ill, and said, “Go home at once my dear Sir, and take James’ Powder, I assure you it is the one thing in the world, that does good in conditions like yours!” Lord Waldegrave acted on the suggestion and died two days later of *smallpox*!

On jette les remedes qu’on connait peu, dans les corps qu’on connait moins.

Dr. James, the inventor of these admirable fever powders, from the effects of which Goldsmith is said to have died, took out a patent for them in 1746. He was a native of Litchfield, and friend of Dr. Johnson’s, who said, “No man brings more mind to his profession.” Mr. Wheatley points out, that the “History of Little Goody Two-Shoes,” which has generally been attributed to Goldsmith, advertised this patent remedy; for not only at the end of the third edition (1766) is there an advertisement of Dr. James’ Powders, for fevers, the small-pox, measles, colds, &c., price 2s. 6d., but in chapter i. we read, “Care and discontent shortened the days of little Margery’s father. He was seized with a violent fever in a place where Dr. James’ Powder was not to be had, and where he died miserably.” If Goldsmith was really the author of this popular nursery tale, it is rather pathetic that his friend’s patent medicine, which he so obligingly advertised, should have been the death of him. On visiting Litchfield in after years, Mme. d’Arblay [Fanny Burney] asked to see the house where Dr. James was born, but the ungrateful inhabitants knew nothing of him, and his fame had passed away like that of his predecessor Lockyer, whose monument at St. Saviour’s Southwark proclaims—

“A name soe great, soe generall, may scorn
Inscription which the vulgar tombs adorn.

His virtues and his pills are soe well known
That envy can’t confine them within stone.
But they’ll survive his dust, and not expire
Till with all things else at th’ Universal fire
This verse is lost, his pills embalm him safe
To future times without an epitaph.”

"Stafford, August 19, 1773.

"DEAR FRANKS,

"I am very sorry to tell you that I am again disappointed in not finding your last Saturday's Letter on my arrival here last night; . . . I was in hopes you wou'd have bestowed one hour in a Week upon Me, and just *glanc'd* at the Many wonderful beauties of the 17th book. I will not however believe that it is possible my favourite Simile on the death of Euphorbus shou'd have escap'd you; * or the passage in which poor Ajax unassisted (as He always is), by any Divinity, and press'd so hard on all sides, prays only for one gleam of Light, that He May have at least the satisfaction of dying in the face of his Country-men, I much wonder you did not bestow a *single word* upon *that*: Longinus is mad about it, and has pick'd it out of all Antiquity as a Specimen of the *true Sublime*. Was there ever so characteristick a description of Violent Grief as in the opening of the 18th book? I could write for an hour upon that most delightful of all Passages, the Lion depriv'd of his Young; but the few Minutes one can catch amidst the Noise, hurry and confusion, of an Assize town, will not admit of any Classical discussions, but was I in the calm retirement of your Study at Acton, I have much to say to you, to which at present I can only allude. As Your Letter is on the Road (if not lost) I will not anticipate the observations you have favour'd me with; but there is one passage in your last which I am particularly glad to see, because tho' I happen to differ from you in opinion, it affords so admirable an Example of the difference between Homer, and Pope, that if the Judge's trumpets will let me write a few minutes longer, I will tell you what occurs to me upon the Subject; Not by way of dictating an opinion to you, but to try whether by bringing both the passages to the Test of Examination, we shall continue to differ, or

* "Iliad," Bk. 17, lines 53 *et seq.* The simile likens the dead body of Euphorbus to an olive tree uprooted by the wind.

agree upon their Merit. Hector upon the Most urgent and animating occasion that ever presented itself, calls out to his companions, which Pope translates—

“ ‘ Be Men My Friends, be what you were before,
Or weigh the Great Occasion, and be more ! ’ ”

This seems to be an Improvement upon Homer ; and no doubt Pope has carried the idea further, and put it in a much more pointed manner : If therefore the two passages were detach'd from the occasion upon which they were spoke, I shou'd agree with you in thinking that the latter (Pope) was more forcible than the former (Homer) but if you ask me which is the better in *Hector's Mouth* in the state of Agitation as He is there describ'd, I have no difficulty in pronouncing for Homer : The one, is the very language of Nature from a Man in his situation ; the other is an Excellent Couplet Compos'd by a Very Good Poet in his Closet : Divest the one of its Metre, and I think it very probable that Hector spake the very words : but No general in the same degree of hurry and Confusion ever turn'd a thought so neatly or so pointedly as that of Pope. And here allow me to observe that this is an excellent Specimen of the Superiority which the true Simplicity of writing has over that which depends for its Merit on the turn or twist of the Sentence ; not that I think this passage in Pope faulty as containing a turn of thought unnatural, but merely too pointed for the occasion. In Homer you have lost sight of the Poet ; It is not He that speaks, it is Hector whom he has put in Action : but in Pope you cannot help seeing that it is not Hector who turns his Sentence so pointedly but Pope : Homer possess'd with the Action which he is describing never stopps nor stays to give any particular sentence or pointed turn, but full fraught with the tumultuous Ideas which crowd upon him, Gives Vent to them as fast as possible, in the Most Natural, tho' at the same time most elevated Language, and is too much immers'd—in the confusion and hurry of the battle to

stand hammering at a sentence : whereas when I read the Passage in Pope, I cry, *very well turn'd indeed ! You must have walk'd three times up and down your Study, before you could have hit off two such excellent Lines !* in the other, I totally forget there ever existed such a Being as Homer, as I am wholly occupied and engrossed with Hector. You will observe the same thing when you come to compare Shakespear with other excellent, but inferior, Writers ; when you are sitting at one of Shakespear's plays or reading it in your closet, you have no leisure to consider whether this is a good Line, or that is a good Sentence ; You are so interest'd and engag'd in the Passions which he has rous'd, and so immers'd in the Characters, that the Poet is quite out of sight ! but when you are reading an inferior (tho' an excellent) writer, you say *That last was a fine speech, I never heard twenty finer Lines in My Life*, and are thinking of the Merit of the Author, instead of being lost amidst his Characters. Do I make Myself understood ? It is a subject that as we proceed in our classical knowledge we shall have occasion to talk much about, and perhaps we may find that this is the great Line of distinction between the *Great Poets, and the greatest of All*.—one poor single hour out of the whole week, is all that I request to have bestow'd on me, and I do assure you, that you will be quite surpris'd at the proficiency you will make by throwing what occurs to you upon Paper ; especially when you can write to one so partial to you as I am, and to whom you need never be afraid of throwing out, whatever may occur. Remember that you are not writing to your Schoolmaster, but to your sincere and affectionate Friend,

“W. W. PEPYS.

“P.S.—Direct to me at Worcester next Saturday (we end there on Tuesday). If you don't write on Saturday, your letter will be lost.”

NOTE.—In this letter, Sir William Pepys makes use of the expression “The former and the latter,” of which Dr. Johnson said, “As long as you have the use of your tongue and your pen, Never Sir, be reduced to that shift.” The hurry and confusion of an Assize town, and the noise of the judges’ trumpets, amidst which he wrote, must excuse this departure from his ordinary “Style.” Mrs. Ord and Miss Burney, during a tour in the West of England, varied the scenery by breakfasting at Bridgewater, in as “much dirt and noise, from the judges filling the town,” as at Taunton they had enjoyed “neatness and quiet.” Sir William relates that on one occasion, when the judge and the elephant came simultaneously into the assize town, the judge settled the ceremonial between them, by waiting first on the elephant !

Sir Lucas Pepys congratulated his brother on his resolution in going on circuit ; he had never been afraid of his surmounting every difficulty of his profession, but the mechanical one of bumping on a hack for a few circuits, without hopes of a shilling. A Scotch advocate of his acquaintance had only enough to pay for the stabling and feeding of his horses on the journey.

Sir William Pepys to William Franks.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“The turn of mind which you discover in your kind letter, has given me more pleasure than even the greatest strides you could have taken in Literature, as the best ultimate use of all mental Acquisitions is to rectify the heart, and make us amiable Members of Society. I very much approve of your behaviour last night, and cannot recollect anything that I could have wished otherwise, except perhaps the account you gave of getting into a front box instead of an upper box, was too long and circumstantial for the Importance of the Catastrophe. This I happen to remember, because I very often catch myself at relating a story with many circumstances, when perhaps at last, the final Event is not at all interesting, which is certainly a fault in conversation, tires the company very much, and entitles the Relator to the modern application of a ‘BOAR.’ The same observation applies to repeating anything when desir’d ; it requires some habit of observation to mark the exact Line where the Company begin to feel they have had enough, and therefore the best rule is to stop soon, and see whether they desire one to

recollect more ; which they certainly do, if what they have heard should have interest'd them very much.

"As you are so good as to put Confidence in your Friend and ask him to tell you what strikes him upon your first stepping into Society, I will endeavour to discharge the trust you repose in me, with as much faithfulness, as the prejudice I have conceiv'd in your favour will admit, as I have nothing more at heart than to see you the favourite of all worthy and amiable People. I from henceforth adopt you as my second Brother, and if I have in any degree contribut'd to make the first, so much the favourite of mankind as He is at present, I shall be not the less happy in thinking myself instrumental in gaining you such a footing in Society, as you will perhaps esteem for many years, the treasure of your Life.

"My cold will not suffer me to go out to-day, but I thank God it is better. I must nurse myself, that I may not be prevent'd from introducing you at Mrs. Chapone's on Wednesday evening.

"Always yours most affectionately,

"W. W. PEPYS."

Letter written by Sir William Pepys on hearing that William Franks had decided to give up the Bank for the Bar.

"26th Jany. 1774.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I am prodigiously pleas'd with your sensible letter. It is indeed an important step, but if both you and your excellent Father, are satisfi'd that it is no longer expedient to continue in the track in which you have been so long engag'd, far from deterring you from engaging in the profession which I have embrac'd, I most earnestly exhort you to it. The application which I require at your hands, is for the first three years; I should not think it

honest to flatter you with the Idea, of its being possible to obtain even the Rudiments of such a profession as ours is, consistantly with dissipation at the outset. I hope to see you tonight, but as it will be too late for conversation at Mrs. Chapone's I will fix a time to talk with you tomorrow.

"Always most cordially Yours,

"W. W. PEPYS."

NOTE.—With a view to the legal profession, William Franks went to Cambridge.

"March 7, 1774.

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

"As I imagine you have by this time got on the Habit and External Insignia of an Academick, allow me to be the first in congratulating you upon your adoption into a class of *Men* quite different to those with whom you have yet convers'd ; I flatter Myself I shall perceive you gradually making those acquisitions, which will enable you to look back upon the time you will pass in the University with some satisfaction. The principal thing you have to guard against, in the first Introduction to a new sett of Acquaintance is a little degree of Forwardness in Company, which tho' often arising from good spirits, and not from vanity and self Conceit, is yet sure of being attribut'd to those Causes, and frequently operates, very much to our disadvantage. Many excellent Men, with a thousand good qualities which should recommend them to Society, find a general shyness in Mankind, merely because they at first challeng'd more attention from the world, than was at that time thought to belong to them, and which had it not been claim'd as their Due, would never have been deni'd to their Pretensions. This is the foundation of all that apparent self-denial which those who have liv'd most in the world, have found it necessary to assume as

the surest means of obtaining, a pleasing reception amongst those with whom we converse. To a clown who is unacquaint'd with the wisdom and policy of such behaviour, it would seem strange that he should at every moment be receding from what he knows to be his just Pretensions, and would reason in this manner: 'I might as well be the poorest or weakest Man in this Company if I am not to assert the consequence I derive from my Riches, my strength, or my superior Understanding' little thinking he will lose those advantages, by attempting to exact them, improperly. Those who have liv'd much in the world, know that the most effectual means of securing the Deference really due to their Rank, or character, is not to insist on their own Pretensions, but by paying a just attention to the claims of others, establish their own on the surest of all foundations, the concession and goodwill of Mankind. Is anything more common, than when several people have been for some time, endeavouring each to establish his own pretensions to speak upon a topick, for the Hearers to turn round to a sensible Man who has sat patiently by without obtruding his sentiments to ask what are his thoughts on the subject. It was said of Swift, who (perhaps from consciousness of his great superiority) was fond of talking a great deal in company, that he us'd to prescribe it to himself as a fix'd rule, whenever he had conclud'd what he had to say, to stop a minute or two, in order to see whether anyone else had anything to offer upon the subject, and if not, then He thought himself entitl'd to proceed. This in so great a Man as Swift, was an admirable Rule, to check His natural Inclination of *holding forth* in company, which even in the most inform'd Man, is always complain'd of as the fault of all others, which most disqualifies a Man for Society.

"I have all along consider'd this Modesty merely as a piece of good policy, and as being so much the foundation of all Politeness, that those who have it not in reality,

assume the appearance of it. How much more important and easier is it to acquire in reality than habit and temper of *mind*; the moment people fail to impress us with a real and unaffected Humility, they not only miss their aim, but degenerate into decisive Marks of pride, and a very disgusting affectation.

"When somebody asked Socrates whether He could furnish him with any one comprehensive rule of Life? His answer was 'Endeavour to be in Reality, what you wish to appear to be.'

"Always yours most sincerely,

"W. W. PEPYS."

NOTE.—Sir William understood the beauty of truth and reality. His kinsman, Samuel Pepys, according to Stevenson, "Had no care that a thing shall be, if it but appear." When he saw some Quakers brought from a meeting under arrest he exclaimed, "I would to God, they would either conform, or be wise, and not be caught."

Though the natural inclination of "holding forth" in company, disqualifies a man for society, Sir William Pepys, like others, must have sometimes forgotten his own good maxims, for on one occasion Miss Burney tells us "he talked with an ardour so rapid, there scarce needed any reply."

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

"It is perhaps impossible to show you, in its full extent the superiority of Realities to show, both in Morality and Learning and the great use of having the maxim (so concisely express'd in that eulogium on Cato, that *esse quam videri*), always present in your mind. Whenever you hear any topick started in company, of which you are totally ignorant, instead of wishing to divert the conversation, to something else which you know, take that opportunity of getting some ideas upon the subject; all the difference is, that you have given one pursuit the preference in point of order to another, but with no design to neglect either.

"The end of all literary pursuits is to store your Mind with Ideas which may enable you to form a right judgment

on whatever shall be present'd to it ; to lay up a fund of the most elegant and refin'd amusement, which will never pall upon you in sickness (unless painful) or even old age itself ; to qualify you for the Society of those, who are alone capable of making Society pleasant ; and to raise you from the state of an ox or a hog, to that of a rational intellectual being, whose thoughts can wander through Eternity, and whose mind can glance from Earth to Heaven, and from Heaven to Earth, and find in both, objects of inexhaustable pleasure. I have never yet met with one instance where real merit has remain'd undiscover'd, but I have met with many where it has shone with a tenfold lustre from being brought almost unwillingly to Light.

"The Oration of Archias was always a favourite of mine, not that I am such a puppy as to suppose, I shall ever deserve the fine things said of Archias, but who knows if you may not one day turn out to be a distinguished Speaker at the Bar, and may not be counsel for me, upon some contest'd election before the House of Commons, I shall then expect you will talk of the evenings we have read Homer and Demosthenes together, and tell the House, that tho' you have since been employ'd on graver pursuits, you have experienced the pleasure of cultivating all the liberal Arts, when we have been walking and riding together. Did I tell you in my last that upon my saying in Company, that I wished much to find a Private Tutor for a young Man, Mrs. Chapone said that there was one she would of all others recommend, but fear'd that he was already engag'd to a Polish Nobleman, and who should this be but your own Private Tutor, Mr. Fisher. She spoke of Him very highly, and I had rather have her judgement, than that of most people either in breeches or petticoats."

NOTE.—William Franks' tutor, so highly thought of by Mrs. Chapone, is evidently the young man Fanny Burney described at Brighthelmstone as

"Mr. Fisher who is said to be a scholar, but is nothing enchanting as a gentleman." He was the intimate friend of John Scott, Earl of Eldon, who was his colleague as a tutor, 1774—75, later on he was elected Head Master of the Charterhouse through the influence of his friend who had become Lord Chancellor.

The following letter was written when in spite of Sir William Pepys' remonstrance, his *élève* insisted on changing his gown for a fellow-commoner's.

" 11 May, 1774.

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

"You will rejoice to hear that Yesterday the Rothes cause was unanimously decid'd in the House of Lords in favour of my sister, which puts an end to our anxiety about either title or estate. Indeed my whole Mind has been so occupi'd in that object for the last three weeks past, that I have not been able to sit down and write to You, but in compliance with your request I wrote to your Father to urge him to allow you to change your gown for a Fellow Commoners. You are now returning to College in a station, which neither my Brother, nor myself, were ever suffer'd to aspire to. There are two consequences which may result from your being plac'd so much above others in the World. You may use this advantage of station to become more conspicuous for Industry, Regularity, Literature, and Manners; to exert a more free and unrestrain'd Choice of your friends, by having it in your power to make the first advances to any Man of merit, who will probably be withheld by his ingenuous diffidence from making the first approaches to you; by your Conduct, you may give a degree of fashion to that sort of behaviour in College, which is expect'd by all men of sense, from those who become Members of it, and have the merit, of doing things from inclination, which before might have only been extort'd by discipline, and may thus make Your remaining years at College decisive of the reception you will meet with from Mankind on your entrance into the World. Or there are other uses likewise in your choice to make upon putting on a lac'd gown; you

may strut up and down your Room, and in the first elation of Mind conceive that you are raised most deservedly above the rest of your acquaintance, and that the first advantage to be deriv'd from this situation, is to exempt yourself from the Rules and Discipline of the Society in which you live ; exert your privileges of not attending the Prayers, and Lectures, and indulge yourself in whatever degree of Indolence your inclination may suggest. You may observe that others of your gown are not much devot'd to study, and may think it is impossible that literature can ever be of much consequence to a Man who already wears so much lace upon his gown, and of course intends to wear a great deal more upon his coat ; that it may indeed be of some use, for a man intend'd for Holy Orders to acquire ideas, but that a little light summer reading is quite enough for a man who is not to live by his Witts ; (for the same degree of regularity can never be expect'd from a Fellow Commoner as from a Pensioner). You may think that to be distinguish'd for Sobriety and Manners would be to proclaim in yourself a want of spirit.

NOTE.—Some self-satisfaction where there was real merit, Johnson held to be quite justifiable. Two of his acquaintance, Mr. John Cator and Alexander Wedderburne (Lord Loughborough afterwards Earl of Rosslyn), did not surprise him by their partiality for looking at themselves in the glass ; they saw reflected men who had raised themselves in life and merited their advancement by the exertion and improvement of those talents which God had given them ; and he saw no reason why they should avoid the mirror.

“MY DEAR FRANKS,

“In Society the topics of conversation unfortunately turn so seldom upon any but the most ordinary and trifling subjects, the best standard of language to refer to, are those writers whose style is confessedly the most pure. Among them Swift is said to hold the highest Rank. I should recommend as a Model of Style those papers of the *Spectator* which are written by Addison, and distinguish'd by the letters which compose the word

elio. I much question whether the most accurate knowledge of all other languages ancient and modern, is of half the real use in Life, that is found in the free and elegant flow of your own; but remember that those Men have always been the most eloquent speakers, in their own language, who have been thoroughly conversant with the Compositions of the Ancients, of which Burke, Townshend, and Lord Chatham, are pretty good instances. The very things upon which you are now employ'd must compose the material for the Allusions by which you must hereafter inforce, and adorn, any subject you may have to treat as a publick Speaker, and it would be abominably provoking to find yourself, not destitute of words, nor unhappy in your elocution, but to find a Pericranium utterly devoid of furniture, the discomfort of many a Babblers in publick, who full of words, but destitute of Ideas, attempts to speak, and finds that tho' his words come out faster than those of other people (for the same reason that Swift apologises for a congregation getting sooner out of Church, when there are but a few, than when there are many) yet with all his pumping he cannot get up one Idea, or at least such only as *take Lodgings in a Head, that is to be let unfurnished.*

"If you consume in bed, part of those hours you should devote to study, you must devote to study part of those hours, you should devote to exercise. So that by lying in bed, you will be reduc'd, either to being sickly and inform'd, or Healthy and ignorant, whereas by never suffering the clock, when it strikes seven to surprise you in Bed, you may reconcile these two most important objects in Life, a healthy Body with a well informed, Vigorous Mind. For Heaven's sake therefore, do not purchase a little present stupid gratification, at the expense of so much future misery.

"Believe me always most cordially yours,

"W. W. PEPYS."

NOTE.—Dr. Johnson said, “Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison;” and this study, he added, was necessary “if you mean either to be a good writer, or, what is more worth, an honest man.”

At this point, Sir William Pepys—who has borne hitherto very patiently with his chosen *élève's* lack of enthusiasm, and in spite of all discouragement, has maintained that firm belief, which sometimes succeeds in making the object of it all that is desired—finds at last that even his faith begins to fail, and he writes to ask young Franks “if he does not share his surprise in finding that six weeks have elapsed in silence, after a two years’ uninterrupted Inter-course either of Letters or Conversation?” And wonders whence can arise this abatement of inclination to write; for though he does not retain the least spark of resentment at the manner in which some of his admonitions have been received, yet it is certain he does not now sit down to write with the same ardour and eagerness as before. So, as he has always accustomed himself to examine the operations of his own heart and head, and to deal pretty fairly by them (especially the former), he now proceeds to question them, with the following result. ‘The connection (say they) between you and young Franks, arose from the spirit he display’d one day in the publick speeches at Harrow, and suggested the Idea to you, that he might be rais’d above the common herd, and be a fit companion for men of taste and literature. You was thereby induced to bestowe much pains upon him. He seconded your attempts; and at the end of the first Year, a relish for the pleasures of Literature, and Literary Society, was the fruit of your advice. You had reason to expect that his Ardour wou’d be inflam’d, and that the Merit of what he had done, would be the Earnest of what he would do, but in this you was unfortunately disappoint’d, for instead of his having any increas’d appetite for

improvement or Praise, which the first morsel was intended to excite, you found him sit down, contented with the first scrap. Do you wonder your desire of conversing with him should abate, as you found his eagerness relax? Was not the love of letters, the very bond of your connection? and must it not be dissolved if ever that Love on either side shou'd cease? or supposing it to be maintain'd by other Ties, upon what can your Conversation and Correspondence subsist, when the very food by which it was supported (viz. the Joy arising from the delight, which liberal Minds receive from the communication of fine feelings, and enlighten'd Perceptions) is no more. Be assur'd it will fail, if reduc'd to dull Exhortations on one side, and plausible excuses on the other." Even after this plain speaking, Sir William, whose faith dies hard, returns to his usual hopeful strain, and thinks that possibly this apprehension may have been taken up too hastily, and that while these ideas have been pressing on his mind, young Franks may have been employed in a manner to deserve his warmest approbation, and he concludes, "All my hopes may revive, and the ardour redouble with which I have wish'd to take you to my heart, as a man of congenial feelings and pursuits. If this is, as I trust, the case, this Apprehension will serve as a means of enhancing the pleasure of finding it to be groundless—write to me therefore and put me out of suspense.

"Yours most affectionately,

"W. W. PEPYS."

NOTE.—Mrs. Chapone said Sir William Pepys knew how to be a friend, by giving his friends credit for acting right, *à travers* some unfavourable appearance; and that in this world there is so little real friendship, beyond those intimacies bound together by interest, amusement or vanity. "How valuable," she added, "are those friends which have been tried in the fire, and prove to be without alloy!"

Sir William Pepys to William Franks.

“Stafford, 24 July, 1774.

“My dear Friend (for since the receipt of your letter I can again call you so) tho’ I had *before* resolv’d never again to trouble you upon any subject of Literature or Conduct; I was disgusted with the total disregard you shew’d to those admonitions, I cou’d have no other inducement for giving you, but the sincerest friendship, and Most anxious Zeal for your happiness and honour.

“After all shou’d I happen, through my Zeal to lose a friend, I have no great reason to repine at the loss of one, who shews me that he is determined not to render himself worthy of my Friendship, but your letter arriv’d in time to make the assistance of these Reflections unnecessary, by the frank Acknowledgment of the consciousness which will always prove your most faithful monitor, if you will give your heart and mind fair play. The idea that the credit which you had gained by making yourself master of a very long oration of Demosthenes *in three months*, was a stock of merit sufficient to live upon till your return to Cambridge, is precisely the way of thinking that has spoiled more promising Scholars, and made more contemptible coxcombs, than perhaps any other Impediment to knowledge.

“Ask yourself, for what purpose the Examination was instituted? Is it that he who gains the honours, shou’d strut about, and receive the congratulations of his friends? or sit down and call upon his acquaintance to admire his wonderful Acquisitions for ever afterwards, while he says to himself like the rich man in the parable ‘Now eat, and drink, and take thy rest, for thou hast goods stor’d up for thee to last many years.’ If he sits still to enjoy the praise he has acquired, those he had outstripp’d, will not only overtake him, but leave him far behind. There is nothing

so fatal to all success in the World, as Sluggishness and Vanity, when they unite to lull the mind into a state of inactive Self Complacency. Cæsar was not so much indebted for his success to all those wonderful talents of which he was possessed, as to that single Disposition of Mind, 'Nil Actum reputans si quid superesset Agendum.' Shakspear says—

“ Emulation has a thousand sons
 Who one by one pursue : If you give way,
 Or turn aside from the direct, Forth Right,
 Like to an Enter'd Tide, they all rush by
 And leave you hindermost : And there you lie,
 Like a gallant Horse fallen in first Rank
 For pavement to the Abject Rear, o'er run
 And trampled on.

“ It is not to get a college prize only that you are improving your mind, but to get a prize upon a much greater Theatre, push forward not only to obtain the prize but to deserve it.

“ ‘Tis not in mortals to command success
 But we'll do more . . . we'll *deserve* it.’

“ At bottom you have an Ingenuous heart capable of making an adequate return for the Indulgence of your Friends.

“ Yours most affectionately,
 “ W. W. PEPYS.

“ P.S.—As it is my anxious wish that you should form such connections at College as will do you most credit when you come into the world, I cannot help telling you, that I have heard a very high character of Lord Powis, who is at your College, I understand he is a Man whose friendship would be in the highest degree honourable to you. I have heard my brother speak very well of Him. (Lady Powis is a great friend of my brother's.) It is certainly a Matter very well worth your attention to come into the world connect'd with a man, who must very soon

become the object of attention to this country. His Name is very high at present in London, for his suppos'd conduct and behaviour at St. John's."

" May 29 1775.

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

" It is of the highest importance for you to understand thoroughly in the original Language that Book which I hope will be the rule and guide of your future Life. I much wish you to be prepar'd by a thorough knowledge of the Gospels for reading that Admirable treatise of your friend Mr. Locke upon the *reasonableness* of Christianity. I believe you have by this time discover'd that he knew something of human Reason, and had a pretty strong understanding of his own. You will therefore be inclined to listen to what He has to say upon the reasonableness of Christianity with at least as much attention as you would to any of those deep Philosophers in the Guards, who (as Swift says) by mere dint of parts, without any foreign assistance of human Learning, have of late years favour'd the World with the Important discovery that there is no God. Allow me therefore to request you to be very perfect in the Gospel allotted for the ensuing examination. Arnold flatters me with the greatest hope of your success, and I shall be so eager to share in your triumph, that I will come down with your Father on the 10th, so as to sup with you at Arnold's, and trust I shall then drink your health with great glee, as having obtained a Prize. Remember my character as well as your's is at stake in the Greek.

" Yrs,

" W. W. P."

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

"I am fully convinced by my own Experience, without taking it upon Mr. Gray's word (tho' he poor man

severely felt the truth of what he said) that to be employ'd is to be happy (which of course must be understood of such Employment as is worthy of a Man). What a lesson it is to you and me to keep ourselves constantly busi'd upon some laudable pursuit, when we see such men as Gray and Shenstone perishing with *ennui* because they want'd the regular return of stat'd calls to employ themselves! one would have thought that minds so stor'd, could at least have amus'd themselves tolerably, but even my great, and good friend Lord Lyttelton us'd always to say 'I dare not trust myself to roam at large, even amongst my books, I find the necessity of setting my mind some stat'd task.'

"Your most affec^{ty}.

"W. W. PEPYS."

NOTE.—Johnson said "I believe it is best to throw life into a method, that every hour may bring its employment, and every employment have its hour. . . . I have not practised all this prudence myself, but I have suffered much from the want of it."

Extract from a letter of Shenstone to a friend.

"Every little uneasiness is sufficient to introduce my whole train of melancholy considerations, and to make me utterly dissatisfied with the life I now lead. I am angry and envious, dejected and frantic, disregard all present things, just as becomes a madman to do. I am infinitely pleased (though it is a gloomy joy), with the application of Dean Swift's complaint 'that he is forced to die in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.' My soul is no more suited to the figure I make, than a cable rope to a cambric needle: I cannot bear to see the advantages alienated, which I think I could deserve and *relish* so much more than those who have them. Nothing can give me patience, but the soothing sympathy of a friend, and that will only turn my rage, to simple melancholy."

Johnson confessed that all his own disappointments proceeded from himself, and hated to hear others complain of injustice. He said of the neglect shown to Markland, "He is a scholar undoubtedly, Sir, but remember he would run from the world, and it is not the world's business to run after him. I hate a fellow whom pride, or cowardice, or laziness drives into a corner, and who does nothing when he is there but sit and *growl*; let him come out as I do and *bark*."

Mrs. Montagu called Gray our British Pindar, and considered him not unequal to the bard of Thebes. She had a great respect and high admiration for Gray, and thought him the first poet of the age, and that Doctor Johnson's criticism on his odes was cruel and unjust.

Walpole spoke with affectionate reverence of him, and said it would do

him honour to be allowed to print any of his works at his press at Strawberry Hill.

Colman's first ode in ridicule of Gray was, Dr. Johnson considered, among those felicities which no man has twice attained to. Adam Smith adds, "Gray (to whom nothing is wanting to render him perhaps the first poet in the English language, but to have written more) is said to have been so much hurt by a foolish and impertinent parody of two of his finest Odes, that he never afterwards attempted any considerable work."

Mrs. Montagu wrote of Gray, "Mr. Gray was rather reserved when he was in Scotland, tho' they were disposed to pay him great respect. To endeavour to shine in conversation is very paltry. The wit of the Company, next to the butt of the company, is the meanest person in it. But when a man of celebrated talents disdains to mix in common conversation, it betrays latent pride. There is a much brighter character than that of a wit, or a poet, or a savant, which is that of a rational and sociable being, willing to carry on the commerce of life with all the sweetness and condescension, decency and virtue will permit. The great duty of conversation is to follow suit, as you do at whist. If the eldest hand plays the deuce of diamonds, let not his next neighbour dash down the king of hearts, because his hand is full of honours. I do not love to see a man of wit win all the tricks in conversation, nor yet to see him suddenly pass; to assert a proud superiority, or maintain a prouder indolence."

Horace Walpole wrote to Lord Lyttelton—

"It is a satisfaction one can't often receive, to show a thing of great merit, to a man of great taste. Yr Lordship's approbation is conclusive, and it stamps a disgrace on the age, who have not given themselves the trouble to see any beauties in these Odes of Mr. Gray . . . his great lustre hath not dazzled me, as his obscurity seems to have blinded his contemporaries. Indeed I do not think that they have ever admired him, except in his 'Churchyard,' though his Eton Ode was far its superior, and is certainly not obscure. . . The Eton Ode is perfect."

Sir William Pepys wrote that "Dryden possessed the great advantage over Gray of being free from obscurity, and as the first Beauty, both in speaking and writing is to be *understood*, so the most inexcusable fault in any ode is that sort of obscurity, which produces the necessity of a Note: it has an effect as bad as that of an orator, when he is supposed to be hurried away by his vehemence, and the impotence of the subject, stopping to look into his hat, for a memorandum, of what is to come next. He could not agree with Johnson that the song of Johnny Armstrong having preceded Gray's Ode, and going at once in *Medias Res*, in the same manner, deprives Gray of what must be acknowledged to be, a great beauty, it had the advantage of Dryden's in seising more forcibly upon the Attention of the Reader: . . . the *beginning* and *end* of Gray's is (in my opinion) superior to Dryden's, but were I not to have any dinner, till I said which upon the whole I should prefer, I should feel myself on the safer side in preferring Dryden's."

"Lincoln's Inn, 6 July, 1775.

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

"I consider your communication of Arnold's Compliment to you as a very distinguish'd Mark of your confidence and Friendship. The world at large has no mercy upon people who repeat anything said in their own praise, but sees the ridicule which is annex'd to such pieces of intelligence. The breast of a Friend is however a different Repository, on that may very safely be deposit'd all that gives us either pain or comfort. I most sincerely share this pleasure in the just testimony which Arnold has paid to your character, I should tell you that Mrs. Chapone has inform'd me, that your Cambridge Character has reach'd her ears, and was the cause of the invitation which she sent you, while in Town, which I am very glad you compli'd with at last, tho' you declin'd it at first.

"Your very faithful friend,

"W. W. PEPYS."

NOTE.—Mrs. Chapone (according to Wraxall) concealed very superior attainments, and extensive knowledge, under a repulsive exterior, which may account for young Franks not having shown more alacrity in complying with her invitation.

Letter written in answer to William Franks' congratulations to Sir William Pepys, upon his being appointed a Master in Chancery.

"Brighthelmstone, August 14, 1775.

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

"I have receiv'd your very kind letter of congratulation, and I have taken a great shame to myself for not having sent you a letter to inform you of my late appointment. You had in every view, the best right to expect it, and I am fully persuad'd that of all those who have heard it, there is not one who would take more

pleasure in any fortunate event that befalls me. I was more than half inclin'd to suggest as the excuse for this omission, that upon first entering on the office, I found myself exceedingly engag'd dispatching the business that was necessary to be conclud'd before the Vacation, but indeed everyone *can* find time to write to a friend, and I felt a sort of consciousness that from our Intimacy I might excuse myself from showing that attention to you, which I show'd to others, with whom I was less nearly connect'd, and that from the full conviction you have of my love to you, I might dispense with what appears at first sight to be little more than ceremonial. A worse reason could not have exist'd, and is that very source of inattention by which the nearest and tenderest connections in Life are insensibly dissolv'd, by which Brother is separated from Brother, Friend from Friend, Son from Father, and Husband from Wife. How can any line of conduct be more ungenerous, and more productive of the very worst consequences, yet such is the way of reasoning which people adopt with respect to their most intimate friends, and nearest connections, not considering that as love and esteem were originally excit'd by a train of attentions, and Indications of good will, it is most likely to be diminish'd by a neglect of what may be call'd the *fuel* of Affection. How often do we see this between relations who live much together. To fail in an appointment with a common acquaintance demands a long string of excuses and apologies, but 'Is not somebody waiting for you on horseback, in expectation of your coming every moment.' 'Oh! that's only my brother! and he, I know, will excuse it.' 'Will he so?' then take my advice and don't get into the habit of trespassing on that affection. Was I upon a visit at the house of any acquaintance much older than myself, I should upon no account be prevail'd upon, to break in upon his rest, by keeping late hours, and returning home after the time when he is accusom'd to

retire to Bed : but if I am at my Father's, no matter what hours I keep, tho' the former perhaps would not be much concern'd if I had been thrown from my horse, and had my neck broken, whereas the other's tenderness for me, is for ever suggesting to his imagination, every little accident, that can possibly befall me. I never was more charm'd with anything than with an answer which I have somewhere read of a Husband who was ask'd why he was so scrupulously neat in his dress, when he expect'd no company ? because (says he) there is one Woman in the World, who is *oblig'd* to receive me in any dress. I entreat you to be constantly upon your guard against this false and dangerous way of reasoning, for neither you nor I will always meet with the same good nature and gentleness of reproof, which you have shown in saying that *had you known it sooner you would have been earlier in your congratulations.*

“ Y^{rs.} aff^{ct.}

“ W. W. PEPYS.”

“ MY DEAR FRANKS,

“ Some of the most promising men of my acquaintance at Oxford, lost much of their time, by changing often from One subject of study to Another, which is the bane of all studious young Men, who have not sense and strength of Mind enough, to pursue their own Plan of Study. The habit of impatience to know everything at once so far corrupts the mind, that with ridiculous levity and irresolution they are bandied about like Shuttlecocks. One of them, has resolutely determined to make himself Master of Euclid, and has been going on very successfully, till by accident He has fallen into Company, with some friends, who were employed upon Greek, not Content with making use of this meeting to inform himself of a Author with whom He is not, as yet, acquainted, home he goes, fretful and disgusted at the

pursuit, in which he is engag'd and the next morning, away go all his Rulers and Compasses, and down sits He to Herodotus: but alas! before He has got through the first Book, He falls into another Company who all agreed that till a Man has read 'Locke's Essays' with Attention, He must be content to be reckon'd a mere child in Reasoning, and that the Transition from a Boy's Understanding to that of a Man, can only be through the Medium of that Wonderful Book! Here again he resolves that (let what will, be the consequences) He will not live another day, without knowing what it is, that has such powerful effect in improving the faults of Reasoning: So up goes poor Herodotus upon the Shelf again, and now Locke is to be the only object of Attention; but oh! *Grief of Griefs!* Locke himself sends Him back to Mathematics; and thus is He driven from Post to Pillar, never ending, still beginning; fighting still, and still destroying, not the difficulties He meets with, but His own inestimable time; till at last He finds Himself at the end of His Stay at the University; with all the Wretchedness of disappoint'd Ambition, & consciousness of extreme ignorance, & is oblig'd to sit down under the curse of knowing 'In Omnibus Aliquid, In Aliquo Nihil!' I must confess it is with Great Regret, I hear you say that your necessary attention to Latin will make any farther progress in Natural Philosophy impossible. I have already given you my opinion of the Choice, if they are *incompatible*; but at Oxford after having appli'd to Mathematicks in the Morning, I found my relish for Tully from 6 to 9 increas'd from the Comparative Dryness of the Morning Study. If you *must* be ignorant of one or the other, you had better submit to the Species of Ignorance which by prudence you may conceal, than to another which you will be in constant danger of betraying. Pray in your next letter, give a little Inventory of your *scientific stock*. Arnold is excessively mortifi'd at your giving up your Mathematicks, He

promis'd himself no small credit from you in that Walk. I hope you will wear out a Delphin Edition of Tully's orations, before you leave Cambridge ; I wou'd not have a creek or corner of that octavo volume, unexplor'd by you. I hear you are learning Italian. Is it true ? How long have you been at it ?”

NOTE.—Sir William Pepys honestly admitted that, though he had been highly entertained by some chemical lectures, he never could bring himself to work in the Laboratory, and found that his knowledge of chemistry escaped him as fast as sal volatile or ether ; he could not understand how light could be deemed immaterial, “but as it is supposed to impinge upon our organs of sight, it seems as instrumental in producing a great knock of the eye of one sort, as a stick or a bludgeon of another.” He concluded that the very barbers of Cambridge knew more of light and colours (as the discovery was originally made from some of their soap-suds) than even the professors of the University.

He wrote to Sir James Macdonald to say that he had engaged in a course of Chemistry, and was supplied with a number of hard words, but whether the ideas they were meant to convey, would be arranged in proper order in his headpiece, he could not tell. Sir James, he said, was at the fountain-head of chemical knowledge in Scotland, for the lecturer at Oxford constantly applied to his countryman, Dr. Joseph Black (a very high light), for the solution of many difficulties, specially with regard to the element Fire, and the next lecture was postponed, so as to give him time to digest his answers. He wrote, “Pray tell Mrs. Montagu that she has done me great mischief in my metaphysical researches by being so wicked as to say they put her in mind of the old riddle ‘A room full, and a house full, but nobody can catch a hand full ;’ several times when I have thought I had just caught hold of *Primary Matter* by the nape of the neck, the thought of this has made me laugh, and let it slip out of my fingers.”

“Brighthelmstone, 15 Sept. 1775.

“MY DEAR FRANKS,

“If you could but have taken a peep into my Head, and seen how full it has been stuff'd of late, partly by Influenza, but chiefly by business, so far from being surpris'd at my not having written before, you would be very much surpris'd at my writing at all. Let me thank you in the first place for your ale, which I have not yet tapp'd, as I expect every day to have a house wherein I may deposit it. You speak of the *ennui* you suffer in the

Company of People, however well bred, with whom you are not sufficiently acquaint'd to be quite at your ease ; now as I have experienc'd that *ennui* perhaps as much as anybody, and felt the bad effects of indulging it, allow me most earnestly to caution you against giving way to it. Like most other things of that sort, it depends on yourself to convert what at present is a penance, into a pleasure. Consider how much the greater part of our lives must be pass'd in the Company of those for whom we cannot have much Relish ; how few there are whose minds are congenial to our own ; and that it is always in the power of any one person in Company to prevent the conversation from taking a turn in any degree interesting ; and you will see of what importance it is, not to indulge in any cynical fastidiousness, when you find yourself in Company with those who have only good breeding to recommend them. In the first place, believe me, that good breeding, for the Comfort of Life is *worth all the other qualities, that a common Acquaintance can possess*, and that it is properly call'd the current coin of Society, and it will carry a Man much farther than the most valuable *Ingots* if he does not know how to coin them into *Specie*. The only secret I have ever found of making those innumerable hours agreeable which every man is destin'd to pass in Company that is indifferent to him, is that of endeavouring to acquire the habit of finding out something to please one in everybody. I find myself in a house with people whose Rank, or Modes of Life have been such, as not to bring us very soon into one Intimacy, and their conversation is such as does not interest me at all. What then shall I do ? yield to the disgust which at first I conceive, or see whether I cannot discover certain attentions in them, which I have not perceiv'd in others, and in which I am perhaps myself deficient. Do they seem to make themselves agreeable to others tho' not to me ? If so, what is the secret charm by which they win their way so easily thro' the world, and make themselves acceptable

to everybody but myself? sure if *they* can effectuate this great point *without* the assistance of an Inform'd Mind, It will be well worth my while to acquire the same manners which *with* the assistance of Literature will carry me much farther ; or is their behaviour the mere grimace of Fashion, a string of unmeaning, and often ill plac'd compliments, and ceremonies, that serve only to keep people at a distance, without conciliating the affections of any? If so I may rely upon it, that these people tho' they may be ignorant, are not *therefore* well bred, and that they are little more than the apes of politeness. This habit of learning something, from the observation of everything, is of infinite moment to one like you just beginning to take his first peep into the Manners of mankind. Remember me most kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Yorke.

* * * * *

"What struck me in your postscript was a little want of that dignity of Mind *Qua tibi Res, non te rebus subjungere possis* and something like a tendency to that most vulgar of all mean and vulgar opinions, that of estimating yourself and others, not by what you and they *are*, but by what you respectively *possess*—*ut tanti, quantum habeas, sis*—this was all I meant to guard you against."

"29th Sep^r.

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

"The good sense you have shown in listening to any little hints that the difference of our years may have enabled me to whisper into your ear, has given me a delight in contributing my assistance towards making you what I wish, in no degree inferior to that which I should feel in framing the Mind of a Brother, but the Contents of your Postscript are interesting to me beyond measure.

" 'On the 24th of this very Month I am of Age.'

"I congratulate you most sincerely in this important Era of your Life! the Summit from which (as Shakespear

says) you *jump the life to come*, and up to which you have been conduct'd by the unseen hand of Providence. You are then arriv'd at this important Period, with a Mind in some degree cultivat'd, and a certain prospect of increasing happiness in proportion as you shall choose to exert its faculties, and enlarge its sphere of action, which is infinite in extent, as your mind itself is immortal in its duration. You feel all the delightful emotions of Friendship, Love, Gratitude, Compassion, and every other sensation, that exalts and humanizes our nature. A heart, which I trust, cannot yet reproach you, with any base dishonourable or ungenerous action, but is sound at the very core, and as much above the wish, as the Necessity of skulking under any cunning or Deceit; A body, strong, vigorous and healthy, not languishing under any radical infirmity, or wasting away under the loathsome consequences of vice; add'd to this a natural flow of Spirits, the love of two excellent Parents, whose hearts are bound up in your existance, some valuable Friends, many pleasant acquaintances, with a certainty of never knowing the want of money, unless by your own folly or extravagance. This I doubt not makes your heart overflow with gratitude to the great Giver of all this good! but alas! what is this I hear? 'If indeed I came into possession of a good estate, it would be an event worth commemorating, but since I shall not be a jot the richer, 'Tis scarcely worth my notice.' Good God! is this the voice of my young Friend? of Him upon Whom Heaven seems to have lavish'd all its choicest Blessings, can it be possible you can so far degrade yourself in your own estimation, as to reduce yourself to the level of a Trunk or a Strong Box, whose value depends on the quantity of yellow metal that it contains at the Moment? Do you really think so contemptably of yourself, that the only light in which you could appear of importance to yourself and others, is that of an Appendix to a great Estate. But if being *Heir* to a considerable

Property is the only circumstance that could make this Era of your Life worth notice, you are happily in that very situation. But this 24th September does not put you into *actual possession* of that property from which you would derive all your consequence in your own Estimation. Suppose it did? probably the effect would be that in proportion as you rose in your own estimation, you would sink in that of others, for the immediate possession of a great Fortune, would either by temptations to Vice and folly, or the necessary cares and attentions to the Management of it, put a stop to that System of Improvement, you have with such good sense adopt'd and by dragging you down the Hill, return you back to that crowd of *rich Boobies* from which I trust you have for ever escap'd. At the same period of Life, I found myself with an allowance of £200 a year remitt'd quarterly. I was enlarging my Mind at Oxford, and happy in the friendship of Sir James Macdonald, and a few other friends at Christ Church, and not without hope of establishing a character in that Society, that should accompany me into the World. The only Parent Providence had preserv'd to me, was at that time anxious to give me the controul over my fortune, but my constant answer to her was 'Pray suffer me to remain as long as I can, unembarrass'd with the wretch'd detail of money transactions, my present income is sufficient for me while I am in *Earnest* in the pursuit of Improvement, whenever I have the misfortune to lose you, it will be time enough to feel the additional misery of having my mind drawn off from the delights of literature to be fix'd upon all those means by which Pounds, shillings, and pence, are to be got, kept, or lost.' It pleas'd God, that I should not long continue in that happy state, may it be continu'd to you much longer is the sincere wish of your affct. Friend

"W. W. PEPYS."

NOTE.—His brother, Sir Lucas Pepys, wrote to him from the continent, thanking him for the management to his money affairs. "I know you

hate the idea of everything that belongs to Change Alley and its appurtenances."

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

"I am much charm'd with the patriotic and honest ideas which I see in your last letter, and I can assure you, you ran no risk in communicating them to me, even if your letter had found me warm in my seat for Hindon. What the event of that business will be, I cannot guess, as General Smith is committ'd to the King's Bench prison, and it is doubtful if the House of Commons can receive him. My brother and sister-in-law have left me disconsolate alone, but a circumstance which makes London more supportable is that Garrick is constantly acting some considerable part. I have seen him in all, but still hold my opinion, that 'Lear' is by much the first, indeed nothing less than his performances could compensate for the state of suffocation which we must undergo to hear Him. Next week he takes his leave of the Stage. I think he is as superior to Himself in 'Lear,' as he is superior to the rest of his fraternity in every other part. If you mean to have any pretensions to a Liberal Education especially in the Profession of Law, as to Latin, there is no question whether you will have it or not. A Man may arrive at the Great Seal without knowing anything about the Angle of Incidence, or the Angle of Refraction, if he is Mean enough to be content'd with his ignorance, and has sense enough to Conceal it, but he cannot open his lips in Westminster Hall if his knowledge of Latin is deficient, without running such a risk of disgrace, as will stamp ridicule upon him amongst the Profession. Pope was so dissatisfi'd with the cursory Manner in which He had gone through his School Education, that at the age of 21 He began it all over again, and went carefully through every book which he fancied he had read at school. (This strength of mind was worthy of a great man). You may as well talk of

being a scholar, a gentleman, and a lawyer, without History, Locke, and Latin, as without a tongue, or without brains. For the present I think, Latin, Latin, Latin, ought to be your morning and evening song. Let me thank you for your translations, prose, and Verse, tho' the former broke off in the middle like Hudibras' tale of the cat and the fiddle."

NOTE.—Hindon (Wilts.) was a parliamentary borough till 1832. It had been represented by Monk Lewis, and by Henry Fox (Lord Holland).

In the House of Commons' List, 1774, Richard Smith was not duly elected. The House ordered that no new writ shall be issued. A writ was ordered in 1776. In 1780 Sir Nathaniel Wraxall was elected member for Hindon.

One evening in the autumn of the following year, at a large assembly given by Mrs. Montagu, at her house in Hill Street, Garrick electrified his audience (amongst whom were the French Ambassador and Madame de Noailles) by reciting scenes from *Macbeth* and *Lear*. Mrs. Montagu wrote afterwards to "Roscius," "though they had heard so much of you, they had not the least idea such things were within the compass of art, and nature" . . . "Lady Spencer's eyes were more expressive than any human language." . . . Madame de Noailles, as she descended the stairs, expressed a hope that Garrick would not catch cold, when warmed with that fire of genius, and was so profuse in thanks for the great intellectual enjoyment, that Mrs. Montagu was afraid she would forget herself and by a false step break her neck.

Doctor Johnson said Garrick had seized the very soul of Shakespear, had embodied it in himself, and had expanded its glory in the world.

"6 March, 1776.

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

"The regularity of my Life becomes very comfortable to me, but it wants that essential Requisite which you recommend, and in finding which I sincerely hope, you may be more fortunate than I have been; I was glad to see in that respect, you are wiser than Solon, for when he was ask'd, why he never marri'd, he gave no answer at the time, but within a few hours procur'd a servant to run into the room, and tell the Man who had ask'd him the Question, that his son was drown'd; when he saw the agonies into which the poor Father was thrown, he observ'd he had given him the reason why he had not

marri'd. Such a turn of Mind recalls Swift's mention of the Man who cut off his feet to save shoes, or prevent them from pinching him. I look forward to the time, when we shall talk over situations the most interesting to yourself, with the same familiarity with which we have discuss'd those of Homer's Heroes. Yrs always My excellent Friend, most faithfully,

"W. W. PEPYS."

"20 March, 1776.

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

"I can see no sort of objection to your acquisition of a horse, and should imagine your Father would think, as I do; it would however appear handsome in you to let him know your intentions. I think it of great consequence to you to use pretty strong exercise for 2 hours every day, as I hold bodily pain to be the greatest of all Evils (except mental pain) and indolence of body the most fertile source of that said evil. I had rather be a cobbler with a sound body, than a Duke or a Chancellor with the Gout. At your age pain of Mind is as certain a consequence of Indolence of Mind, as pain of Body, is that of an inactive habit of Body. Read only those lines in the description which Milton gives, in his 11th book, of the Lazer house, and ask yourself, whether it is not worth exempting yourself from those infernal tortures, by rising an hour or two sooner every day? Would you but rise on a Morning all your pursuits would be reconcilable to any exercise. Is there no Philosopher among the many at Cambridge, that would invent a pair of Levers to raise up your mighty carcass^{at} at a certain hour, without consulting your will, and then fall so as to occupy your place in the Bed. I have no notion, but that if you advertise a premium for some such discovery, that it might be invent'd. It was strangely in my mind that I might contrive to pay you a visit about Easter, but as I don't commence 'Gentleman' till after



WILLIAM FRANKS AND HIS WIFE (JANE GAUSSEN) WITH THEIR CHILDREN.

Family Group painted by Morland.

In the possession of Miss Franks, Woodhill, Herts.

Easter Sunday these things only float in my head, as the hopes of rolling down Greenwich Hill do in those of the apprentices. I am just now drinking your health, in your own ale, which is very good.

"Yours always most cordially,

"W. W. P."

NOTE.—An annual fair was held at Greenwich, of so boisterous a character that in 1856 it was discontinued.

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

"Though I am so hurri'd, I have hardly time to write a line *even* to *you*, yet I am so exceedingly pleas'd to find you begin to be interest'd in the History of your Country, that I cannot help stealing a minute to tell you, that whenever you feel yourself inclining to Toryism, you must recollect that you have not yet read a single word of the very *grammar* of *Government*, and that till you have read, and thoroughly digest'd the immortal Work of 'Locke upon Government,' you must suspend all opinions, about rights of the People, or Prerogatives of Kings. You cannot do better, after you have finish'd the Apology for the Stewarts (for such I consider 'Hume's History') than to look into Macauley's account of the same period. She is as much prejudic'd on the other side of the Question and you must not be out of humour if you feel your opinions fluctuate about these Matters, till you have given Locke's work a thorough and attentive perusal. I would by no means prejudice your judgment in these matters, but I have so good an opinion of your understanding, as to believe that when you have made yourself master of that glorious piece of writing, you will have little difficulty in determining between Charles and his Parliament, you will find (if I mistake not) an admirable Judgment on those times in Lord Lyttelton's Dialogue between Hampden and somebody else, where He shows how much farther the parliament went, or rather were driven, than at first

they intend'd, but the great Key to that whole transaction, is what Hume suppresses, but which the honest old Chancellor Clarendon, who although the very right hand of King Charles, has declar'd with sincerity that of itself would immortalise his Name, viz. *that the King was a Man not to be trust'd in his concessions* (see his 2^d Vol. page 430. oct ed.) which My good old Friend Onslow the speaker of the House of Commons us'd to say, was the Clue to guide us through all that Labyrinth. God bless you and let me see you as soon as you come to town.

"Yours always most heartily

"And most hastily

"W. W. P."

"3rd April 1776."

NOTE.—Walpole describes Onslow's retirement after holding the office of Speaker during thirty years, in five successive Parliaments, in these words : "The Speaker has taken leave, and received the highest compliments, and substantial ones too. He did not over-act, and it was really a handsome scene. Onslow accepted a pension of £3000 a year for his own life and that of his son—afterwards Lord Onslow."

Sir William wrote to Hannah More—

"The time must come (unless another deluge should sweep away all literature) when those eternal truths which Locke established in the beginning of this century, in politics and religion, shall be universally received. Dr. Hales said that he was more than sixteen years in persuading people to prefer fresh air to foul—so we must not wonder."

Dr. Johnson considered Hume was an echo of Voltaire, and said Hume would never have written history, had not Voltaire written it before him.

Mrs. Montagu was rather afraid Hume's history of James I. and Charles I. would promote Jacobitism.

Mrs. Macauley—Historian and controversialist—was born in 1731. Her "History of England, from the Accession of James I. to that of the Brunswick Line," "was written in the spirit of pure republicanism." Her works excited bitter attacks from critics, who did not scruple to depreciate everything connected with her, even her personal appearance.

Dr. Johnson tells the following anecdote connected with her. "Sir, there is one Mrs. Macauley in this town, a great Republican. One day I was at her house, and I put on a very grave countenance and said to her, 'Madam, I am now become a convert to your way of thinking, I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing; and to give you an unquestionable proof, Madam, that I am in earnest, here is a very sensible, civil, well-behaved, fellow-citizen, your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to

sit down and dine with us.' I thus Sir, shewed her the absurdity of the levelling doctrine. She has never liked me sincc. Sir, your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves."

A desire was one day incautiously expressed in Doctor Johnson's hearing, to witness a contest between himself and Mrs. Macauley. He grew very angry and burst out, "No Sir: you would not see us quarrel to make you sport, no man has a right to engage two people in a dispute by which their passions may be inflamed, and they may part, with bitter resentment against each other. I would sooner keep company with a man from whom I must guard my pockets, than with a man who contrives to bring me into a dispute with somebody that he may hear it." He then added more gently, "I do not say you should be hanged, or drowned for this; but it *is* very uncivil."

In spite of this bitter opposition, Mrs. Macauley contrived to inspire her followers with an equally ardent degree of admiration. Her works fired Madame Roland with the ambition of being "*La Macauley de son pays*;" and in the height of her fame Doctor Wilson, rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook (whom Horace Walpole calls Mrs. Macauley's idolater), conferred on her the unprecedented honour of placing her statue, *while living*, in the chancel of his church, which his successor thought himself justified in removing. The statue was boarded up, till her death, by authority of the Spiritual Court. Dr. Johnson remarked, "Aye, aye; poor foolish Wilson! Why, Madam, he was a fool for doing it, and she was a fool for permitting it to be done." Mrs. Macauley lived in Bath, she was very fond of gaiety and had many admirers; she was tall and had a good figure, but Wilkes describes her as painted up to the eyes, and Doctor Johnson said, "It was better she should redden her own cheek, than blacken other people's characters." She probably spoke from experience, when, in her "*Letters on Education*," she described a lady who "sacrificing time and ease, to the gratifications of vanity, endured with more than Christian patience, the tortures of headache, for the satisfaction of improving her personal charms."

At the age of forty-seven Mrs. Macauley's own attractions, whether intellectual or artificial, so captivated a youth aged twenty-one, named William Graham, that in 1778 he became her second husband. Mrs. Montagu sarcastically wrote of Mrs. Macauley's second marriage: "Had she married a great-great-grandson of one of the regicides (however youthful), it might have been pardonable;" and "if the Minerva she carried on the outside of her coach had been consulted, no doubt the sage goddess, even in effigy, would have given signs of disapprobation." In 1785 she visited Washington at Mount Vernon, and in 1791 she died.

Hannah More satirised Mrs. Macauley as "*patriotic Kate*" in one of her poems.

"Hight Mother Bunch—a worthier sage,
Ne'er fill'd I ween, th' historic page;
For she, of Kings and Queens can prate,
As fast as patriotic Kate;

Nor vents like her, her idle spleen,
Merely because 'tis King or Queen
Kate, who each subject makes a slave,
Would make each potentate a knave."

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

"I have for some days past, employed myself in comparing Hume and Macauley in the accounts they give of the causes which occasioned the troubles in the last century, and I was struck with the different complexions those writers give to the transactions of that period. It is curious to see with what art Hume palliates the conduct of Charles and his most tyrannical measures, and how he softens down some of his most flagrant violations of the English Constitution. It is amusing to see how, where he is under the necessity of condemning the Measures, he employs the gentlest expressions, and how subtly he interweaves a variety of mollifying epithets, such as irregular, not strictly justifiable, deviating, etc., nor do you once see that Historian expressing his indignation at Charles' strides towards Arbitrary power, and giving the least applause to the Spirited Exertions of those great men, who hazarded their *All* in the cause of public Liberty, and he even detracts from Hampden, when he draws an invidious comparison between Him and Cato etc., and when in speaking of the resolution, he with many others took of quitting this country and seeking freedom in the wilds of America, he assigns as the motive, the desire of indulging his passion of hearing long sermons in security. Macauley is equally extravagant on the other side. I took up her book with the expectation of finding little more than furious declamation on the side of Republicanism, unsupported by authentic Documents, but though her style is so exceedingly inferior to Hume, is not the cause she has embraced that of human nature and the liberties of Mankind? and in support of it, does she not appeal, to the very frame and genius of our constitution, and to

that Eternal Standard of all Political Truth 'That Government is founded not for the gratification of an Individual, but for the safety and happiness of the Governed.'

"This is the touchstone which will for ever enable you to try most of the great questions which occur in domestic Politics. Apply this for instance to the Question of Ship-money, supposing yourself alive on the very day when Hampden refused to pay it, because not levied by the Authority of Parliament. Tho' the defenders of that measure wou'd have told you that it was for the safety of the Kingdom, that it was justified by precedent, that even if not strictly conformable to Law, yet that the necessity of protecting this Island at sea would make it justifiable, how easily would you (by keeping steadfastly in sight, the above maxim) have been able to refute all their sophistry. Nothing external could affect our safety in so alarming a manner, as the power then claimed of taking the subject's property at the discretion of the Crown, and no series of precedents could justify giving up the *fundamental principle* of our constitution, viz. the right of being taxed only by our own consent, and the crown was not to be the judge of necessity, even if it existed, because that would vest a power in it of acting contrary to the Interests of the People. *Apropos*, to the plea of necessity, I once heard on a similar occasion, a distinction made by Lord Mansfield in the house of Lords, when the embargo laid on Corn, was attempted to be justified by some of the ablest men in this country, on the Plea of Necessity, to save the Country from starving, which was certainly true, and therefore justified them in conscience, for what they did, but not without the subsequent indemnification of parliament for having transgressed the Law. Necessity (said Lord Mansfield) is either a Natural or a Political Necessity—a natural necessity such as pulling down one house to save a whole Street from Fire—wresting a sword out of the hands of a madman to prevent murder,

these will justify those actions, because they are objects of sense, and palpable to all, even the meanest of the beholders. But a political necessity is a conclusion formed from a political argument on Facts, about which there is often much uncertainty, as for instance about the quantity of corn existing in the whole Kingdom, or in such and such countries. Men differ much in their modes of reasoning on this real or supposed deficiency, and as to the necessity of such and such measure. So that nothing can be more unfair than to argue from natural necessities of which all Mankind are equally good judges, to Political necessity, which is commonly a conclusion from Facts uncertain. I was much pleased with this distinction, though not in itself quite new, from one who is not supposed to be the most enthusiastic assertor of the Liberties of the People. I write as I would speak to you. Why will you not do the same to me? If you cannot write upon what you read, you cannot speak upon it; and if you can neither write nor speak, you might just as well not have read at all. Had you not such a Friend as me, you might have no opportunity of communicating your ideas, but having that advantage, I cannot but blame you for not availing yourself of it 3 or 4 times a week.

“I am in the midst of dissipation at this place, but no dissipation nor business, shall ever make me forget your important interests.

“Yr. always,

“W. W. P.”

NOTE.—Sir William Pepys does not appear to have endorsed Sir William Wyndham's precept—

“Stick to the crown though it hang upon a thornbush.”

The natural necessity of pulling down one house to save a whole street from fire, is precisely the expedient to which Samuel Pepys had recourse, when he and Sir William Penn “saw to the blowing up of houses to check the spread of the flames” during the fire of London.

In a letter written to Hannah More on September 28, 1791—

Sir William Pepys rejoiced at the happy settlement (for the present at least) of the French constitution, by which twenty-five millions of his fellow-creatures were restored to the rights of human nature and considered it one of the most wonderful events in the history of mankind. Hannah More had once observed to him, that more extraordinary events had happened in their lifetime, than in any equal space since the Creation.

Sir William Pepys wrote to her on September 28, 1791 : " I fear I have lost all the good opinion of our most excellent friend, Mrs. Boscawen, by being so much off my guard, as to express my joy on the capture of the King of France. A civil war was thereby prevented, by which, if he had escaped, I am persuaded the Kingdom of France would have been deluged in blood. She thinks me much worse than Bradshaw (who presided at the trial of Charles I.), and very little better than the Man in the vizor. Whenever you see Mrs. Montagu, be sure *not* to tell her I speak well of the French Revolution ; I hear her discharge all her eloquence against it, in perfect silence, and content myself with not assenting. Why should we make people hate us, for forming different judgments from themselves ? "

Surely Sir William's own judgment must have been completely reversed by the subsequent massacres and bloodshed of the Revolution. " Friend Cambridge, *père*," he adds, " says it is all *to come*. *Nous verrons*."

Pepys' political views were shared by his friend, Sir James Macdonald, who said, that even granting Hume's notion that the line of Stuart continued the powers usurped by the Tudors, he could not infer from the doctrine, a prescriptive right to tyrannize, contrary to the fundamental laws, by which the sovereign holds his authority, and the people enjoy their liberty. He admired Hume as a deep thinker and admirable writer, but prejudiced in his political notions, and altogether unaccountable in his religious tenets. To see a sceptic favouring the Church of Rome, and rather disapproving than glorying in the Reformation, which at least set men's consciences at liberty, was a mystery. Allowing him to be indifferent between the two persuasions, it was inconceivable he should not assert the independence of our sovereign and nation from a foreign power. Bacon was a bigoted Republican, and sometimes advanced falsehoods to confirm his notion. He greatly admired M. de Vattel's " Law of Nations."

Sir William Pepys said he was once condoling with a poor Frenchman who was run over by a carriage, " C'était pourtant la voiture de quelque très grand seigneur," he said.

EPIGRAM ON THE DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS.

"Kings rule by Right divine, nor can do Evil ;
 A pretty doctrine this, as pious as 'tis Civil,
 For God t' empower Kings to play the Devil."

"Queen Ann Street, Friday, 19 July, 1776.

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

"I hope by this time that you are satisfi'd that the Millions of inhabitants who people this Globe, were not intend'd by their Creator to be hewers of Wood, and Drawers of Water, for the mere convenience and amusement of Seven or Eight other Men, as weak and helpless, and generally far more Wick'd than themselves ; but that the said seven or eight Men, are just as much bound to perform their part of the *contract* viz, to watch over, protect, and render as happy as they can, the said Millions, who for that purpose have agreed to invest them with certain splendid garments, place them upon certain high seats call'd thrones, and support them in all the luxuries of an exalt'd station. I suppose you are likewise by this time pretty well convinc'd, that if the said Monarchs instead of protecting, guiding, and rendering as happy as possible, the said Millions, should plunder, harass, oppress, and by every means render them as Miserable as possible, that then the said Millions are no longer bound by any tye, either civil or religious to crawl upon their bellies, for the remainder of their lives, and suffer the aforesaid Tyrants to trample upon them and dispose of them like beasts of burden, for whatever purpose they please. That tho' no such formal compact (as is here suppos'd) can in many countries be produc'd, yet that in all countries, the rights of human nature are the same ; and that in Turkey, as well as in England the people, if oppress'd, have a right if they can, to rescue themselves from such oppression. You by this time I suppose are clearly satisfi'd, that Government rests, upon no other Basis than a reciprocal Compact of

Protection on the one hand, and obedience on the other, and that no length of time, no title by descent much less any suppos'd title derived from God, can give one man and his Descendants a right to Lord it over the rest of his fellow Creatures; That whoever first violates this sacr'd compact of Protection and obedience, whether Prince or People are answerable to their common Father and Creator, for one of the highest offences that any of His Creatures can be Guilty of, because productive of the most dreadful and extensive calamities. This is My creed and though I have carefully avoid'd tincturing your mind with any notions of my own, yet as you are now of an age to judge for yourself, I could not help telling you, that I did from the beginning, and still do, most heartily and sincerely subscribe to them. In order to tempt you to read our History I did not scruple to recommend Hume, because His work is the most entertaining of the kind, tho' I abhor his principles; but I had a sufficient acquaintance with the texture of your Brain to be satisfi'd that however you might be misled by the mist of Sophistry, which Hume's Ingenuity would excite, yet the moment you beheld the clear and steady light of Locke's System, that mist would all vanish as clouds before the rising Sun.

“ ‘ While glorious to your view
Locke spreads the realms of Day ! ’

“ When you become more acquaint'd with the history of past Ages, your Admiration of that Wonderful Man will be very much increas'd, and you will look back with infinite compassion upon so many Myriads of your fellow Creatures who for Centuries have been taught to consider themselves as mere hewers of Wood and Drawers of Water for half a Dozen lazy, cruel, debauch'd, Wretches, who having been plac'd over them for the purpose of making them happy, have been intoxicat'd by the Elevation to which they were rais'd, and pervert'd all the power intrust'd

to them, to the purposes of Tyranny and Oppression. I am very much struck with what you say, 'that it is hardly possible to conceive that a Lawyer should not be a Patriot' I think so too, and depend upon it, that no *sound* Lawyer, who is Master of the Science he professes, can in his heart believe the principles, which yet in their conduct many are abandon'd enough to support. It is with Law, as with Philosophy; a little (said Bacon) may make a Man an atheist, but a thorough knowledge of it must imprint upon his mind the deepest veneration for the Supreme Being: There are Lawyers, who have just ability enough, to pursue the thread of Sophistry which some ingenious Spiders of the human race have woven to catch the Myriads of flies which swarm upon this globe, but whose understanding is not strong enough to disentangle the Maze, and to try all systems and Principles, by the one divine Standard of Truth, which the immortal Hooker has deliver'd to us, as from an Oracle—viz. *That one man's will, is all Men's misery*. This is the great touchstone of political truth; whenever you see the doctrines of any Man (however specious) have a tendency to prove that Government is not institut'd for the benefit of the Governed, but for those who govern, and that the rest of Mankind, are herds of poor ignorant, stupid, senseless, Wretches, who are born only to sweat and toil, through a tedious Life, for the Amusement, Dignity, and luxury of their Rulers, depend upon it that (tho' Tully should plead it) the cause is naught, and be equally assur'd that if from other circumstances you are satisfi'd with his Abilities, that He does not believe what He says, but is bought by hire to prostitute his Talents to the worst of purposes; you will meet, even in our History, with woful Instances of this kind, such indeed as will make you asham'd that you are a Man: You will see not only Great Lawyers, but Great Judges, pleading and deciding against the dearest rights of Englishmen, and of Human nature; but you will also see, many glorious Luminaries,

who have spread the divine light of Truth through this country, and have emancipat'd their fellow Subjects from political and religious oppression: You will see Judges deciding for the Crown against a private gentleman in favour of Ship money; but you will likewise see (what I thank God, I myself saw) a Judge deciding against *General Warrants* and declaring 'That had they been in use since the foundation of Rome, it would not have alter'd the Eternal Illegality of that Measure.' These truths take stronger root, the greater Progress you make in Legal Knowledge. Had you but more Industry I should look forward with the most flattering hope that you might one day be distinguish'd among the Names to which this Country looks up with veneration and Gratitude. You have singular Advantages unit'd in yourself, A fortune which (unless you are the Meanest of Wretches) will enable you to bear up your head against all attacks from gold, and save you even from the Temptation of selling the Liberties of your country for gain; You have a constitution and strength of Body, which will enable you to bear the fatigue of debate, and the heat of popular Assemblies; nor are your parts such as ought to lead you to despair of raising yourself to eminence in the State, nothing but that depressing and degrading Indolence, can ever weigh you down. I rely much on your strength of body, in which you have so much the Advantage over me, take care therefore not to impair it, for want of exercise, but remember that for the bustle of a Legal or Political Life, a strong Body is just as necessary as a strong mind.

"Most aff^{tely}. yours,

"W. W. PEPYS."

NOTE.—In 1634, Whitelock wrote pathetically, "Mr. Attorney Noy, having set on foot the Tax of Ship-money, leaveth it and the world. He died of the distemper of the stone."

"An acquaintance with the history and constitution of the Country, & Cursory View, at least, of the history

of Europe, with a general knowledge of the Feudal Laws are essentially necessary before you can with any propriety sit down to yr. profession, so that if you was to hear yr. opponent at the Bar observe that Tithes were instituted in parishes by the Council of Lateran, & another contend that they were first collected under the Authority of a Bull you might not stare & look as if you had never read about a Council or Bull, or a Pope, to which if you would add the history of England, & read it, not as the story of Jack the Giant-Killer but with great attention, I shou'd think you most usefully employ'd. You will not lose an hour to get the two small volumes of 'Letters from a Nobleman to his Son on the history of England'—they are admirably written, very entertaining, and contain that sort of view with which I want you to consider history—you cannot however read them unless you have finish'd Hume. I long to have somebody ring in your ear every day when you wake—remember Franks you have now lived 21 years!

“Yrs. always most faithfully,
“W. W. P.”

NOTE.—Dr. Johnson said of Jack the Giant Killer, “Perhaps so noble a narrative may arouse in him the soul of enterprise.”

“Ramsgate.

“MY DEAR FRANKS,

“When I hear whether you continue in your Resolution of attempting to read some of the most striking passages in the original, I will endeavour to put you into the method of doing it, with the least trouble to yourself, if not, I will suggest to you another object which will furnish you with the most pleasing Amusement for your long November evenings. I trust however that you will have resolution enough to attack the Greeks, while you have some little footing in their camp, as it will be much more difficult to force their entrenchments at any future time, than to make use of the Ground, you have already

Gain'd, tho' it is not much. It might not be amiss at this juncture, to devote one evening (as you have just finish'd the 'Iliad,' and have the Characters fresh in your memory) to cast your eye once more over that Glorious second book of Virgil, which you know contains the completion of that war, in which your friends among the Greeks have been employ'd through the 'Iliad.' . . . Read Horace carefully now, and you will carry him in your pocket till you are ninety. . . . Flights of Imagination, & deductions of Reason, are not to be examin'd by the same rules, nor perhaps will the same man be an equally good judge of both; but the one, are as much reducible to principles as the other, and Good Taste will determine with as much Accuracy upon a passage in Poetry, as a clear Understanding will upon a logical argument. Never therefore be apprehensive of hurting your taste by the thorough knowledge of Locke, He will improve your Judgment, but will not spoil your Imagination.

"The Man who said that 'Tristram Shandy' was an absurd book, because there were neither *Premises* or *Conclusion* in it, was deservedly laughed at as a Pedant, because he refer'd the matter in question to a wrong standard; but no one can doubt that even such a strange eccentric composition as that is, may yet be tried by rules adapted to the subject, & a judgment pronounc'd upon its merits, in which people of sound taste, will, upon a thorough examination of it, be found to Agree. I therefore give very little credit to the '*Je ne sais quoi*' & believe it is generally a Phrase adopt'd to save ourselves the trouble of comparing & examining the Ideas in Question, as much as the word '*Lusus Naturæ*' is us'd as Swift says, by Naturalists, to throw the blame of their own Ignorance upon the Caprices of Nature.

"Yrs.

"W. W. P."

NOTE.—Dr. Johnson said, "Nothing odd will do long, 'Tristram Shandy' did not last."

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

"You have gain'd great credit with me by that open & generous contempt of doing by stealth what you thought would be disapprov'd of if avow'd ; that was like yourself & agrees with the Idea I had form'd of you. The meanness & cowardice in being asham'd to confess, what one is not asham'd to do, is the foundation, of the Imputation of a Lye, being of all others, the most disgraceful to a man. Such a trait is to me of more value than any literary acquisition. I love you so much, that I rejoice whenever you furnish me (as I doubt not you often will) with occasions for praising you, I can never do so without gratifying my own feelings, more than your vanity, if you had ever so much. . . . I am very glad to hear you say, that a long Summer's dissipation has left upon your mind a strong inclination to make up for the lost time on your return to college ; this is not the usual effect of dissipation. . . . For Heaven's sake, my dear Franks, never give your Friends so much pain, or your Enemies so much triumph.

"Yr. most affectionately,

"W. W. P.

"P.S.—Immediately on the receipt of this begin Montesquieu's 'Spirit of Law,' a work which you may read every year from this time till you are fifty, without sounding the depths, or knowing the full value of it ; to judge how far his principles are just, to weigh the event from which they are extract'd, to consult the infinite variety of Authors whose opinions or histories he has avail'd himself of, wou'd require a mind of Equal Strength & capacity with his own : but to enlarge your own mind by his Maxims is certainly not beyond your power, & you will not receive less Delight than Improvement."

NOTE.—Horace Walpole wrote to Sir Horace Mann—

"Montesquieu's 'Esprit des Loix' I think the best book that ever was

written. At least I never learned half so much from all I ever read. There is as much wit as useful knowledge.

"He is said to have hurt his reputation by it in France, which I can conceive, for it is almost the interest of everybody there, that can understand it, to decry it. . . ."

In another letter he adds, "I despise your literati enormously for their opinion of Montesquieu's book. Bid them read that glorious chapter on the subject of the selling of African slaves. Where did he borrow that? In what book in the world is there half so much wit, sentiment, delicacy, and humanity?"

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

"There is no exercise you will derive so much benefit from, as from writing to me upon the subjects you are reading, for this you may venture to lay down as a certain rule, that *what* you can neither write nor converse upon you do not understand. This learning of Uses, Fines, and Recoveries, which stagger you at present, is the most abstruse and difficult in the whole study of Law; you would have no reason to feel discourag'd if several years hence, you were to find difficulties about them, but to compensate, I can promise you exceeding pleasure in being able to converse familiarly upon Ideas that now appear to you as far remov'd as the third Heaven. Remember Dr. Johnson's Consolation to Me. 'Depend upon it (says He) that however reasonably a man may despair of being a great Mathematician, or Poet, there can be no impenetrable difficulty in a Study, by which more than 500 Men are daily getting their bread.'

"N.B.—It will save you a deal of trouble to keep constantly in your mind the much greater respect and consideration which the Law has for a freehold (*i.e.* an Estate for Life) in Land, than for any Inferior Interest, such as a lease, should it be for a thousand years. The freehold will serve to unravel thousands of cases, which otherwise appear incomprehensible, I look upon this caution given so early, to be worth at least one hundred pounds."

"16 Sep^r. 1776.

"Halloo, Franks! what's the Matter? asleep or in Love? It is more than a fortnight since I sent you a long letter, to clear up difficulties upon common recoveries—perhaps you have not yet recover'd the stupefaction it occasion'd you. I wait'd your answer to send you another on the subject of Fines, but I am quite discourag'd. Sure you must be in Love, but even in that case, however you may hold it good policy to keep silence before your Mistress, according to Sir Walter Raleigh's beautiful lines—

" ' Silence in Love betrays more Woe
Than words tho' ne'er so Witty ;
The Beggar Who is dumb you know
Demands our double Pity.'

Yet surely there is not the same necessity for being silent to your friend, who notwithstanding your silence, has been employ'd in your service. Remember no time is to be lost, you are now twenty-two years old. Lord Hardwick was Solicitor-general at twenty-seven. All your success depends upon the manner in which you employ the next two years. I would have you keep your Terms regularly at Lincoln's Inn, but it is not by eating mutton that you can be made a Lawyer. You have every advantage that ever fell to the lot of a man—Health—Strength—Spirits—Temperance—Parts—Assistance.

"Yrs.

"W. W. P."

NOTE.—Lord Hardwicke was son of an attorney, and rose by his talents to the dignity of Lord Chancellor. His wife was related to Gibbon the historian, and when as Philip Yorke he was asked by his future father-in-law concerning his rent-roll; he replied it consisted of a perch of ground in Westminster Hall. The young couple began life in a small house near Lincoln's Inn, the ground floor of which Mr. Yorke used as his offices.

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

"Have you got my little Tully de officiis, & a larger Edition for your own use, I have given you a very

long time to read it, but my meaning is that you should not only read it, but study it. It is the most admirable System of Ethics now extant, except the New Testament and you would do well by reading the Gospels in the Greek to see by Comparison, how much that system, which was deliver'd to Mankind, by a Person, who pass'd in the Eye of the World, for the illiterate Son of a Carpenter, and which was reduc'd into writing by four ignorant fishermen,* surpasses both in matter and manner, as far as it treats moral subjects, the most elaborate dissertations of the wisest, and most refin'd genius among the Romans, in the very height of their Learning and civilization; I confess when I reflect upon it, I am oblig'd to cry out with Rousseau (who is certainly the greatest genius of our age) 'Si Socrate n'était qu'un Homme, Jesus Christ était quelque chose de plus!' The Man who wishes as a scholar, or a Lawyer to become Master of what the Vox Publica, and Civilis Ratio of the State has Declar'd to be right, or wrong, should first know what the private Judgement of every thinking man has determin'd, upon Human conduct, perhaps you have been tempted to read those delicious little tracts which are bound up with the officiis, they are absolute Jewels.

"Yrs.

"W. W. P."

NOTE.—Mrs. Delany wrote to Viscountess Andover: "I am glad you have seen Rousseau, he is a genius, and a curiosity, and his works extremely ingenious, but to young and unstable minds I believe dangerous; it is not the 'bon tons' who say this." Lady Kildare offered Rousseau "an elegant retreat" if he would educate her children.

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

"I have bestow'd a great deal of my time here in working through a very large Latin Quarto in order to see what parts of it were necessary for your perusal, and

* Only one of the Evangelists was a fisherman.

whether you might not be sav'd the trouble of wading through the whole, for believe me, I am as attentive to the necessity of consulting your Indolence, as I am to the choice of what books I recommend to you. I rejoice to hear you have complet'd Montesquieu. But enough of books; I have had frequent conversations with my brother, who is very seriously alarm'd about your health. You must either resolve to rise early, and devote two full hours every morning to riding and walking, or you must be content to lose all hopes of success and distinction, and (what is of infinitely more consequence) Health. My brother strongly recommends you to buy a horse he has tri'd, which for your weight is worth any money, and is dog-cheap at 30 guineas. He advises you therefore to buy it immediately, and entrust any careful person to bring it down to you, It stands at Dymock's Stables in Oxford Street—we both think it unconscionable to ask your father to pay for it, as he has given you such a princely allowance (whereas both my brother and I kept a horse at Oxford on less than £200 a year) but however I will try tho' I do not think you have any right to expect it.

"Send me word how you do, by a line enclos'd to Henry Thrale Esq^{re} at Streatham—and let me know what you have done about Montesquieu and the Horse. Adieu.

"Yrs.

"W. W. P."

NOTE.—Sir Frederick Bridge has pointed out to me that when Sir William Pepys signed his letters with an elaborate W. W. P., his signature is curiously like that of his kinsman, Samuel Pepys.

MY DEAR FRANKS,

"I cannot help considering you as an *élève* of my own, and if you knew the anxious wishes I entertain for your turning out an amiable and conversible Man in Society, as well as a distinguish'd Character in publick, you would



WILLIAM FRANKS.

Married (1753) Mary Pepys.

In the possession of Miss Franks, Woodhill, Herts.

not relax that laudable Attention to your Studies, but follow them till you have incorporat'd the Ideas of the best writers into the mass of your own thoughts. You will indeed gratify my affection for you most highly, by convincing me that Locke has turn'd your Eyes inward upon the operations of your own mind, and taught you to reflect and think. 'Il ne s'agit pas tant de faire lire, que de faire penser' is the motto to the book, in which there is perhaps more solid thought and reflection than in almost any other. You shall by studying Locke, and Mathematics, acquire the habit of thinking and reasoning; and not till then, tho' you may be twenty-one, or thirty-one, will I admit you to fall within the definition of a Man. You are now passing over the bridge, that separates boys from Men, some never attempt to pass over it, others go half way and return, both remain boys all the rest of their Days; others there are, who have curiosity to see what is on the other side, they push onward, and deserve the name of *Men*, I conjure you to be one of this number.

"Every reader who (as Rousseau says) *ne voyage que pour arriver* jumping over pages, and not getting Ideas, or stepping out of his way, to clear his thoughts as he proceeds, but dashes through thick and thin, over Shoes and Boots, with no other view but to arrive at the end, thinks it very hard that other people who have not read half so many Books, should be able to speak upon the subject with much more knowledge. You must read in order to be able to talk; and talking soon convinces you, if you have read to any purpose or not. . . .

"In Medias Res. I could not imagine what the Devil was coming when I saw Feofments, entails, and remainders in the very first Line. I am rejoic'd however to see them in any part of a Letter from *you*; As to your Queries it is impossible to answer without seeing the passage in Hawkins, and you have got my copy. Your crying 'Vide Hawkins, when you have run away with it, is like knocking a man

down, and then telling him to stand. It depends on yourself and the habits you *chuse* to acquire, whether you will be a strong, healthy, active, able, man, in the publick Stage of this great Country, or an idle, lounging, bloat'd, diseas'd, insignificant Carcass—such as I see too many about this town, fluttering about at every rout, and declaring there is no Life worth living, but what consists of cards, Dress, and publick Diversions, but who nevertheless feel themselves hourly humiliat'd by a consciousness of their own insignificancy, whenever they happen to meet with a man, who has made a different use of his time. It is worth exerting yourself a little to counteract your great Enemy, I d'ont mean the sprightly, laughing, bewitching Syren Pleasure, but the snoring, lumpish, frowsy Goddess Indolence. Surely you who have so lately exert'd a degree of fortitude which has stamp'd you for a man, cannot refuse to pluck your feet out of the net of that Stupid Deity, who leads all her votaries captive, not by enchanting, but by benumbing their senses. With regard to Cloaths, you know that We are all in Mourning, and shall be for a fortnight, D'ont make up any cloaths, till I see you in town, when I will give you my opinion upon the sort of Frock for the season.

“Yours always most sincerely and affectionately,
“W. W. PEPYS.”

“May 15, 1777.”

“MY DEAR FRANKS,

“I have felt quite uneasy these three or four days past at being for ever interrupt'd, and prevent'd writing to you (one of my warmest friends) on the most interesting transaction of my Life. As you have hitherto paid me the Compliment, of acting in consequence of my Admonitions, I thought the least I could do, was to show you that I had an equal regard for your good advice. Indeed my dear Friend, I have as fair a *prospect* as ever Man had, of being

happy with the most Estimable Woman in the World, who has been long and faithfully attach'd to Me. She is the daughter of the late Mr. Dowdeswell, Chancellor of the Exchequer. She attend'd her Father, and her Brother abroad in their last Illness, and to the hour of their deaths with such tenderness, assiduity, and attention, as have establish'd her character as a sister and daughter, more perhaps than that of any young woman of her age. I had long heard her spoken of as an incomparable young woman, and had (to say the truth) for some time past suspect'd, but had never till lately been perfectly convinc'd, that she has been attach'd to me in the highest degree. This is the pearl of inestimable Price, which I have long been in quest of, as hitherto those women who have lik'd me, I have not been able to like, and so *Vice Versa*, but here I see very little reason to harbour any doubt of my future happiness, and therefore may fairly invite you to rejoice with me *d'avance*. Her age which is near 27, and the trying situations in which her character has been prov'd, give me the most solid foundations to hope everything that is domestick and comfortable. I should have written to you the very day I made the proposal, which was last Sunday, but you will easily picture to yourself the multitude of things that must have demand'd my immediate attention. I hope however that you will have the news from no other hand than mine. I am going to Her, so adieu.

“Yours most faithfully,

“W. W. PEPYS.

“P.S.—I am almost angry with you for doing the very reverse of what I have so earnestly and repeatedly advis'd and request'd. How often have I conjur'd you not to cast your eye upon the commentary, till you have got quite through the Text of Lyttelton?”

NOTE.—William Dowdeswell (1721–1775), of Pull Court, in Bushley, Worcestershire, possessed much property in and around Tewkesbury, which

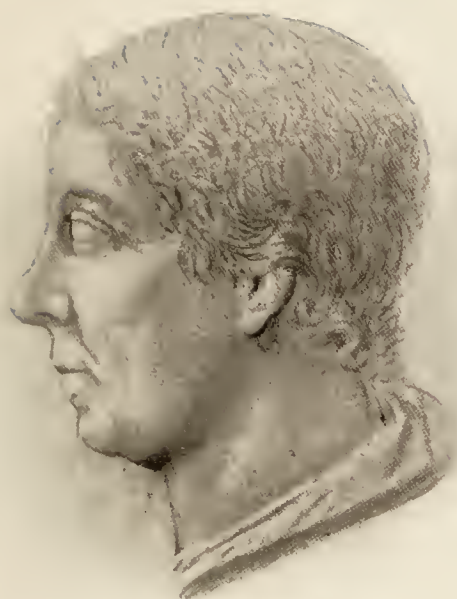
place he represented in Parliament. He married Bridget, youngest daughter of Sir William Codrington. When the Rockingham ministry was formed in 1765, he succeeded Lord Lyttelton as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Bishop Warburton observed, that Lyttelton could never in his life learn that two and two make four; and that Dowdeswell knew nothing else. Horace Walpole described him as "heavy, slow, methodical, without clearness, a butt for ridicule, but of sound understanding, and thoroughly disinterested." When Lord Chatham came into power, to the surprise of the King, and the astonishment of the political world, Dowdeswell declined the presidency of the Board of Trade; they thought that his "straitened circumstances," and the cares of a large family, would have excused his deserting his allies. He died at Nice on February 6, 1775. The inscription on his monument was written by Burke, who described him as "a senator for twenty years, a minister for one, and a virtuous citizen for the whole of his life."

NOTE.—Pepys' old friend Mrs. Chapone, who had given him so much good advice, wrote: "An ideal husband, keeps the reins in his hands, holds them lightly, and never makes use of the whip."

"Belsize Park, August 25, 1777.

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

"Your scheme for making your *amusing* reading subservient to your Legal Inquiries is excellent, but I am very much at a loss, what book to recommend to you for the purpose: I have not the Heart to set you about Rapin; Hume and Macaulay you have read. I remember to have consult'd my most excellent friend Lord Lyttelton many years ago upon the same subject, and He then recommend'd me a collection of the different Reigns, written by separate Hands. I forget the title of the book, but any bookseller will send it to you, by the description. This I remember He told me, was by far the best way of reading the History of England. I hope you have read his Lordship's 'History of Henry the Second.' It is a capital Book, for a constitutional Lawyer, particularly all that relates to feudal Tenures, and it takes a review of everything from the Conquest to Henry II. . . . My best compliments to your father, with many thanks for his Letter, but tell him, that for certain domestick Reasons which he will easily guess, my House in town will not be large enough for me next March or April, and therefore I believe it will be expedient



THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM DOWDESWELL, OF PULL COURT, TEWKESBURY.

Chancellor of the Exchequer.

From a Marble Monument in Bushley Church.



for me to get rid of my present house, as soon as I can, which I shall do, unless He is so good as to suggest by the return of the post, any reason against it. The *case* before was not fully stat'd for his *opinion*, which when you come into practise, you will find happen very frequently. Pray write very often.

"Yours always,
"W. W. PEPYS."

NOTE.—Paul Rapin De Thoyras, historian, born 1661, studied law under his father, who was an advocate, until the revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove him to England, and then to Holland. He distinguished himself at the battle of the Boyne, and wrote a History of England, long reputed as the only complete narrative of English events—translated by Tindal. Died 1725. Mrs. Montagu considered that in Rapin might be found an *éloge* of Lord Lyttelton's "Henry II."

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

"You want something (you say) which is *enter-taining*, to fill up the afternoons when you feel no Inclination for the doctrine of Tenures; It has occur'd to me, that perhaps you may find the fourth Volume of Blakiston answer this purpose. It treats entirely upon Publick offences, has nothing in it which requires subtilty of Mind, and by way of *Amusement* you can get that part of our Laws, which for its precision in ascertaining Crime, and annexing Punishment is consider'd the most perfect; tho' perhaps the Capital Punishment may be thought too frequent, and annex'd in many cases to crimes which hardly deserve it.

"My wife has been at her wits end for want of a cook, we hope now to have one on Wednesday evening. We depend upon having the pleasure of your company to dine with us *en famille* on Thursday, not to give any opinion on the new Cook's Abilities, because we mean to receive you as part of our own family, Mrs. Chapone alone ventures to partake of our mutton to-morrow, although

we have literally no cook to dress it. Will you run the same risk to-morrow of losing your dinner?

"Yours ever

"W. W. PEPYS."

NOTE.—Of Sir William Pepys' kindness, Mrs. Chapone wrote to Mme. D'Arblay in her declining years—

"The comfort I receive from that excellent man, whom you esteem but whose worthy heart you do not half know, and whom compassion has improved from a delightful companion and intimate old acquaintance to the most tender attentive and affectionate son to me." Mme. D'Arblay answers, she has read the account with more pleasure than surprise. "I should have been disappointed indeed had he proved a summer friend, yet I have found many more such I confess, than I had dreamed of in my poor philosophy."

"Belsize Park, 10 August, 1778.

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

"A Man may continue to read notwithstanding his Wigg and gown are hanging in his closet, tho' I acknowledge that Attendance upon Courts, is a most cruel destroyer of Time. Depend upon it you know nothing in Law Matters, but what you can either write or talk about. While the Ideas are in your head, they are like the figures of a Tapestry when it is roll'd up, but which are of no use, or Beauty till they are unroll'd, and display'd either in writing, or discourse. Can a Fine be levi'd of a naked remainder? Can a mere contingent Remainder pass by a Fine? If the Crown grants you an Estate Tail only, and you levy a fine, and sell that Estate to a stranger, What estate, has that stranger during the Continuance of your Issue in tail? These and such like entertaining riddles do I mean that we should play at in my study here, next October, in order to give us a relish for some fine Play, or striking part of History in the evening, which by the help of a long walk, and some Beef after it, I hold to be a very pleasant way of passing an October day, and assure you that I look forward to it with great pleasure. My little Boy thrives exceedingly, and I flatter myself you

will not dislike him in October for a Play fellow. He laughs and Crows at a great rate already."

"Belsize Park, Sept. 13, 1779.

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

"... Owing to the weakness of my eyes, Eliza has had as much to do in keeping me out of mischief (*i.e.* from looking at a book) as to keep her little Boy, from falling upon the Fender, I have therefore a double reason for wishing to be with you, as solitude and Retirement to a man who can make no other use of it, than to fall asleep, is not a most delectable situation. If I am debarr'd from Riding by the heat, I shall be reduc'd to the sole amusement of Conversation. My dear Eliza reads to me, but as human lungs are not made of leather, it would be a great relief to me to have Society so much within reach, as it is at Margate, Tunbridge or Brighthelmstone. So it may be some consolation to you, that I am coveting, what you are execrating, for we human creatures like to excite envy, tho' for advantages from which we ourselves do not derive the smallest enjoyment. Is not this just like one of Rochefoucauld's Maxims, perhaps not quite so point'd, but I'll warrant it equally true with any of them? Indeed, Indeed, you are losing time dreadfully, you are five and twenty next month, and if you shilly-shally much longer, will be old enough for a Judge, before you are known to the Profession as a Barrister. How are they to know anything of you? Do you think they will come to Percy Street Coffee House, and enquire whether there is not one Franks, in that neighbourhood, who has some pretensions one day or other to live among them? You must be seen, heard, known, and convers'd with, before you can be deem'd one of the Profession. It is high time you established a Mooting Club, for it is by talking constantly upon Law Subjects, by Whetting his own understanding against that of his contemporaries, and trying the truth

and clearness of his own Ideas in conversation, that a Man becomes a Lawyer. You may be a good Divine, Physician, Soldier, or Sailor, without talking, but never can be a good Lawyer. You say your chambers are not furnish'd ; What's that to the purpose? Stick in two chairs, a Table, and a Bed, put on your nightcap, and sleep in that bed, and if you don't get them furnish'd in a week, I'll be hang'd, what may be done in a week when you are *in* them, will not be done in six months, while you are out of them. Remember me to my good friends your Father and Mother."

" Wimpole Street, 18 May, 1780.

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

"I know now by experience what is meant by, 'Throw thy Bread upon the Waters, and thou shalt find it after many days' I shall never think that the Studies of my early Life have been thrown away, since they have been so happily made subservient to the acquisition of such a Friend as you. May you have a Son, who may repay you tenfold for the pleasure your letter has given me, and who may live to convey to your Excellent Heart the dear Delight of finding, that one's Affections and Attentions have not been misplac'd. To the glory of this Country be it said, the legal Profession, carries with it higher Honours in the State, and more real Personal Consequence than any other walk in Life that can be nam'd. . . . I am sure that Matrimony connect'd as you are with a woman of sense, far from destroying our hopes, will be the means of fixing you more steadily, in your grand Pursuit.

"Yours ever

"W. W. P."

NOTE.—The woman of sense whom William Franks married, was Jane, daughter of Jean Pierre Gaussen, a Huguenot who came to England to inherit the fortune of his two uncles, who had left France at the Revocation of



Jane Gaussen.

the Edict of Nantes. The Gaussens settled in Hertfordshire at Brookmans Park, and so readily did these foreigners accommodate themselves to their exile, that Jean Pierre was Governor of the Bank of England, which he administered for thirty-five years, and director of the East India Company. His son was member for Warwick, and his grandson Peter (Coldstream Guards), showed no compunction in fighting against France, and died in the service of his adopted country, of fever in the Walcheren Expedition.

“Brighthelmstone, 24 Oct., 1785.

“I was met on my arrival at this place, by a Brace and half of Partridges, I have been cracking my Brains, but can think of nobody so likely to have remember’d me but yourself. A long tedious and slow Fever seiz’d me three days after I got to Tunbridge Wells, and never quitt’d its hold of me for 3 days together, till within about a week of my removal to this place, where I met your Partridges. I have been so constantly indispos’d, my poor Wife (who never thinks of Herself while there is anybody else in the House, to require her attention) began at last to sink under such unremitt’d anxiety and attendance, I trust now I have got well, her spirits will gradually be restor’d.

“My excursions have been limit’d to those of the Mind, which fortunately for Invalids, can travel a great way, without suffering from (what John Burton us’d to call) the Succussions of a Post chaise, I have travell’d, with great satisfaction thro’ the 5 Vols. of Henry’s ‘History of England’ lately publish’d. Leland’s ‘Hist: of Philip of Macedon,’ Cumberland’s New book, the *Observer*, Bell’s ‘Travels,’ Harris’ ‘Philological Inquiries,’ Bishop Watson’s ‘Apologies for Christianity,’ Ruffhead’s ‘Life of Pope’ and two other very curious and entertaining Books viz.: ‘Letters on Literary Subjects’ by Robert Heron, Esqre, and Boswell’s ‘Tour with Johnson in the Hebrides.’ I often lament that Literary Men do not both by letter and conversation communicate much more together and compare the Means which they take to enlarge their Ideas. The mass of people would get nothing by

communicating to each other how they breakfast'd, din'd, supp'd, & slept; but much good might be produc'd, by those whose minds are awaken'd to pursuits a little above Animal Life, suggesting they are employ'd upon any particular book, which may excite in others a curiosity, and open the way to an inexhaustable Fund of Amusement. We think it a mighty good Subject for a Letter, when one Friend tells another, that He is just return'd from a Tour in Wales, that He din'd at Hereford, slept at Shrewsbury, and got excellent Rolls, and butter at Ludlow for breakfast, and why should it not be deem'd as pleasant a communication that having never read the 'Odyssey,' you was this summer resolv'd to see what it contain'd. I am with as much warmth and cordiality, as when we read Homer together,

"Your most affectionately

"W. W. P.

"To William Franks, Esq^r.,

"Abbots Langley,

"Hertfordshire."

NOTE.—Sir William wrote to Hannah More at the same time to say that her poem on "Sensibility" had helped to alleviate his uneasiness from that abominable fever, which would never let him out of its clutches for three days together, like a cat teasing a mouse.

Dr. John Burton was a fellow of Eton College, and an eminent scholar, but his manners were less polished than his pen. He was thought to be one of Mrs. Carter's admirers, though she fervently ejaculated in Greek "God forbid!" at the suggestion, and could discover no symptoms, beyond his being somewhat less vociferous and obstreperous than usual.

In Johnson's dictionary I find his expression—

"Succussation (*succusso* Lat.) A trot.

" 'They rode, but Authors do not say,
Whether to totulation or succussation.' "

Dr. Johnson, far from complaining of the succussions of a post-chaise, said, if he had no duties, and no reference to futurity, he would spend his life driving briskly in one with a pretty woman, but he added, "she should be one who could understand me, and would add something to the conversation." This taste, twentieth century speed would have gratified, but unfortunately the modern motor, and the necessary disguise of his companion would have rendered her beauty and understanding alike immaterial.

All the literati appeared to read and exchange views on the same books. Mrs. Montagu wrote, "I should think it difficult for a mere speculative savant to enter into the depths of Philip's policy. If Mr. Leland is a good journalist of a Man, and a good gazetteer of the times, he may give one entertainment, though he should not be of the cabinet council."

The controversy started by the "Tour in the Hebrides" and "the Anecdotes" raged fiercely at this time; and in the following year, 1786, Hannah More wrote that "They," together with Count Cagliostro and Cardinal de Rohan's diamond necklace, had spoiled all conversation and destroyed a very good evening at Sir William Pepys'.

"Wimpole Street, 29 Decr., 1787.

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

.

"On Christmas Day I was surrounded by my family, for my brother and I make it a rule, to pass the Day always together, and this year He brought his two eldest children, so that we had a most capital evening of Blind Man's Buff, and other ancient Christmas Gambols, in all which we join'd with infinite delight, and I trust acquitt'd ourselves in a Manner not to be surpass'd by any Member either of the College of Physicians or of that respectable Body to which I belong. On Sunday last, as I was walking with my two elder Boys, the severity of the East Wind was such, that I have ever since been confin'd to the house with a cold, which I believe however is now within a few hours of its departure, having then complet'd its usual visit of a week. My eldest Boy is full of Sensibility and Affection, and I flatter myself he will in time prove himself not unworthy of your Friendship, which he will always learn from me to value and cultivate, as a part of his Inheritance, which He cannot prize too highly. I will send for the Book, and convey it as from you to Mrs. Montagu. You have gain'd much credit with me, for discovering so much Relish, for her Conversation, which after 25 years comparison of it, with that of most others, appears to me superior to any.

"Your sincere friend and kinsman,

"W. W. PEPYS."

William Franks, who on attaining his majority complained of being only *heir* to a good estate, and of not having come into actual possession of the property, with the usual irony of fate, survived his father only seven years; and according to Edmund Pepys, who wrote the family epitaphs—

“The Muse, alas ! who late on yonder stone
Bewail'd the Father, now bewails the Son !”

The sorrows of Mary Pepys and Jane Gaussen, widows of the two successive generations—William Franks, father and son—were set forth in verse by the family poet, who in the midst of the usual laudatory effusion, contrived to put in a good word for the survivors. Of the father he says—

“His heart in quest of joy ne'er sought to roam,
But found all comfort centred in his Home.”

which implies a delicate compliment to Mary Pepys, his wife. And for Jane Gaussen, whom he describes as “the disconsolate widow, the Mother of his eleven children,” he goes a step farther, and includes all the descendants—

“Yet still thy virtues with reviving grace,
Shall bloom and flourish in thy numerous Race.”

Sir William Pepys appears to have had a hand in these compositions, as the rough copies I have before me are directed to him. Dr. Johnson said, “The difficulty of writing epitaphs is to give a particular and appropriate praise. This, however, is not always to be performed, whatever the diligence and ability of the writer; for the greater part of mankind has no character at all.”

In his will, William Franks, after recommending his soul into the hands of Almighty God, committed his body to the earth, and desired to be buried in a “private and frugal manner.” We see the way his wishes were carried out, though considering that such a large *cortège* appears



Mary Pepys.
Married 1753 William Funks.

to have been touring about through the country for nine days, and that the bill included the packing and unpacking of the "Corps" each night, turnpikes, liquor, and Master Franks' black stockings, the sum total does not appear excessive. The two hatchments—one fixed in Grafton Street, and the other required probably for the country—recall a custom now obsolete, though still remembered by the present generation, of framing the gorgeously painted coat of arms in black cloth, and hanging it outside the house for a year after the death of the owner; when it was relegated to the parish church, and, in company with many others, adorned its walls indefinitely, or until the next restoration swept them all away. Mrs. Montagu described the country home of her family, where they remained inside the house. "The staircase that leads to my chamber, is hung with the funereal escutcheons of my Grandfathers, Grandmothers, Aunts, & Uncles, I seem to be entering the burying vault of the family to sleep with my fathers. It is a comfort no doubt to think that one's ancestors had Christian burial, but of what use are these tawdry escutcheons?"

FOR THE FUNERAL OF THE
LATE WILLIAM FRANKS ESQUIRE.

August 5th 1797.

	£	s.	d.
Inside Coffin	1	1	0
Superfine crape mattress, etc.	1	1	0
Superfine quilting for the inside of the coffin	2	2	0
Strong oak coffin covered with black velvet, trimmed with the best furniture... ..	20	0	0
Use of stools and Black cloath	0	2	6
Use of the plumber and carpenter	0	2	6
Reverend Mr. Taylor rich satin Hatband and scarf	3	9	0
Mr. Davies " " "	3	9	0
Mr. Barry " " "	3	9	0
Mr. Bowen " " "	3	9	0
Mr. Webb Clerk of Clifton rich silk hatband	0	14	7½

	£	s.	d.
Use of 13 cloakes and coates 1 day... ..	1	12	6
Coach and Horses 1 day	3	6	0
Two Horses 1 day	1	2	0
Two Hatchments, frames and cords complete	6	6	0
To fixing up one ditto for Grafton Street	0	7	6
Allowed the coachmen, conductors, underbearers, etc.	2	2	0
Undertakers attendance	9	9	0
Strong Lead coffin	7	7	0
Paid for black stockings for master Franks	0	2	2
	288	13	3½
Bill delivered for wine	23	8	6
	£312	1	9½

Two letters written by Sir William Pepys to William Franks' eldest son, William, many years after his father's death, show that to the end of his life, he continued to take a warm interest in the children of his friend.

"Brighton 4 Nov". 1818.

"MY DEAR FRANKS,

"Though I was much pleas'd and oblig'd by your kind present of the Woodcocks, I was still more so, by your very kind letter, I felt highly gratifi'd in finding that my attachment to you, and your family, is return'd with so much cordiality and Kindness; Next to my own children, I cannot be more interest'd than I am in the Welfare of you all, and I am delight'd to see that you answer to my most sanguine expectation. Your own excellent Example, and Attachment to your Family, has been of incalculable Benefit, and what I once heard so beautifully said from the Pulpit, has been illustrat'd in you 'The Effect of Example is like that of good Air,' we feel no very sensible alteration perhaps at any particular moment, but the result of its influence is, the Confirmation of our Health. What

you say of my good friend Frederick, gives me peculiar satisfaction.

“My mind has been engross’d by this awful and calamitous event of Sir Samuel Romilly. What a Lesson to poor Human nature! to see that no Degree of Prosperity, tho’ found’d upon our best Affections and adorn’d with all the Splendour of great Talents, vast, and increasing Wealth, high Character, and universal Admiration, is secure from being precipitated in a moment to the lowest Depth of Adversity! What manner of Persons ought we to be! and how salutary is the Apostle’s advice to ‘rejoice with Trembling.’ If such instances of the Instability of Human success do not wean our Affections from things below, and place them on objects less transitory, no exhortation can have any effect. We have been here three weeks, and the place is so full, that I have been paying 13 guineas a week, for a very moderate siz’d House. I am rejoic’d to hear that Mrs. Gaussen is recovering fast; Pray remember me very kindly to Her, and tell Her, that I shall avail myself of every opportunity of cultivating Her acquaintance as by some means or other, I have seen less of Her, than of the Rest of your Family. Not one kind word to Julia, She has enough said to her by others. I hope you have read the last tales of my Landlord, we have been much amus’d by them, I think you will place them much above the common level of Novels.

“Believe me always my very dear Friend,

“Yours sincerely,

“W. W. PEPYS.

“To William Franks Esq^r.”

“Charles Street, Berkeley Square,
“London.”

NOTE.—“Rejoice with trembling,” which was one of Sir William’s favourite quotations, is taken from the Psalms, but does not appear to have been uttered by any of the apostles.



Jane Gaussen.
Wife of William Franks.

"Gloucester Place, 4 May, 1819.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"There is nothing of Fish, Flesh, or Fowl, but what must be acceptable when It comes as a token of your good Disposition and kindness towards me. The Attentions of the young are always delightful to the aged. For any man in his eightieth year to say that He *shall* do anything, at the Distance even of a Day may seem presumptuous; but I may say that I *hope* to be permitt'd to pay you a visit before I quit my winter Quarters, and to be witness of your happiness and comfort, in the Possession of the greatest of all earthly blessings. If good Morals, good Temper, and good conduct can insure it to you, I have no Doubt that with the Blessing of God, you will enjoy it, and nothing will give more heartfelt satisfaction to your Affectionate Friend and Kinsman.

"W. W. PEPYS.

"To William Franks Esqre.

"Woodside Hatfield."

The following is the inscription engraved on a silver inkstand presented to William Franks' son, William, on his marriage, by Sir William Pepys:—

"W. W. PEPYS

Patrueli et Amico suo

W. FRANKS

Hoc Donum qualecunque

Esse sui voluit monumentum et Pignus Amoris."

PART THREE

LETTERS OF SIR JAMES
MACDONALD AND
SIR WILLIAM PEPYS

LETTERS OF SIR JAMES MACDONALD AND SIR WILLIAM PEPYS

IT is remarkable that after Sir William Pepys' long life of eighty-six years, during which he achieved a measure of success as a Master in Chancery, and made a name for himself in literary circles, his chief distinction should still have been to be described as the friend of Sir James Macdonald, who died at the age of twenty-four, leaving no trace behind him, but the influence of a wonderful personality.

Adam Smith, at the time he was writing the "Wealth of the Nations," was travelling in France with the young Duke of Buccleuch, and wrote to Hume, that Sir James Macdonald, "on whose praises it was unnecessary to expatiate, might, by his example and influence, be of great service to the Duke." Hume, said the Chevalier Macdonald, was in great vogue in Paris (not for dissipation and extravagance like some others, who shall be nameless), but for his parts and knowledge. When Sir James returned to Scotland, Hume wrote from Paris to Gilbert Elliot, of Minto: "You have now with you Sir James Macdonald, who is too good for you; I am afraid you will not know how to value him. He leaves a universal regret behind him in Paris, among all who were acquainted with him, and in none more than myself."

Boswell spoke of Sir James Macdonald (who was known as the Marcellus of Scotland) as a young man of most

distinguished merit, who united the highest reputation at Eton and Oxford, with the patriarchal spirit of a great Highland Chieftain. He told Dr. Johnson, that Sir James, who had never seen him, had a great respect for him, mixed with some degree of terror. His answer was, "Sir, if he were to be acquainted with me, it might lessen both." Placed by his contemporaries on an almost impossible eminence, Sir James Macdonald is an extraordinary instance of one who excited universal envy and admiration, though fighting against constant discouragement, of which the world knew nothing. He described himself as a cypher, and his life insignificant; but in spite of his ill-health, the burden of his possessions, and anxious thoughts for the welfare of his dependants, he "kept up his spirits and jogged soberly along, in hopes of better days." He faced life without flinching, and went down with all his colours flying; allowing no man to despise him or apply to his short, pathetic life, the friendly, though contemptuous epithet, "poor," which so infuriated the Lytteltonians in Johnson's life of their departed friend.

Sir James Macdonald wrote from Rome, when he was dying, to his mother, Lady Margaret Macdonald: "In case of the worst, the Abbé Grant will be my executor in this part of the world, and Mr. Mackenzie in Scotland, where my object has been to make you, and my younger brother, as independent of the eldest as possible."

He also wrote to Sir William Pepys, thanking him for entering his brother's name at Lincoln's Inn, and "hoped that by industry he would make up for his hard fate in being born a younger son." Though he did not live to see the fulfilment of his desire, Sir Archibald Macdonald—the youngest of the three brothers, for whose welfare Sir James had made such careful provision—by his own exertions conquered fate in the shape of the law of primogeniture, and was created a baronet, after having been Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, and Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

The elder brother referred to in Sir James's letter to his mother, was Sir Alexander Macdonald, who succeeded to the baronetcy, and was afterwards created first Lord Macdonald. Both by this allusion, and also by the description of his reception of Dr. Johnson, during his tour in the Hebrides, we see he was a very different character to Sir James. Boswell writes: "Instead of finding the head of the Macdonalds surrounded with his clan, and a festive entertainment, we had a small company, & cannot boast of our cheer." Sir Alexander Macdonald had been at Eton, and Dr. Johnson had formed a high opinion of him. "In the Isle of Skye, where we heard heavy complaints of rents racked, & people driven to Emigration," Dr. Johnson said, "It grieves me to see the chief of a great clan appear to such disadvantage. This gentleman has talents, nay, some learning, but he is totally unfit for this situation. Sir, the Highland chiefs should not be allowed to go farther South than Aberdeen. A strong-minded man, like his brother Sir James, may be improved by an English education; but in general they will be tamed into insignificance." An escape from the house was meditated next day, but Dr. Johnson resolved to "weather it out till Monday." This prolonged stay can have been as little agreeable to the host as to the guests, for Johnson and Boswell spent their morning in ineffectual efforts to rouse the English-bred Chieftain to feudal and patriarchal feeling. "Were I in your place, Sir," remarked the doctor, "in seven years I would make this an independent island. I would roast oxen whole, & hang out a flag as a signal to the Macdonalds to come & get beef & whisky." In spite of a few reasonable objections on the part of his host, he continued, "Nay Sir, if you are born to object, I have done with you. Sir, I would have a magazine of arms." Sir Alexander suggested they would rust; but the only answer was, "Let there be Men to keep them clean. Your ancestors did not use to let their arms rust." He bore with polite good

nature their vain attempts to communicate to him their enthusiasm ; and Boswell concludes, "This day was little better than a blank." After this uncongenial visit, no opportunity seems to have been lost, of recording instances of the meanness and unpopularity of their unlucky host.

Dr. Johnson's notion of the dignity of a Scotch landlord had been formed upon what he had heard of the Highland Chiefs: "Sir, let me tell you that to be a Scotch landlord, where you have a number of families dependent upon you, and attached to you, is, perhaps, as high a situation as humanity can arrive at. A merchant upon the 'Change of London, with a hundred thousand pounds, is nothing ; an English Duke, with an immense fortune, is nothing ; he has no tenants who consider themselves as under his patriarchal care, and who will follow him to the field upon an emergency." Boswell tried to explain, that it was long since a Lowland landlord had been so curtailed in his feudal authority, that he had little more influence over his tenants than an English landlord ; and of late years most of the Highland Chiefs had destroyed, by means too well known, the princely power, which they once enjoyed.

Amongst the intimate friends of Sir James Macdonald and Sir William Pepys at Oxford, they mention Lord Beauchamp, North, Lewis Bagot, Arcedeckne, Harry Herbert (afterwards Lord Carnarvon), and Lord Cornwallis. Pepys was always known amongst them as "the Old Gentleman."

Sir James Macdonald to Sir William Pepys.

"Eton. Oct. 15th, 1758.

"DEAR PEPYS,

"I do not mean to make any compliments, but I can safely assure you that scarce any other Consideration but your company could have made me get over a sort of prejudice I always had in favour of Cambridge, and



SIR JAMES MACDONALD.

In the possession of Lord Macdonald, Armadale Castle, Isle of Skye.

cheerfully embrace the proposals of my relations ; I assure you that if I set you in the light of a common acquaintance, I would not flatter you so far as to say I propose myself any more than a pleasure in seeing you, but I have much higher views when I meet with a person I can safely venture to make an intimate, and a friend. I have a great many acquaintances in Cambridge, but I cannot say I know one I could wish to make a Friend, for I imply a great deal under that term, and know scarce any one but yourself I should choose to trust in the strictest sense of the word. It is a great happiness to be where there is one to whom I should not be afraid to disclose my sentiments on the most interesting and important occurrences. For there are many things which give distress merely from not daring to unburden one's mind or to explain future designs ; in short to put a mutual confidence in each other, seems to me the most pleasing prospect imaginable, therefore I have the most sanguine expectations of your answering in every respect to the very person I could wish for. I believe it is now determined for me to go to Oxford, and I hope I shall never have reason to repent of this step. . . . I hope we shall be able to consider it more fully together when we find the consequence of what I have here been saying some months hence at Christ Church.

"I now will dismiss this subject, as I hope we both agree in our sentiments of it and understand one another.

"I won't detain you any longer than to tell you I presented your respects to Graham and Sumner, who both received them very kindly, and am yours sincerely,

"J. MACDONALD."

"Oxford, Aug. 10th.

"DEAR PEPYS,

"The day you left me at Eton I received a summons from my mother to come on to Town which accordingly I obeyed on the Wednesday, and came down

here again on the Monday following. The morning I left London I breakfasted with Lord Lyttelton, who desired me to inform you that, contrary to his expectations, he will be disengaged the 23rd of this month, and will be glad to see you at Hagley about that time ; I propose waiting on him before the 30th and if you can contrive to meet me there, about that time, I shall be very happy.

“I have met with a book what pleases me very much and I believe will employ me for the three weeks I intend remaining here ; my stop being so short I find it in vain to think of entering upon Locke, and besides this book is more to my purpose of fitting myself for Blackstone ; the book I mean is just published and is called *The Law of Nations by Mr. de Vattel*. The author is a Swiss, and his work is a very fine performance. I have been so pleased with the book that though it is a large quarto and I have begun it only on Friday, yet I have got near an hundred pages deep. I will give it a second reading with some care before I see you, at present I am merely skimming over it, and have been hurried on by the entertainment I have received from it. Let me recommend it to your perusal if you are not better employed. I am also engaged in another book which is more necessary than any book I know of as a preparation for Blackstone, that is ‘Bacon upon the English Constitution and Government.’ I had begun this before I met with Vattel and I wish only for time to finish them, but I am afraid that will be impossible, however I’ll go as far as I can. Vattel’s preface is very good.

“I have now time enough upon hand and no interruption. Herbert and Arcedeckne, are my only acquaintances in college. There is not one under graduate except Conybeare. I found Carver here when I returned, he had been detained a week by a letter from Lord Ward but he went last Friday : I am sorry he is gone because he is a worthy good natured man, but to be

sure it is high time that he should think of some scheme of Life.

"I should be glad to hear from you soon as I have now not one of my friends at hand, it will be a great comfort to me in my solitude to enjoy as much of their conversation at a distance as they will allow me.

"Yours most sincerely,

"J. MACDONALD."

"Oxon. Dec. 13th.

"DEAR PEPYS,

"I hear you intend to expose yourself prodigiously, though I can scarcely believe a man of your sense can do anything so ridiculous. You are besides come to a pitch of Coxcombicalness, which I never could have thought it possible for you to arrive at. Is it possible in the nature of things that you have any thoughts of suppressing your Verses. What an idea must you intend to give us of your poetical Talents, when you pretend to be ashamed of such a Copy? I should rather hope it proceeds from a better motive, from good nature in not chusing to jockey your friends by cutting in so far before them. What ever your motives as to your friends may be, you are certainly ridiculous as far as regards yourself. Do shake off this unaccountable fit of *foustyness* and send them up immediately as it is not yet too late. Let me insist upon it, as I think your not appearing will look like deserting the Cause of old Eton. Let me hear from you soon, as I am sollicitory about your health and also about your Verses.

"All friends are well and send Compliments etc.,

"Yours in a hurry,

"J. MACDONALD.

"Having no black paper I made an attempt to ink the edges of this, but failed in the attempt."

"Oxford, August 15th 1760.

"DEAR PEPYS,

"I received your most agreeable letter yesterday, and having nothing particular to do to-day I thought you would excuse my intruding upon you for a few minutes. You are always so complaisant that I am really afraid to write to you because I am sure of something so obliging in your answer, and you by that means prevent me from sporting all the nonsense that enters into my head, lest I should forfeit your encomiums which I am very sensible I never had any title to. Truce with these if you please, and I will tell you all I am able about Vattel. I have got within a few pages of the end, and have hitherto seen no reason to lessen the high opinion I had conceived of his work very early. He has in the preface given you the character of all the other writers on the same subject, has shewn precisely wherein each of them is defective, and discovers such an insight into the depths of his subject as gives the reader the greatest reason to hope for satisfaction. Most systematic writers, you know, adopt some favourite hypothesis, and manage their subject so as to suit this principle. This author seems to me admirable for his impartiality, his equitable and just principles, evidently calculated for the good of mankind and the interest of political societies. Almost every section begins with an axiom either in itself evident or else made clear from what has been already proved, from hence he reasons very finely to probable cases, draws admirable conclusions and illustrates them by examples, mostly from modern history; this, by-the-by is a great advantage, for all the others bring theirs from antiquity which cannot be so interesting. He is besides a staunch protestant, both in religion and politics. He is also a strong whig, and is in love with the constitution of this country and frequently makes use of it as an

example of the best model. In short my humble opinion of the performance is so great, that I think any man who makes himself master of that book need never want a criterion to judge of every occurrence in history, and has advanced no small way towards seeing the grounds of good policy, whenever any political question comes before him. The author has yet another great excellency, rarely to be found in any writer, he never advances any proposition without subjoining every restriction that can possibly occur and proposing every kind of case which can alter the application of it, so that, read anything laid down by him, shut the book and form an objection to it; read on, and I'll venture to say you'll never miss meeting with your own objection fully illustrated, provided it is well grounded. But his distinctions are often very nice which may sometimes make a thing appear to belong to the question in hand when perhaps a single circumstance may refer it to quite a different head. Believe me you'll not be dissatisfied with yourself when you have read it. What I was saying of authors adopting a favourite hypothesis is particularly the case with Hume, he plainly sets out with this notion, that the line of Stuart only continued the powers usurped in former reigns by the Tudors; grant it; but can any man of the least impartiality from thence infer a right of continuing these pretensions contrary to the remonstrances of the injured people and the fundamental laws, by which the sovereign holds all his authority, and the people enjoy their liberty. A prescriptive right to tyrannize is a doctrine I do not understand. This affair is set in an excellent light by Hurd. I have read Hume's history with vast pleasure, considering him often as a deep thinker, sometimes as a good reasoner, and always as an admirable writer. He is certainly prejudiced in his political notions, and altogether unaccountable in his religious tenets. Is it not a mystery to see a sceptic

favouring the church of Rome, which chains and confines all freedom of conscience? To see him rather disapproving than glorying in the reformation, which at least set men's consciences at liberty, and gave the sceptics themselves a freedom which they could not enjoy during the persecutions of popery. Allow a man to be indifferent in point of conscience between the two persuasions; it is inconceivable to me that he should not in this case most cordially side with these tenets, in a political view, which have asserted the independence of our sovereign, and consequently of our nation, upon a foreign power; which have attached to their country a whole body of men (the clergy) some of whom enjoy the first dignities and power of the nation, and who collectively form a considerable part of the state, who by their former persuasion were taught to look upon themselves as citizens of the church only, that is, of Rome, subjects of the pope, and dependants of a foreign power. The very independence of nations and sovereigns is attacked by the notion. How can we account for the indifference of a sceptic to all these considerations? You'll see much more of this in Vattel, not indeed applyed to a sceptic, but addressed to the reason of any honest and unprejudiced reader. Bacon is not without prejudice, though it is of a very different sort; he is a bigotted republican and plainly strains many points, nay, sometimes advances falsehoods, to confirm his favourite notion. Don't you think so?

"I have been very impertinent in detaining you so long and discoursing so freely (perhaps absurdly) upon these topics; but I know you will excuse me, and I beg you'll use the same freedom in contradicting these remarks as I have used in advancing them, when your more accurate judgment shall refute them in perusing the books. I could chatter a great deal longer upon these points, but you are heartily tired already, for your sake therefore let me descend from these stilts in which I make so ridiculous a

figure, to Mr. Beckley and the boots. He was not in Oxford to-day, but I have ordered Franklin to find him out and deliver your message to him. I sent for Mr. Plasted, who tells me that the conveying of your dog to London will cost a crown, how this can be I know not, but since it is the case I did not desire him to send it, till you gave further orders. I shall be at Hagley the end of this month, but shall not be able to stay longer than ten days. Wishing you well and begging your pardon for this tedious epistle I remain always your affectionate friend and humble servant,

“J. MACDONALD.”

Sir William Pepys to Sir James Macdonald.

“Christ Church.

“MY DEAR SIR JAMES,

“As the chief end of our correspondence is, in my opinion, to disprove the old proverb, *Out of sight out of mind*, I shall leave you to pick sense or entertainment out of your other correspondents, and think I have done my duty, if I can convince you by ever so dull a letter, that you are with me every day tho’ at a distance of five hundred miles.

“Since my last, I have engaged in a Course of Chemistry, with Dr. Smith and find myself already pretty well supplied with a sufficient number of hard words, but whether the ideas they are to convey will be sufficiently cleared and arranged within my Head piece, before the middle of July, I cannot yet tell. But let me beware for the present, how I engage upon the subject of Chemistry with One, who is now at the Fountain head, at least we are taught to suppose so; for I am informed that Dr. Smith has applied to your Countryman Dr. Black, for a solution of many difficulties which have occurred to him during the Course, particularly with regard to the Element

of fire. He received his answer yesterday, and has put off the lecture to day, that he may have time to consider and digest them. Are you acquainted with Dr. Black. Smith looks upon him in a very high light, and has mentioned his name more than once with great Deference.

"I have not made any excursion from hence, till last Monday when I went to accompany Bagot, on his way to Leicestershire (where he is gone for part of the Vacation) and took that opportunity of seeing Wroxton with North. When I was there I found that Mr. Miller whom you remember at Hagley, was within four miles of Lord Guildford's; we went therefore and drank tea with him at Edge-Hill, where he inhabits a delicious spot of ground, and has erected a Tower upon the Edge of the hill, which commands one of the most extensive prospects I ever saw. We lay at Wroxton and returned the next morning to Oxford. I was not less pleased with Wroxton, which is a very beautiful park, on account of the unequal disposition of the Ground and plenty of Woods and Waters.

"My Curiosity was amply gratified by a very full view of the transit last Saturday, the Dean, and Hunt invited me to come up with them upon y^e Leads of the College, where they had erected a very good reflecting Telescope, thro' which to my great satisfaction, I saw what has of late been the subject of so much Conversation. The Dean indeed, was not quite so happy, but declared that for his own part, he thought a patch upon a fine girl's face, a much finer object, which I believe you will allow to be an observation as much in character as any that will be made by the Ablest Astronomers of this age.

"I suspect it coincides very much with your way of thinking at present, and if I may judge by a paragraph of Yours in Bagot's Letter, you have at Edinburgh some very fine subjects for Contemplation in the Dean's sense.

"There has lately been a visitation of the Library, when all your books, were acknowledged as returned except two,

the one 'De re Rustica' and the other 'De re Hortensi:' these, as they were not to be found were said to have been carried with you to the Isle of Sky with the laudable design of putting the precepts of Vano and Columella into practice among your antediluvian Tenants, as I presume it would be too great an undertaking, to make them pass from the State in which Noah left them, to the modern refinements of Agriculture. You were therefore thought to have acted very wisely in leading them first thro' the most ancient and therefore perhaps most simple treatises upon the subject, before you made them reduce the present improvement and innovations to practise, but I have unfortunately ruin'd all the character of a patriot which you had gained in our opinion upon that supposition, by detecting at last in a corner of your Study, those very authors by whose directions you were said to be civilizing your brother Islanders.

"Lord Beauchamp desires to be remember'd to you, he is to set out from hence within a fortnight.

"Adieu my dear Sir James, and be convinc'd of the most perfect Regard, and sincerest friendship, from your affectionate,

"W. WELLER PEPYS.

"Christ Church Wednesday 10th June 1761."

NOTE.—Dr. Joseph Black was Professor of Anatomy and Lecturer on Chemistry at Glasgow. He was the friend of Adam Smith, and it was during his residence at Glasgow that he established his discovery of latent heat.

"Culford [Nr. Bury St. Edmunds, Lord Cornwallis' place].

"Monday, 9th August 1761.

"MY DEAR SIR JAMES,

"I am at a loss whether to attribute the remarkable *brevity* of your last, to the Multiplicity of Business with which you are at present surrounded, or to any alteration in the Climate, which may have chill'd that

general current of Mirth and Humour, which at times, I know, flows so plenteously from your Pen.

“You ask me where Halwell is at present, where he is at this minute I can not precisely determine, only I wish he had been almost any where, but where he was, in that evil hour when he sat down to convey from the Dean to me, the only commands which I shou’d not have executed with pleasure ; the loathsome office of making verses upon a subject not the most tempting, was the purport of my commission which is to me most dreadfully disgusting, and irksome, but as I must comply, I may as well do it with a good grace, the additional Circumstance of its happening while I am upon a journey and full of business of a very different kind, makes the employment of a Poetaster peculiarly disagreeable at this juncture [the coronation of George III.].

“I have been a week at this place, and shall leave it for the tour of Norfolk to-morrow, from whence business calls me to Cheshire, and as my attention will be there engrossed by objects not very agreeable to any but the pastoral muse, for whom I have not the strongest passion, I fear I shall not meet as in my wood, the other sisters, or even Pronuba Juno to assist me in an epithalamium.

“All the Coronation fuss will be over by the tenth of October.

“I had a letter the other day from Lord Beauchamp who was well, but did not mention when he thought of leaving Ireland.

“Lewis Bagot wrote to me about a fortnight ago but I have not had an opportunity of answering his letter, which (as it is fair enough to judge by the contents of this) you will say is no great loss to him, tho’ I have scolded you so much for not writing more, yet I shall be happy to hear from you if it be but a line provided that contains any news of your Welfare.

“Cornwallis desires to be remembered to you, with

the hearty good wishes of your sincere friend and servant,

“W. W. PEPYS.

“N.B.—If you will be so good as to direct to me at James Tomkinson’s Esqre., at Dortfold, near Nantwich, Cheshire, your letter will be sure of finding me whatever part of Cheshire I may be in.”

Sir James Macdonald to Sir William Pepys.

“Isle of Skye, August 10th 1761.

“MY DEAR PEPYS,

“I am at present in a very different situation from what I was when I wrote to you last ; I was then in a constant state of motion, whereas I am now in the most perfect state of rest you can imagine, being incapable to stir my own length or rise out of my bed. Be not alarmed—I am not ill. You will think it very odd at so great a distance from the war or even from rumours of War I should be among the wounded, yet it is so. I am shot with a ball in both my feet, yet by the hand of Providence the ball was so directed as to break no bone nor any considerable sinew. This accident happened this day, sennight when I was shooting a deer. Another gentleman was creeping up behind me when his gun unluckily went off in his hand and gave me one wound on the outward part of the right foot aside the great toe ; from hence it passed to the left which it first struck upon the soal under the great toe and then grazed along the hollow of the foot till it made a small wound just beside the ancle, tho’ it luckily did not touch the ancle itself. It will be hard for you to conceive how this could be done ; but as I was lying flat on the ground if you will lay yourself down on your face and let the right foot be a little behind the left and both of them in a straight line you

will see how it happened. It gave me no pain at the time, but when it began afterwards to swell you cannot conceive anything more insufferable. It is now pretty easy as the swelling begins to abate. I had a very good surgeon at a small distance so that the wounds were very soon dressed, and I am told by him that they can be of no consequence except obliging me to undergo some confinement. I do not in the least repine at anything that has happened, but rather thank God for the great escape I have had with life and limb. I am more sorry for the gentleman who was so unlucky as to have the gun in his hand than for anything that has happened to myself, as he seems greatly distressed. However there is no manner of occasion for concern as the thing is certainly of no consequence. I hope in my next to tell you that I am walking about ; I will write next post and am my Dear Pepys,

“Your ever faithful friend,

“J. MACDONALD.”

Sir William Pepys to Sir James Macdonald.

“Saturday August 29th 1761. Dortfield in Cheshire.

“MY DEAR SIR JAMES,

“It is but this very hour that I have rec'd yours of the 10th and I do not talk in my usual hyperbolical style, when I tell you that I never felt so much emotion as upon reading the line of your letter that first caught my eye, *I am shot through both my feet* ; thank God you have escaped so well, I hope most sincerely that you will not find any bad effects from the wounds, but fear it will prevent me from seeing you so soon as I expected. It is a very singular concurrence of good, or ill luck, shall I call it that has attended my shooting friends this season. But two days before yours came to hand, I received a letter from poor Lewis Bagot to inform me that as he was shooting from his horse, the wicked animal took fright,

and threw him, and kept dragging him by one leg, and kicking him the whole time, but by God's mercy he rec'd no other hurt than that of one leg being intolerably bruised, which now he says is laid up quite useless on a couch, in that situation he represented himself to me as poetizing in his own defence. Since my last, which I wrote to you from Cornwallis's I have taken the most agreeable tour imaginable thro' Norfolk: seen every place that deserved notice; and crossed clear over the island to this place which I shall leave before this can reach you, I shall take a long string of very remarkable places in my way to Totteridge thro' Derbyshire and hope to get home some time before the Coronation; tho' for want of face to make any direct application, I am at this moment destitute of a ticket, nor know to whom I can apply, as every body seems very averse to sollicitations of that kind, having no doubt a sufficient number of their own relations to oblige. I hope your feet will be well enough to find their way to London before that time. I have received another letter from Holwell to redouble his summons for verses, shall we never be exempted from this nonsense I have since my arrival here been employ'd much in the same manner, as I suppose you to have been in Skie; talking about Timber, and leases and draining, and repairs and marling, &c. &c. &c. topicks that have very little connection with Epithalamical Odes. I am told there is in some part of the Island a letter to me from Lord Beauchamp, but as I have not received it, nor know where it is, can give you no intelligence of him, later than my last; I beg you will fulfill the promise contained in your last, and as soon as possible let me hear how your recovery proceeds.

"Adieu and believe me, Dear Sir James, with the most hearty affection,

"Yours,

"W. W. PEPYS."

Sir James Macdonald to Sir William Pepys.

“October 16th 1761.

“MY DEAR PEPYS,

“This comes to you from the Highlands, tho’ not from Skie, I have now begun to move Southwards and have got about fifty miles nearer you, tho’ I am far from being even in the latitude of Edinburgh yet, I shall move on slowly and hope to see you about a fortnight after you receive this letter. I got yours the day before I left Skie, and thank you for your description of the Coronation. I hear much of your elegant appearance and performance that day. I am told you drew the attention of all the spectators and eclipsed every one who stood near you. You had rather a better time of it than those who were in the Abbey the Night before. I am very glad you was in that station, the more you make yourself acquainted with people of Consequence, the better, you need only be seen and there is no fear, but you will make friends. The Country where my dependence is, will require all my attention to be of any service to it. I believe I shall abandon all ambitious views of any other kind, and retire where I can be of much more service to mankind, and to myself, than by treading in the Common paths of ambition. I have very different notions of things since I came to this country and cannot help thinking Czar Peter as great a man as Demosthenes. We will talk of these things in a winter’s evening. I believe I shall soon bid adieu to you all, and leave all the luxury and magnificence of England for a solitary hermitage in a highland desert, you think this extravagant, and romantic I may perhaps convince you that I ought to do so; I have almost taken my resolution.

“I suppose every body is returned to College I shall therefore write to most of my friends this day, as I am

not sure of another opportunity soon. Excuse me then from writing any further to you at present, and believe me to be always,

“Yours most sincerely,
“J. MACDONALD.”

“Oxford, Sunday, Dec^r. 20th, 1761.

“DEAR PEPYS,

“Tho’ an advertisement which appeared in the newspapers a few days ago about an old gentleman who had strayed from his friends, gave occasion to a report at the coffee house that you was lost: yet upon laying the circumstances together, and finding that many others as well as you would come under such a description, I always strenuously opposed the report, tho’ it was universally and confidently asserted: and as a proof of my utter disbelief of the thing I send you this in full persuasion that it will find you in your own house. If it had not been to shew you that I was thoroughly convinced you never eloped, nor was at present skulking whilst your disconsolate relations were soliciting your return, and no questions asked in the newspapers; you should not have been troubled with a letter when I had nothing to saye. You would be entertained if you was to hear the caution with which people have enquired after you for these two or three days, for fear of hurting your friends, supposing that you was really the lost gentleman. I advise you as a friend to put an end to this foolish affair by either putting an advertisement into the London papers or authorizing some of your friends here to acquaint the public by means of the *Oxford Journal* that you are not the person, and I think you need not offer above £10 for a reward for discovering the first propogation of so scandalous and groundless a report; you may also assure them of his Majesty’s most gracious pardon, &c.

“Thus my dear old gentleman have I given you a

compleat volly of nonsense—the rest shall be in the tone of epistolary stile—for instance.

“It is a long time since I heard from you, this place is very empty as the Xtnas holidays are begun. Permit me to wish you the compliments of the season and many happy returns of the same—My compliments to all friends, &c.

“Thus far you’ll allow I am very epistolary, but as I cannot recollect anything to fill up this remaining page, and as a word or two might suffer by means of the seal wch. for want of a frank I must affix to this very page, I had better leave off, you and I being both tired.

“Adieu from your most affecte,

“J. MACDONALD.”

NOTE.—Pepys’ nickname amongst his college friends was the “Old Gentleman.”

“Oxford, January 29th, 1762.

“DEAR PEPYS,

“When I saw you in town, I promised to write to you as soon as I returned to Oxford. I have been here a fortnight without fulfilling my promise, which indeed is no great loss to you, as I am quite uncertain whether I can find enough to make up one other sentence, unless you’ll allow me to descant upon the Miseries of human life of which I have felt a very great share within my own mind for some days past. Everything that I hoped to rest my happiness upon, I find to be vanity and vexation of Spirit. You’ll think I am strangely splenetick. I think I have some reason, perhaps I bring my Misery on myself. Let it be so, it makes little difference to me from whence it comes, so as I am sure I feel it; I suppose you have been lately so tortured with money, and accounts, that you think no man can be miserable unless he has been pestered by stewards, attorneys, brokers, etc. The misery that these occasion, is of no lasting kind; unless it comes from some

object, from which we had reason to expect happiness, it has not left a sting which I hope you never will feel.

"What do you think of the Rhapsody in the last page? Can you make head or tail of it? No! I shall not explain myself at present. It is a disagreeable subject to think of, how often have I wished Mr. Tomkinson and all those gentlemen at the Devil for keeping you so long in Town. You have no notion how much I long for your company here. The place has at present many disagreeable circumstances attending it which your Company would greatly compensate.

"Bagot is here. He seems to me to be in a most alarming situation. He has come here for change of air and if it does not agree with him he proposes going to London for advice. He scarce ever stirs out, has lost almost all his spirits, cannot bear even to laugh and can scarcely speak louder than a whisper. I am shocked at the condition in which I see him, this place is a very bad air for consumptive people. I greatly fear he will have difficulty in getting the better of so obstinate a disorder. Let me hear from you soon and believe me My dear Old Gentleman,

"To be your sincere friend,

"J. MACDONALD."

"Ch : Ch : Feby 9th, 1762.

"DEAR PEPYS,

"Are we to conclude you are alive or dead? for it seems to be a question which no one within these walls can answer. Why do you never write? Want of time is no excuse, every man can spare a quarter of an hour. We are all in a huff.

"I think I was upon the Miseries of human life in my last—I am upon that theme yet. I wish to God you was here, there are some causes of unhappiness which your presence would remove. I feel a desire to open my mind

(which is at present hard bound). I am uneasy upon my own and other people's account. A man is very happy who can think only about himself. I am so unhappy as to feel sometimes for other people.

"Let me hear from you and believe me to be my dear old Gentleman,

"Your most affecte,

"J. MACDONALD.

"I believe Herbert [1st Lord Carnarvon] to be a right kind of a man."

"Oxford, Febry. 17th, 1762.

"DEAR PEPYS,

"I am obliged to you for your kind letter. I was somewhat chagrined when I wrote to you. I had reason—I have so still—but as these kind of rubs are instructive I am glad they happen so early in life. They may convey a knowledge which will keep a man from running the same risques hereafter. Few men can bear to be told their faults, it is an act of friendship no man should venture, a man will tell you he is infinitely obliged to you, that he would sacrifice every thing for you &c. ; but he will always be afraid of you, he will grow cool, he will at last hate you without ever having it in his power to shew it openly : on the contrary he will kill you by a forced civility, now and then he will squeeze out a protestation of friendship and regard, while at the bottom of his heart he shudders at the very sight of you. This is the progress of the human mind, in which there is a meanness which nothing but experience can force a man to believe. I advise you however to take it for granted. Experience is a severe kind of Instructor. You are plagued with perpetual rhapsodies from me I am foolish in sporting these melancholy thoughts ; but you'll have the goodness to excuse me as you are the only person to whom I can

possibly resort when my heart overflows. I wish to God you were here to be plagued with my sentiments in full which tho' I would willingly tell you *vivâ voce*, yet shock me so, when I see them on paper that I am not able to write them. Adieu.

"From your Friend,
"J. MACDONALD."

"May 17, 1762.

"DEAR PEPYS,

"You will think it a strange reception for the letters of a friend, upon the most interesting subject, if I should tell you I never read one of yours without laughing at you most heartily. I am convinced you perplex yourself only by way of amusement, and as you are a speculative man you think it as good a subject as any other. Is it not very ridiculous to see you gravely ballancing between two professions, neither of which you can ever think of embracing. If you meant seriously to attempt the style of life I suggested to you, I am perswaded you might succeed. But unless you give yourself some little trouble you may fret away in Russell Street, Bloomsbury Square, or in a two pair of stairs room in Peckwater till you add considerably to your venerable age, without coming one step nearer the point. If your own good sense cannot point out to you the track for getting into a stile of life somewhat above a Templar, or a country parson, it is in vain for your friends to talk upon the subject. I do not pretend to decide upon the extent of your fortune, but I am sure it is sufficient to make you live very easily for some years in any way which would probably lead to greater matters in due time. Your business in the meantime is to make good acquaintances, to get yourself talked of, recommended, introduced, in short put in a track where your own merit will lead you on, wherever you aim at arriving. The only thing I wish you would get rid

of is the wavering and irresolute disposition you seem to have in what regards yourself. You know the disagreeableness of the law, you know your own situation, your constitution, your turn of mind, your prospects, and your wishes. If these all tally exactly together, and draw you strongly to Westminster Hall, you are best judge. I would advise you to think twice before you set out.

“As to *The Church*, I cannot without reluctance spoil my pen, and waste my ink in writing a single sentence, about a thing which you must be very eloquent, before I can believe you ever thought of. As to the profession in general and the business of its members, together with their notions and the influence which these have on their characters and hearts, a man may as well keep his opinion to himself on these subjects, all I can say is that I should be heartily sorry to see old Pepys in a cassock even if he had no fortune, much more when he is so far removed from any necessity of appearing on such a stage for his livelihood.

“If you mean to try the practicability of my scheme, you should get the advice of such as have either themselves risen in that manner or at least of others who know how those have risen. This might easily be done without any trouble or even raising anyone's jealousy, if managed with proper *finesse*. There is no such thing as directing a man in those matters, if he is bent upon the scheme he will not fail to invent the most likely means of accomplishing it. If you do not succeed you ought at least to be sure that it is not your own fault.

“I do not expect we shall see you here any more. I am heartily concerned for the loss of your company so long, especially as I see so little prospect of enjoying it soon again. I am lately become very much dejected, and discontented, and do not feel myself happy : perhaps I am wrong : I wish I may be, it is however so true that I am uneasy, whatever is the cause, that I feel an universal

disquietude, and have no sort of enjoyment, or satisfaction in anything; I read without getting any satisfactory information. I have no method, nor order in my studies. I forget as soon as the book is out of my hand. I go into company by way of shaking off this dreadful *ennui*, and find myself ten times worse than when I was alone. You cannot conceive the miserable state of my mind, and few people know it. However I am in all situations Dear Pepys,

“Yours most affectionately,

“J. MACDONALD.”

“I received this the 17th of May, 1762.—W.P.”

“Ch : Ch : August 29th, 1762.

“MY DEAR OLD GENTLEMAN,

“I expected you would have let me know where you was before this time, as I am uncertain where to direct to you, but as I am told you are very deeply versed in the Stocks, I conclude you are in Town at this time when I am told they are rising very fast, for my own part I am quite alone. Herbert [Lord Carnarvon] is gone to-day to Stowe and I believe goes to London to-morrow. Carver called on me to-day (I believe the first time since you left us) and scolded me till he worked himself into a rage, and declares he will never come to see me again. How strange it is that a man dare not employ his time as he pleases without offence to anyone. I know very well that if a man shuns society and seems to dislike it, they have reason to dislike him. But surely there is a great difference between shunning Society and contriving to have a little time to yourself. If a man can entertain himself when alone, and chuses to take this opportunity as often as he can, is he in the wrong? A man who can really enjoy himself alone, at the same time is much to blame if he makes himself either disgusted with society or unfit for it. Yet a man who does not hunt for company, and, who can sit down by himself

without having a wish beyond the four corners of his room, is surely the more independent, and may make himself the happier of the two. A love for a crowd may subject a man to very great inconveniences; in the first place it is having a want more than he need have, which is no small matter; he is exposed to be struck and amused with a thousand objects that must distract his attention; he may fall in with females, who may get possession of his heart, and then what is he? a poor pining wretch who has not a thought he can call his own. Take care old gentleman of these snares. You frequent Society, and enjoy it more than most people, keep free.

"I am just now summoned to shew the university; what a shocking prospect to trudge into a parcel of gloomy chapels and stinking halls with people for whom you care not a single farthing. I see that even staying here in the Vacation has its inconveniences. Let me hear from you soon.

"Yours sincerely,

"J. MACDONALD."

"Isle of Sky, August 6th, 1763.

"DEAR PEPYS,

"The hurry and confusion I have been in since I came here, have prevented me from writing to any of my friends. It is inconceivable what misery I have been in, not one hour but I am plagued to death with business which you know, I have not been much used to, and I cannot flatter myself that I much calculated for; one thing distresses me greatly, which you can have no conception of, I mean the impossibility of providing for hundreds of poor people who have staid in this Country in expectation of getting an establishment at this time. Where there are no arts nor manufactures, the people must live solely by the fruits of the earth, and how to subdivide this country,

so as to give a mouthful to every one who is gaping for it, surpasses my abilities greatly, in short between establishing the poor people, the redress of grievances, the concerting of a plan to prevent future evils, the carrying on of some improvement, and establishing some sort of Commerce and Manufactures, you may judge of the impossibility. If I could contribute to make these poor people in any degree happier I should rejoice in all the uneasiness I suffer. But when I consider my own inability to plan or carry any proper scheme into execution I can only suffer and repine. As to my bodily distresses, you are entirely mistaken. I will not disown that I am vulnerable, nor perhaps that I have been wounded but my disorder at Edinburgh had no sort of connexion with anything of that kind, so far from it that I was obliged to suspend the Medecines I was taking on that account, till the other sickness left me. I have been very near dead with a Colera Morbus (as physicians call it) since I came to this Island.

"I shall be very glad to see Mr. Churchill's poem, I can conceive fine food for his description, poor Jack Burton will never suffer himself to be at rest. I am very glad Lord Robert did so well, I had hopes for him if he should not be too much frightened. I expect some account of your Welch expedition, I believe the country you have seen must be very like this, but if you have had half as much rain your expedition must have been very unpleasant.

"Let me hear from you soon,

"Your most affectionate,

"J. MACDONALD."

"North Uist, Sept. 19th, 1763.

"DEAR PEPYS,

"I received your letter, containing a description of your tour yesterday—the scenes you have seen in

Wales are so like what surround me on every side, that I can very well conceive them by looking out of my window. But if the Welsh mountains had poured down such torrents of rain on you, as ours have done upon us, they would rather have put you in mind of Ossian than Milton. You have had a compleat specimen of the Irish hearts of oak as they call themselves ; that kingdom would certainly gain the advantage of a better police by the union they are so much averse to ; and if they should promise no other benefit by it I believe you will think this a sufficient one to compensate many imaginary disadvantages.

“I have been so much employed since I came here that I have scarce had a moment to spare : however I have wrote to you, twice or three times since I came to Sky. My letters were directed to London, and I hope have arrived before this time, though they could be of no amusement to you further than to let you know that I am well. My business will still detain me from moving southwards for at least a month. You would be surprised to see the drudgery I have submitted to, since I came, here. I always told you, you had a wrong notion of me, and I am sure, had you been along with me on this expedition, you would have confessed it. My only recreation is to call in an old bard I keep, and make him repeat Ossinus poems for half an hour every evening. This I own to be luxury, and I am sure you would agree with me if you could understand the language in which they are repeated. I have made a considerable proficiency in it since I came last to this country, and admire it more, as I advance in knowledge of it. I remain always, Dear Pepys,

“Your most affecte,

“J. MACDONALD.”

" Isle of Sky, October 10th, 1763.

"DEAR PEPYS,

"I received your letter from Hagley yesterday, and am much obliged to you for the encouragement you give me to encounter the many difficulties I meet with here in my views of making people happy, a man dragged from a Cloister in Oxford cannot help feeling many things extremely irksome, which people who are grown callous from habit will not feel. Discontent, prejudices, unreasonable demands, undeserved reproaches, the very desire of doing a good thing that is not in your power, and the murmurs of those whose interests will not suffer them to see your difficulties, are very trying to a young man unless he has a very shallow head, and an unfeeling heart. I am resolved to do whatever my understanding tells me is best, and my conscience tells me is most consistent with justice and honesty. All my trouble will be over in a fortnight, and if I think I have done right I shall be happy, and if I find I have erred, it will give me less pain as I am conscious my errors will be free from any evil intention.

"I envy you the agreeable situation you are in at Hagley. I need not tell you how happy it would make me to be of the party; ease & literature are *not* in my opinion the least ingredients in a happy life, and being so totally excluded from both for some months, may have made my situation here less agreeable.

"It will however sharpen my appetite for both, when I have it in my power to be employed as I could wish myself. My business here will be ended in a fortnight, after which time I shall proceed Southwards immediately, though I doubt not, it will be near Christmas before I can reach London.

"I suppose Tom [Lyttelton] is not at Hagley by what you say in your letter. You know my sentiments of Matrimony, He may be very happy; but if he should ever

grow tired of his wife, which is more than possible I should not envy either of them.

“Remember me in the kindest manner to Lord Lyttelton. Kiss Miss Lyttelton for me, which will be a testimony of my respect and give you an opportunity of doing what you ought to sigh for. My best respects attend the rest of the family, I remain always Dear Pepys,

“Your most sincerely affectionate

“J. MACDONALD.”

“Paris, April 12th, 1764.

“DEAR PEPYS,

“I was the more pleased with the letter I received from you this week, that it is the only one I have received from any of my friends in England (except Lord Lyttelton and Mrs. Montagu) since I left it. Surely people imagine there is more ceremony in putting a letter into the post office for Paris, than for a place in England; but if they would be so kind as to observe that the distance and difficulty of conveyance is the business of the post boys and not of the writers they would do a great favor to their friends who are abroad. There is nothing so absurd as another notion which possesses all correspondents, that they must say something extraordinary in a letter that is to go into a strange country, to cross the sea, to travel over several leagues of land, and to be bought at last for the immoderate price of a shilling. In the first place this is still the affair of the post boy; and to a correspondent I know no difference, that distance can occasion, but a small odds in the dates of letters, and whether your letter keeps cold a day or two longer or not, does not appear to me so formidable a circumstance, and in the matter of a letter which is sent to a foreign country is so far from being of consequence, that people would willingly pay double postage here for what they would not read, if it came free in England. Pray inculcate this doctrine among my friends

in England. People are not so stingy here as to grudge paying for their letters. So much money is thrown away without any satisfaction, that it is a pleasure to find an opportunity of spending it upon a real enjoyment. I write this letter with a hand adorned by a pair of ruffles (which neither contribute in any degree to the ease and convenience of the hand, nor to the happiness of the person to whom it belongs) and which cost me more than all the letters of all my friends would do in seven years. Write often and beg of every one to do the same.

"I wish you had given me some account of what you heard in the house of Commons. I have one piece of advice to give you: never suppose that any other correspondent has told me anything, and then I am sure of hearing something; but when every one supposes another has said what he intended to say, one never hears anything. We have no subject of conversation here, but the Jesuites, which have lately given way to D'Eon's letters; these astonish and shock everybody, as an instance of the deepest malice and the blackest ingratitude. My good friend the Duc of Nivernois is very sorry he ever reposed any confidence in such a rascal, though he has nothing to fear if he publishes his letters fairly and without mutilation. [D'Eon was the Duc of Nivernois' secretary of legation in London.]

"I suppose you have heard of Genl. Barrington's death, who died here last week of an abscess in his brain: he is generally regretted as he was universally liked here.

"I live a strange life. Not contented and not quite discontented; not entirely employed, and yet not quite idle; not entirely in society, and yet pretty well acquainted; commonly dissatisfied, and yet not so much so as at London; looking forward to my future life, without enjoying the present; and forming projects, at the time I ought to live and partake of the happiness which seems so universally diffused in this country, looking back to my

own country as the scheme of all my schemes ; and seeing difficulties at every step, which if they depended on myself would give me no uneasiness, but as they depend on other people, throw an uncertainty over all schemes of happiness and employment. I could say a great deal more, but as one half of this is either ridiculous or unintelligible, I will drop the pen—expecting to hear from you soon, I am always dear Pepys,

“Yours most sincerely and affectely.,

“J. MACDONALD.”

“Paris, May 13th, 1764.

“DEAR PEPYS,

“You talk of coming here, and desire some eclairsissements. If any man has a great desire to know what is the true meaning of a French word called ‘*ennui*’ (which we cannot translate though we are peculiarly susceptible of it) let him come to Paris—unless some very lucky circumstance (not merit, for that will not alone do it) promises him some acquaintance upon his arrival. And even then, the ignorance of the language, which no man feels till he comes here, the difference of customs, the impossibility of forming one, in a society established for years, into which a stranger pops at once as from the clouds, the necessity of talking about the weather in order to speak his quota, the impossibility of answering in the stile and manner in which he is addressed, all these and many other particulars, better felt than expressed, form the principal part of a stranger’s amusement for some months. More, probably indeed he will buy several fine coats, get a handsome equipage, dress his servants well, proceed very well satisfied with his own, and his servants’ coats, to make the tour of his countrymen, and after that is done look in vain at the outsides of the houses of Paris without any chance of ever entering into one of them, this is the deplorable lot of most of our countrymen.”

"Turin, October 29, 1765.

"MY DEAR PEPYS,

"You have never given me the pleasure of hearing from you since your jaunt in my country, I beg you will give me some account of it under the following heads, weather, objects of curiosity, reception among the people, idea of the inhabitants, and of a state of nature, return by Glasgow, and journey back to London. Now that I have *given you sense* for your answers, allow me to inform you in my turn that I came to this place last night, having quitted Paris the second of this month. You will be surprised at my having been so long on the road, but my stay of five days at Lyons and ten at Geneva will account for it. In the way to Lyons I passed through Burgundy where I was shocked by the contrast between the beauty of the Country, and the misery of the inhabitants, you have perhaps seen as wretched a set of people in Scotland, as I have seen in France, but the difference between the two countries makes the distress of the wretched peasants appear more shocking in the rich and fertile province of Burgundy, than on the bleak hills of Scotland. Tyranny, old gentleman, is a dreadful harpy, that runs away with the best part of the wretch's subsistence, and leaves à disgust on the remainder. Lyons amused me very well both for its situation, its manufactures, and its antiquities. At Geneva I lived with the Duchess D'Euville who is there on account of Troughia, and had by that means an opportunity of seeing every person in the Town, whom I was at all desirous of knowing. You will easily imagine I did not miss Voltaire, on whose account in a great measure I went to that place, and I was very much pleased with the reception I met with from him, and with the life and spirit of his conversation. How were your pious ears able to hear so much horrid blasphemy? I was often tempted to put cotton in mine, and I am

convinced you put the blunt end of your knife in yours before dinner was over. I am very much scandalized at your having been in such wicked company. The views of Geneva are beyond conception, I can easily figure your extasy, and some of the quotations to which they must have given occasion. From thence hither, the road lies entirely through the mountains, where the horror of the scene joined to the badness of the road makes a man pass eight days disagreeably enough at this season of the Year. The day I happened to pass Mont Cenis was remarkably fine which was particularly lucky, as it had rained incessantly for a week before. In short here I am at last in the track of Hannibal, if he has left no more visible marks of his battles than of his vinegar I shall have difficulty enough to trace him. My stay here will be very short as I am bound for Rome, and Naples, in order to come back to the North of Italy in Summer. I beg you will write to me soon, directing for me to the care of M. Barazzi Banker in Rome. My love to Harry Herbert to whom I shall write next post.

“I am always my dear Pepys,

“Yours most affectionately,

“J. MACDONALD.”

“Rome, January 5th, 1766.

“MY DEAR OLD GENTLEMAN,

“I was very glad to receive your letter at this place, which I found lying at my banker’s on my arrival here last Friday. It gives me great pleasure to hear that you was satisfied with your tour in my Country, and that the people were not deficient in civility, where you had occasion to call for it. We are not so cursed a Race, as the North Briton would make the World believe. You will be surprised old gentleman when I tell you that though I lodge immediately above the Campus Martius, which I see in all its extent from my window, though I

command a view of almost all the seven hills including the Capitole, yet I intend going away in two days to Naples. This is the season which suits best for that place, and I am induced to go thither now, in order to return to Rome in three weeks where I intend to remain till the beginning of May. This you will own is not so strange as it may appear at first sight, and as you know I am a cool man, I can let all the fine things of this place keep cold, in the persuasion of finding them exactly in *statu quo*, and myself in a better disposition for seeing them when the weather will allow me to go to Churches etc., without suffering so much as I have already done from colds. At Turin, I was confined by a soar Throat, and at Parma by a cough, which still hangs about me and chases me Southward. I remain only six days at Florence on account of the excessive cold which I regret less as I mean to return thither in summer. The Venus de Medici herself did not prevent my teeth from chattering when I was looking at her, you may judge from thence of the rest. I have seen St. Peter's, the pantheon, and a few of the most remarkable things here which I could not resist, and indeed all my ideas of grandeur and magnificence were eclipsed by the sight of these two buildings, all ages have been indebted to superstition for the advancement of the Arts; and that absurd folly of mankind to suppose in the Divinity, the same taste for finery, and pomp, that reigns in our little breasts, has among many evils provided some good, it has depopulated the whole country around this city, but in return has given the city itself the finest temple that I believe either ancient or modern times have seen, not excepting King Solomon's itself; which by way of parenthesis I believe would scarcely make nowadays a decent Parish Church; and this I think from scriptural authority; *a propos* of Solomon, I hear he has occasioned a bloody war between Lowth, and Warburton, that some very severe things have been

said by the former and received with contempt by the latter.

“You are settled at Lincolns Inn. I shall not pretend to judge of your motives for such a choice, and suppose them good ones. Parts and merit are not alone sufficient to throw a man into a more brilliant course ; but a little courage and a little impudence go a great way. Yet I conclude you have weighed every side of the question and have not determined hastily. I am obliged to you for entering my brother there, who will certainly be very happy to enjoy your advice when he goes thither in order to endeavour by industry and application to make up for his hard fate in being born a younger brother. You say nothing of Herbert in your letter, I wrote to him from Turin and received no answer. He knows I wish him well, and therefore ought to have the goodness not to forget me entirely.

“You will have heard of the old Pretender’s death which happened last Thursday, after having kept his house for five years, and his bed for two. His son was on his way hither, but whether he will now continue his journey is doubted. The pope it is said is in a doubt whether he shall venture to give him the title of King, dreading the resentment of England. Poor man why will he give himself the air of thinking that England cares on whom he bestows Crown and scepters. The time is no more, thank God, when his holiness and their Eminences’s decrees produce on us any other effect than to excite a contemptuous smile at their presumption. My paper will not allow me to continue to write any longer. Use always the same direction, and believe me always to continue Your most

“Sincerely affectionate

“J. MACDONALD.”

“DEAR PEPYS,

“Amidst all the politics and news which occupy everybody in England you have not vouchsafed to write

me the smallest account of anything. This is not being perfectly mindful of your friends at a distance, who think they have some right to a spare half hour of your time, once in a month at least. I wrote to you from Rome, and was soon afterwards reduced to such a state as not to be able to sign my name, by an universal Rhumatism which confined me a month to my bed, and Room, in the most violent torture. It has left me for a month past, but I am still so weak and so much reduced by the exquisite pain I suffered for so many days that I am very far from having recovered my strength. I find however that I get on every day, and hope to repair, by the goodness of this climate, the hurt I received from the insupportable cold of the northern parts of Italy. Hitherto I have not so high an idea of the Climate of Naples as I imagined I should have, from the accounts I had heard of it, the changes of weather have been very frequent, very sudden, and very violent since I have been here, and even in the best days there seems to be no proportion between the heat of the middle of the day, and the cold of the two extremes. I have not indeed seen many days equal to the best of our summer weather. My illness cut me off from seeing anything for a compleat month, which was the more provoking as it happened to be exactly in the season of the Carnival, when this strange people appears to greatest advantage in the eyes of a foreigner, and all the circumstances which distinguish them from other people are more strongly marked. Everything is so new and so opposite to our manners, and ideas, that I must write a volume instead of a letter, if I begin to let loose my pen on this subject. I will only say that a traveller who has not seen and considered well this people has left a great blank in his system, which no other specimen of human nature can fill up. I have seen all the antiquities of Herculaneum and Pompei with care, and was much more pleased and instructed by them than I expected to be. I was sorry to find they have

given up their attempts to unfold the manuscripts, which I must own, appears to be a work beyond the reach of human patience, yet I am in hopes it will soon be renewed again. I have been at the top of Vesuvius, with very great satisfaction. It affords in every respect an amazing scene, of which however the descriptions I had read and heard, gave me an idea very little inferiour to the real sight. It is true it is not now in all its horrors, as it only throws out smoak mixed with cinders and stones. The beauty of the bay of Naples from whatever side it is seen is inconceivable, no wonder Virgil chose to write his 'Georgic' here, I feel the enthusiasm of quotation come on me every step I go, this is little for a man who has been in the Sybills cave. The country is very greatly altered near that famous spot, the Avernian Lake, the mount Gaurus, the Lucrine harbour, in short all the neighbourhood of Baia and Cuma has been so molested by earthquakes and subterraneous fire as to have suffered almost a total change—yet, the satisfaction of treading that ground with 'Virgil' in your hand is inconceivable—you must give yourself that happiness for you are more calculated than any one to relish it.

"I hear that Lord Beauchamp goes on very well in Ireland; let me know if you have heard anything in regard to him. Herbert has entirely forgotten me; assure him I wish him as well as any man alive. I am very happy to hear that Carver has got two livings. I am surprised he did not acquaint me with this piece of good fortune which he might be sure would give me infinite pleasure. I beg you will not forget to write to me.

"I remain always your most sincerely affectionate,

"J. MACDONALD."

"Rome. May 3rd, 1766.

"DEAR PEPYS,

"I received yours of March 31st yesterday, and think that the best answer to it will be to give you some

account of myself and my occupations since I returned from Naples three weeks ago. Having suffered so severely from the dreadful rheumatism I had had in that place, I was far from having recovered all my strength at the time of my return. I therefore cut out my scheme accordingly and as the weather was very rainy and I, extremely weak, I chose to begin my course here by seeing what is within doors; leaving old walls and ruins to a more favourable time both in respect of season and of my bodily strength. Accordingly I have amused myself with examining all the fine works of art contained in churches and palaces; which for quantity and excellence really exceed every idea a man can form before he has been on the spot. I believe I have no affectation of taste or enthusiasm, but I assure you that the constant examination of what is excellent, and the comparison with what is perfect on one hand, and what is only moderate on the other gives an infinite pleasure, and that by habit a man acquires a kind of feeling by which he distinguishes different degrees of merit, as we used formerly to do at Eton in regard to Verses. This is a real source of enjoyment which a man opens by coming into the country. Many pretend to relish these things who have in fact no kind of taste for them, and those who make the greatest noise about *Vertu* are generally those who possess it the least. But a man may enjoy the real pleasure here, and need not learn the cant of artists and antiquarians unless he chuses it. You would really enjoy Rome and would delight in the fine works of art without finding it at all necessary to know either what a *Borzo* or the *Chiaroscuro* are. For my part I endeavour to learn to relish what is excellent, and to distinguish between the respective merits of the different productions of art, without troubling myself about the jargon of the dilettanti, & having now seen almost everything that is fine either in painting or sculpture, I begin immediately my course of antiquities of which I shall give you some account in my

next. I do not like letters that are in the stile of dissertations, they tire both the reader and the writer, therefore anything I say to you from hence will be short and without method, when I have the happiness of seeing you I hope we shall have time to discuss things more in detail. All the English are gone to Venice for the Ascension ; as I can easily figure to myself that ceremony and can have no idea of what is to be seen at Rome, I chose to remain here where I shall probably be till the middle of June. As to your idea of the time requisite for seeing Italy I am persuaded that in seven months a man may easily see every thing it affords worthy of curiosity. If a traveller means not only to see, but also to live with the people and know them, no bounds can be set to the time necessary, but mere ocular curiosity may surely be compleatly satisfied in the time I mention. I wish with all my heart you took a jaunt to this part of the World, tho' I am afraid your journey could not possibly coincide with mine as I propose leaving Italy the end of this summer, in order to move towards England, so as to arrive there by Christmas. I find that my interest requires, I should not remain longer abroad than the time I mention, and I should be sorry to run the risque of being as insignificant the next seven years as I have been these last. All ferments it seems are over for this year, I wish the seeds of greater may not be sown. I know nothing so dangerous as a bad disease, except a worse cure. I say no more to one who is more fit to judge of future events by having been witness of the past. I hear as well as you that Lord Beauchamp has done very well this year, but I have as little been honoured with his correspondence for near two years. I wish he may have alway equal success. I should be very glad to know a little of what Tighe tells you face to face. I am glad Tighe has spoken, and am persuaded he has acquitted himself very well. I am sorry Harry Herbert lives so retired ; he is one of the men I ever knew,

who required most to see the world, and who would have seen it to best purpose, but habits will soon grow so inveterate, that he will not prevail on himself to begin late, a course which at an earlier period he would have earnestly desired. I heartily wish him happiness, tell him so, when you see him. I am concerned at Tom Lyttelton's behaviour though I am not surprised at it. I think he shewed evident marks of insanity when I saw him at Paris, and he passes in Italy for an absolute mad man. I sincerely regret it for his worthy father's sake, whose disappointment must affect him in the deepest manner. You never let me know anything about your brother, I beg you will give me some account of him, and present my respect to him. Write to me soon, and believe that I always remain with unalterable esteem and affection yours

"J. MACDONALD."

"Rome, July 5th, 1766.

"DEAR PEPYS,

"If you look upon it as hard not to be able conveniently to continue a journey to this part of the World, what must you think of the situation of one who has with much fatigue and trouble accomplished that point, and finds himself afterwards deprived of every pleasure and every advantage with which he had fondly flattered his imagination; this has been my case, for of the six months I have been in Italy I have been confined by illness at least three. At this moment I am scarcely able to walk across my room, and am reduced to a mere skeleton by a second attack of the rheumatism, much more dangerous and violent than the former which confined me so long at Naples. It gave me all the torture of the most violent pleurasy and asthma, rendered me incapable of every kind of motion even of changing my position in bed, to which I was thus nailed for six and twenty days, and was accompanied with so high a fever as to bring my

life several times to the very brink of the precipice. I suffered all this pain and danger in the village where I had gone for the benefit of the air, and have been able to return from thence only Wednesday last, the fortieth day after I was first seized, (this is the fortythird) and I am still far from being entirely recovered, as I have a violent palpitation of the heart which is extremely troublesome and decreases very slowly. I am however getting the better of the disorder visibly, and hope by ease, and by strict regimen, to overcome it entirely at last. This last shock has determined me to quit this climate as soon as I can pick up strength enough to bear a journey. I shall take the baths of Pisa or Lucca in my way, and nothing else shall divert me from the straight road to England where I hope to see you in the month of October at farthest. I have really suffered as much as human nature can bear, and find now almost a childish impatience to get again among my friends, for should my hard fate condemn me to undergo as much at home as I have done at this distance, yet it is some comfort to be in the midst of everything that is dear. A man who finds himself in misery and at the same time detached from every relation and friend suffers doubly. Besides my health has receiv'd so violent a shock that I must lay aside every other consideration till I have the good fortune to recover it, everything in life loses its relish to a man who is in pain, and in order to enjoy, a man must endeavour to attain that, upon which every enjoyment depends. I have now compleatly learnt this lesson ; for besides the positive pain I have suffered for these six weeks, it is inconceivable how much uneasiness it has given me to be incapable of every kind of occupation useful or agreeable, during that whole time ; and indeed I still continue both to myself and my friends as great a cypher as you can well conceive. However I keep up my spirits as well as I can, and jog on soberly in hopes of better days. If you apologize in your letter for

speaking of yourself I am doubly blameable, but I think these apologies are always useless and sometimes unkind among friends. You make me very happy by telling me that your brother is returned from Edinburgh without allowing like many prejudiced travellers, the stinking closes and bad stairs to exclude every other merit the people or place may have. I heartily wish he may succeed in his pursuit of the travelling fellowship on which it seems his mind is bent. I admire greatly your own application and perseverance; especially as you seem still to have so strong a hankering after more pleasing speculations. I am the more concerned about Herbert's situation that every day must fester his wounds and at last make so deep an impression as to become the means of souring his disposition irrecoverably, and making him for ever incapable of relishing anything in life. If it should be so, it is dreadful that so much merit and worth should have been sacrificed to the caprices of an old man who seems now to have become a compound of peevishness and avarice. I leave Rome the first moment I recover strength enough to bear the journey; and as I hope that will be before you can have received this you will direct your next cher M. Frescobaldi Banquier a Florence.

"I remain always dear Pepys your most sincerely affectionate

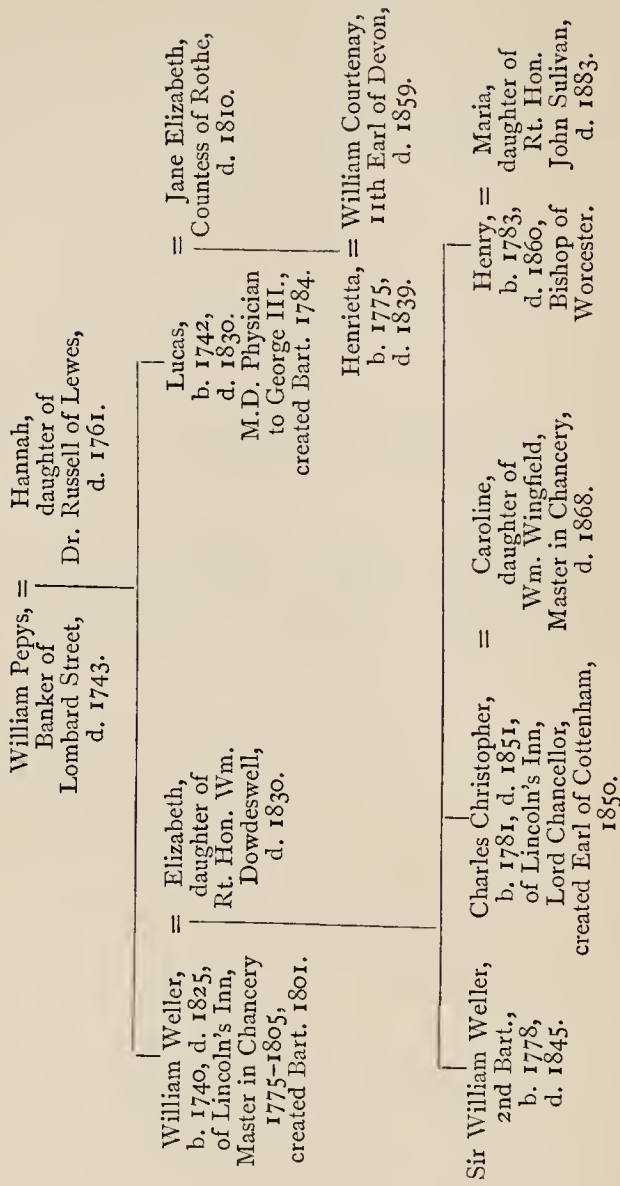
"J. MACDONALD."

The epitaph on Sir James Macdonald's monument in the Isle of Skye was written by his friend George, Lord Lyttelton, of which the following is a short extract: "In the flower of his youth, he attained to so excellent a degree of knowledge, as few have acquired in a long life, he had great talents for business, great propriety of behaviour, & politeness of Manners. His eloquence, Memory, & judgement, united with the Most amiable temper, & every private Virtue, procured him not only in

his own Country, but also from foreign Nations, the highest Marks of esteem. He died at Rome in 1766 aged 24, where, notwithstanding the difference of religion such extraordinary honours were paid to his memory, as had never graced that of any other British subject, since the death of Sir Philip Sydney. For the benefit of his countrymen in this isle [the Isle of Skye] he had planned many useful improvements."

PART FOUR

LETTERS FROM SIR LUCAS
PEPYS TO HIS BROTHER
SIR WILLIAM PEPYS



Sketch pedigree made by the Honourable Walter Courtenay Pepys, showing Sir William Pepys and his sons; also Sir Lucas Pepys and his daughter, Lady Harriet Leslie.

LETTERS FROM SIR LUCAS
PEPYS TO HIS BROTHER
SIR WILLIAM PEPYS

SIR LUCAS PEPYS, was born 1742, and died in 1830, he was educated at Eton and Christchurch. In 1777 he was appointed Physician-extraordinary to the King, and in 1792 Physician-in-ordinary. He was created a Baronet in 1781. He was a person of great firmness and determination, though somewhat dictatorial in his manner. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall described him as a man of sound judgment, and an elegant scholar, possessing a most classic and cultivated mind. Fanny Burney found him resolutely and profoundly silent. At his house the conversation was all literary but not pedantic. In 1789 the Prince of Wales sent for Sir Lucas Pepys, who made no secret of his conviction of the King's speedy and complete recovery. He was not actuated by any political bias, as was Dr. Warren, who showed a decided partiality for the heir-apparent; on his arrival at Carlton House, he found Dr. Warren with the Prince. A warm expostulation took place between them and though they were great friends, each reproached the other for deceiving the Prince with false representations. Dr. Warren, whose political bias obscured his usual discernment, maintained the alienation of mind would prove incurable; Pepys stiffly, but with the good breeding of his race, supported the opposite belief. A few days determined the question in Pepys' favour. Dr. Addington,

father of Viscount Sidmouth, was also called in, because his experience lay in the particular species of disorder from which the King was suffering.

Sir William Pepys wrote, on the death of his sister-in-law, Lady Rothes (who had always received him as a sister), and with whom his brother, Sir Lucas Pepys, had lived in "such a state of cordial union" that it could only be expressed in the words of an epitaph he once saw—

"They were so one, it never could be said,
Which of them ruled, or which of them obeyed ;
He ruled, because she would obey ; and she,
By thus obeying, ruled as well as He ;
Nor e'er was known betwixt them a dispute,
Save which the other's will should execute."

For the use of the following letters, written in 1767-68, I am indebted to the kindness of Lady Courtenay (Lady Evelyn Pepys), a grand-daughter of Sir William Pepys, who married Lord Courtenay, a great-grandson of Sir Lucas Pepys, through his daughter, Lady Harriet Leslie, afterwards Countess of Devon. Consequently, Lady Courtenay's son, the present Earl of Devon, is equally descended from both brothers.

Sir William and Sir Lucas were, at that period, beginning their professional careers, one as a barrister, and the other a physician. Sir Lucas wrote: "We shall both have great difficulties to combat with, and yours will be greater than mine. However, be the event what it will, as we have been happily educated in the firm persuasion that all our undertakings are mere secondary pursuits, we shall, I make no doubt, be contented should neither of us arrive at the very point we have set before our eyes. . . ."

Tuesday, April 26, 1768. "What joy! what happiness to read of your success! Ride on and prosper, I make no doubt now of your soon making me King's physician."

This anticipation was realized many years later, when Sir Lucas was appointed physician to George III., "that



*Samuel Pepys of Brampton in Huntingdonshire
Esq. Secretary of the Admiralty to his Majesty
Charles the Second: Descended of an ancient family
of Pepys of Cottingham in Cambridgeshire.*

SAMUEL PEPYS.



SIR WILLIAM WELLER PEPYS, BART.



SIR LUCAS PEPYS, BART.



TANDRIDGE COURT LIBRARY.

THE EARL OF COTTENHAM.

BOOK PLATES OF THE PEPYS FAMILY.

Sir William and Sir Lucas used the same book plate, with the difference that the label in that of the eldest son is replaced by a crescent in that of the younger.

The motto "Esse quam Videri" has never been used by the Pepys family, before or since, and was probably the fancy of two young undergraduates. The maxim, "To be rather than to seem," was a favourite one with Sir William Pepys, who, in his love of truth and reality, differed from his kinsman, Samuel Pepys. See page 183.

good old king, the first and perhaps one of the best men in the kingdom, suffering the two greatest afflictions, the loss of reason and the loss of sight." Sir Lucas told Fanny Burney he received many threatening letters from loyal subjects, who impatiently awaited the recovery of their king.

NOTE.—The original spelling of foreign names has been retained as far as possible.

" Lyons, October 19th, 1767.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"By my last you found me just setting off from Paris for this Place, where I promised that you should hear from me. We left Paris as I told you we intended after a day's stay there, in a *berline*, having perceived the Inconvenience of riding every third Post. As I had never seen much of Burgundy, we took that Route in Preference to that through the Bourbonnois, and as we passed through a good deal of Champagne before we came into Burgundy, which made a very fine contrast to the very Wild, and Romantic, but at the same time the highly cultivated Borgoyne, we were much pleased with the choice of our Route. If you remember, we passed through very little hilly or Romantic country except in some parts of Lorraine and Languedoc, so that I was much more struck with several views we had, as I did not in the least expect them. Except the face of the country there is little or nothing worth seeing in the whole 360 miles. The country about Dijon is much more worthy of observation than what the City itself contains, however as I had seen the banks of the Garonne and Rhone and Loire, it gave me great Pleasure to find the road lay very near the banks of the Somme all the way from Chalons to Lyons, and I assure you some spots rivalled very much our Favourite Banks of the Thames, not that I by any means give up to any thing I ever saw the whole of the passage from Henley

to Maidenhead Bridge. We found we had done right in changing our method of travelling for we could never have born to have rode every third stage in the weather we had, for we had for one whole day nothing but hard rain which made the roads very bad as for above half the way there is no pavement. However by keeping on the road about 16 hours a day, we arrived here without being the least fatigued, as our *berline* was very easy, in 4 days and a half. I find almost all over France except in some of the very most southern parts, the poor are in much the same situation this year with regard to the vintage, as ours was last, with regard to the harvest. 'Les Raisins ont manqués cette année,' was what we were told at almost every post house, and indeed we could see in passing through the whole of Burgundy that very few were employed in the vineyards, though we were there at the time of the vintage. Every body attributes this misfortune to there having been much snow falling so late last spring as Easter week, succeeded by a sharp frost.

"You will know pretty exactly my situation here when I tell you that I am in the two bedded room at the Palais Royal, which you must very well remember to be beautifully situated on the River. We have been here 4 days, every moment of which has been employed in rigging out my fellow traveller, as for me, I have bought nothing but a waistcoat, and made up my deep mourning, which I find all the English will wear for some time abroad. As you gave me no positive commission to buy a velvet for you here, and as I considered, that was I to buy one, it must make the whole tour of Italy, Germany, and Holland, in which services I saw but little chance of its coming to you safe and sound, and 3rdly as I saw no velvet that struck me much, and 4thly as I thought it possible that I might pass through Lyons again on my way to England when if you chose one, I might have a better chance of bringing it to you safe, for all and every of the above

weighty reasons, calling to my assistance the advice of Roe, and Watson, it was determined that it was better not to buy one. As you desired me to buy some silk stockings for you, and as I have met with some exceedingly fine ones, I have chosen a neat dozen of white silk for you which I will have marked with your name that they may not get mixed. There are several English here at present Lord Robert Spencer and Dr. Moore have been here 2 months and a gentleman I saw dance with Miss Newnham at Brighton very lately viz. Colonel Smith, came into the Play house last night. I think it a lucky circumstance that we are all in mourning, for now the difference of dress makes no distinction amongst the English which ought never to be abroad. To-morrow we begin our travels, a Vetturino has engaged to carry us over the Alps in 7 days to Turin in a coach for 15 Louis, for which we are all to be nourished. How happy my dear brother would it make me to find the 4th place in the coach filled by you, to enjoy with us the celebrated passage of the Alps. Upon enquiry I find that some snow has already fallen but not much, and at present the weather seems settled in for fair. We are all three well and happy and promise to ourselves much pleasure and improvement.

"I hope to find at Turin a letter from you, informing me of your welfare and some Brighton news. Remember me to all where due, and believe me most affectionately and sincerely

" Yours,
" L. P."

" Turin. Oct. 29th, 1767.

"I would have written to you, my dear Brother, the first day on my arrival here, but the astonishing journey over the Alps had, I found, inspired me with such enthusiasm that I was afraid my letters would at that time have been unintelligible, now I am a little cooled I may venture to

inform you of what has passed since my last from Lyons. We left Lyons, the day after I wrote to you, with a Vetturino who engaged to transport us to Turin in 7 days, and nourish as well, for 15 Louis. This is the way every traveller takes, for by this means you avoid all trouble, danger and difficulty. Though the Inns are not very good in Savoy, yet they are tolerable and have very good provisions. The Slow pace with which these Vetturini proceed would be tedious, in any other journey but this, for the curious scenes through the whole of the journey make one desirous of going only 15 instead of 30 miles a day, which is the whole, ever performed from sun rise to sunset. The first day's journey is chiefly through a flat rich cultivated country without any thing memorable to be observed. The next morning we passed out of France into Savoy by crossing a little river ; immediately the Alps began to rise and in less than an hour we were presented with a prospect, the most striking and beautiful imaginable ; I cannot help describing this view to you from our notes as it struck us at the time. 'The road lay half way down a high and well planted mountain, at the bottom of which a river rushing among the rocks added to the beauty of the scene ; the colour of the water was of a dark blue green except where the interception of great white stones caused it to put on the whiteness of snow ; from this arose another mountain whose ascent was steep, the sides were covered with Chesnut, walnut, and other beautiful trees, whose different Autumnal tints together with the dark green of the Fir, formed a most beautiful variety. Little white cottages amidst the trees—pieces of ground, which the level permitted the hardy, industrious Savoyard to cultivate, with frequent streams of water from the clefts of the rock, enlivened the scene. Nor were living objects wanting to animate the prospect, towards the bottom we saw with delight the Peasant directing his plough drawn by white oxen, under, and between, rows of vines ; for the vines in

this country are different from those in France, here the vine rising 6 or 7 feet sends out its branches which run along horizontal poles, leaving to the careful peasant room underneath for the culture of corn. The tops of these mountains bursting into the rude magnificence of Craggy Rocks, added sublimity to this most beautiful scene.' But I beg pardon, I see our notes here are almost unintelligible bombast—however you see by this how much we were pleased. Shall I mortify you by telling you that you never saw such a scene? Yes I will, to provoke you to make a Summer's Excursion to the North of Italy. The beautiful Scene above described lasted till dinner. As the pleasing and rude strokes of nature had in the morning excited in us such Lively sensations, so now we had great reason to be struck with the exertion of Art and human industry. About two miles from the dinner place (called Echelles) we found ourselves inclosed with rocks, and could not possibly conceive how we were to pass them, till to our surprise we came to a road passing thro' them. It was broad enough for 2 carriages to pass and had for its sides very high rocks.

"We were amazed at this exertion of human art, and, during our astonishment a sudden turn in the road, presented us with a large handsome stone Pediment with the Inscription well expressive of the greatness of the Undertaking—

"CAROLUS EMANUEL

Patefecit

A.D. MDCIXX.'

The road is so astonishing that certainly nature by a cleft in the rocks must have shewn first the way: But who knows whether Hannibal's Vinegar might not have first

made a rough kind of passage? We had Livy in our hands and from his description of the Alps to be sure it appeared that we were undertaking a wonderful and horrid passage.

“However we found nothing of the horrible, but the greatest sublimity and beauty throughout the whole of the passage. It would, I see, be endless to tell you where how much, and with what objects we were pleased, conceive us passing 7 days in the most romantic country eye ever beheld, and in a climate where without exaggeration during the whole 7 days we never saw a single cloud, no not on the top of the highest mountains. But now for Mont Cennis that dangerous difficult passage! at the evening of the 5th day we came to the foot of this mountain, and next morning after sending on our baggage on mules’ backs, we got each of us on a kind of chair placed between two poles, which two Chairmen carried and 2 other chairmen walked by the side, to releive one another; Roe as being heavier than Watson or me, by order of the Magistrate (to whom we gave 15 pence) had 6 men to attend his chair. We began our ascent, well prepared against the cold with 2 pair of breeches, do. stockings, furr gloves, 3 waistcoats &c., but the day proved so remarkably fine, that instead of finding any cold we were obliged to put off our great coats. Had we passed a fortnight before, we should have had snow on the mountain, but as the weather had been fine for some time there was none on Mont Cennis, though all the others were covered with snow. I find I have not room to describe the whole passage, suffice it to say that in 5 hours we came to the bottom on the other side, a little giddy with the motion of the chairs, but as to danger or difficulty, I saw no more than in going from Grosvenor Square to St. James’s in a Sedan. A more perfect account of this and all our journey, I must defer till my return; We arrived here last Monday night, and at our

entrance into the City met the whole Court in their carriages. This is the prettiest, most regular, uniform, Little city I ever saw ; the king's palace is the principal thing worth seeing here, and to be sure it is far superior to Versailles for richness and elegance of furniture, and had it its extent, it would exceed it in every respect, but the apartments though well furnished, are small ; The Opera House is as far beyond any theatre I had ever seen, as our Opera House is superior to Saddler's Wells. The Play House is likewise very noble in point of extent—but I find I must tell you about Turin in my next. I must just tell you that Potter, has been here above a month, he is enter'd at the Academy, wears a uniform and seems as if he was beginning again his education. I went to see him immediately and he has been to see me—he tells me that Bohun is gone to Florence and that he shall follow about Xmas—but I need not tell you that, for he says he shall write to you soon. I found at my arrival a letter from you with one enclosed for Madame Martin. I thank you for your caution, but I know myself the danger well enough to be constantly on my guard. To my great misfortune Madame Martin has been out of town these 3 weeks and will not return before I go from hence, which I hope to do to-morrow. We have taken a servant and are agreeing now for a coach. We go first to Genoa, then to Milan, Cremona, Piacenza, Parma, Modena, Bologna, and to Florence where we shall stay till the middle of December. Please to direct your next to me Chez Messrs. J. Frescobaldi & Fils a Florence—Italia. Pray let me know how all things are going on in England which relate to you or me. I have not room to say how much I thank you for your journey to Brighton, or to tell you how much I am yours affectionately and sincerely,

“L. P.”

“Genoa. Nov. 5th, 1767.

“DEAR BROTHER,

“Though I wrote to you from Turin, yet as it is most likely that I shall not be able to write to you before I come to Bologna, I take this opportunity of informing you of my plan of operations hitherto executed since I left Turin, and what are my schemes between this and Bologna. As I am persuaded that you are interested in every step I take, I make no apology for talking so much of myself. I think in my last I informed you how much I was pleased with the journey over the Alps, what little danger or difficulty attended it, and that I was arrived at Turin, which I found the neatest city I had ever seen. Some necessary reparations to our coach (which we bought for 16 guineas) detained us a day after I wrote to you my last, which we employed in seeing some places out of the City. To give you an instance how much the Alps have entirely changed our ideas of Hills, I must tell you that one afternoon at Turin, whilst we were walking on the banks of the Po, we thought ourselves within 2 miles of a fine church placed on a hill, the burying place of Victor Amadeus the late King of Sardinia; it appeared such a trifling hill that we asked our servant who was with us, if we had not time to walk there before the play began, pulling out our watches and seeing that we had 2 hours; His answer of, ‘Ah, mon Dieu!’ showed us at once that we had judged very falsely of the height of the hill: and we were the more convinced, when we found that next morning it took us full 4 hours on horseback, to do what we thought to do on foot with our hats under our arms in 2. But the Alps are one of those few things which exceed every account given by the most luxuriant fancy even of those travellers who endeavour to represent everything in the marvellous. I remember I intended when on the top of Mont Cennis to make some kind of comparison with the Hills I then saw above me,

with those you and I have seen in Wales and Scotland, and at that time I concluded that when we were on the top of Mont Cennis, a mountain which is the subject of conversation of all Europe when on the subject of extraordinary hills, I looked up and saw Notre Dame de la Nieve rising immediately from it, which appeared to me much higher than Snowden or Ben Lomond, though I saw it from such an immense eminence as the top of Mont Cennis. But words can give no idea of the appearance of the Alps when seen from the low grounds about Turin. From the church above mentioned there is a most glorious prospect, and the Church itself is finely built, something resembling, though much inferior, to the Invalides at Paris. The King's Summer Palace called La Venerie which we saw the evening before we left Turin has nothing extraordinary on the outside, but contains some very good apartments well furnished and well kept. Was I to stay ever so long at Turin I should always go to Mass with the King, for the moment he enters the church, a most excellent band of music begins playing not the Church Service but Overtures, Concertos, &c. in short quite a regular concert. Our coach being quite in order, our servant equipped in the most perfect Courier style, we left Turin last Monday, and after a day's journey through a very flat and rather disagreeable country we came to Alexandria, which is a large, well fortified city, but contains nothing worth observation ; The next day we began to ascend the Appennines and were surprised to see that most of the trees had lost their leaves and that there were great appearances of Winter being a little advanced, this made us think that we were too late in the season, however a few hours carried us to the top, and as soon as ever we began to descend on the South side of these mountains, our spirits were revived with all the appearances of Summer ; every tree almost with its leaves on, the sides of the hills covered with vineyards, a multitude of country houses with pleasant

cultivated spots round them, and every thing, in short, seemed quite different on this, to what it was on the other side, of the mountain; To give you some idea of what kind of climate I am in now, I must tell you that I am just come from supper where we set with our windows open and one of the Company in his waistcoat, though the 5th of November, and, that by the Thermometer, the middle heat of the day is about 67. This city boasts the noblest situation and buildings of any in Italy. It lays round a large bay and encompassed behind by high hills so that the breadth of the City between the Bay and the hills is only of 3 or 4 narrow streets, but the length is considerable. We took a boat and went out of the harbour to have a view of this stately city, laying round the Bay and were quite astonished at the beauty and magnificence of the view, for the buildings are very fine and lofty, rising one above another, and encompassed by circular hills of the same shape with the Bay. There are 2 streets here which consist of a double range of palaces, which without exaggeration might very well lodge the greatest princes in Europe. Most of the other streets are so narrow as not to admit a carriage, so that, as at Bath, chairs are what one mostly used. The houses in general are some of the highest in Europe, I saw one last night ten stories high, and I am told there are higher. Though the Republic is poor, yet many families here are extremely rich, and their passion is to have fine palaces, so that one is quite amazed at the grandeur of this city. Two or three palaces we have seen, as extensive as those of some princes, and furnished with pictures, statues, &c. to an immense expence. The palace of the Doge is large, but far from magnificent, containing all the courts of Assembly Indication &c.; in the front of the Palace are 2 statues to the memory of the two Famous Dorias; It is singular that those who pay so much respect to Andrea Doria, should be such enemies to Paoli in Corsica, who is pursuing the

same kind of measures ; However it is thought here that Paoli will carry his point. Amidst all this magnificence, the idea is disagreeable of being with people who from the time of the Ancients to this, have retained deservedly the Epithets of Fallaces Ligures. I was so fully persuaded of the justness of this character that when the Innkeeper here at first coming in, asked 18 Pauls for one night's lodging, I immediately bid 9 which he took, and is well paid. But I see again and again that 3 sides of a letter will permit no observations of any length, these I must defer till I see you in England. I long to get to Florence to find there, letters from you ; I set off to-morrow or next day for Milan, thence to Parma, Bologna, and Florence. What improvement I shall make in Physic by my tour I don't know but I have in one hospital to-day seen about 1200 patients—in one Ward 223 ; this is about twice as big and infinitely better kept than the largest and best in London. Count Carburi at Turin, the King of Sardinia's Physician, has given me letters to the principal medical people in Italy. Adieu, or I must make a double letter, and beleive me

“Yours etc.

“L. P.”

“Florence. December 5th, 1767.

“In my last from Genoa, I promised my dear Brother a letter from Bologna, but find that I have insensibly got on to Florence without fulfilling my promise. Indeed I was willing to get here that I might find letters from you, but was much disappointed on my arrival in finding none ; however by the last post I am made happy by a few lines from you informing me of your welfare and with a letter inclosed from Tighe to Naples. As you desired me, I remember, at parting not to take it for granted that you knew anything of the countries from whence I should write to you, I shall continue till you forbid your being

troubled with any more, to inform you, of the plan of Operations I have pursued, since my last from Genoa. The day after, I set out and returned over the Appennines the same way as that which I came from Turin, and which I beleive I described a little in my last. The change of climate from the South to the North side of these mountains again struck us very much. From custom the post horses go as fast down these amazing mountains as on plain ground, and over a road, in parts well paved, but in others, where the pavement is broken up and is consequently very bad; in coming down one of these Great Descents, the Linch Pin of one of our hind wheels came out and the wheel came off. Had our coach been on a perch we must have had a dreadful overturn, but being on Brancas we were only a little alarmed and not the least hurt. As soon as we had crossed the Appennines we left the Turin road on our left, and went to Tortona a small fortified town, from thence through a rich flat country to Pavia famous for having given name to a Battle fought near it in which Francis I. of France was taken prisoner, and for its University whose statutes resemble much those of our English Universities, one of the Colleges viz. that founded by the Borromeian Family is of most beautiful architecture. It is a quadrangle of two stories high having a Colonnade to each story going round it of something the same sort of architecture as that of St. John's Oxford, had it been continued to the 4 sides. Here we entered the Austrian Dominions, and found immediately a great change in the appearance of the Inhabitants, and their houses, for here we saw those monstrous Roofs to their houses which you know we had at Strasbourg and other places on the Confines of Germany. The women appeared handsome, at least the custom of the better sort of women of wearing thin gauze veils made us conceive something pretty under them. There is a pretty considerable garrison at Pavia, and

when the German Sergeants came to ask us where we were going to, who we were &c. &c. it gave us some pleasure to find some people who spoke worse Italian than ourselves. Still keeping on through a rich flat we came to Milan in 2 days from Genoa. Milan is said to be the largest city in Italy, it is 9 miles in circumference ; It is neither well built or populous for its size, for it is said now to contain only 120,000 inhabitants whereas formerly it contained 300,000. It would be impossible in a sheet of paper to give you an account of a place which takes up 3 whole days to see. The Cathedral, so very famous, by no means answered our expectation, I am convinced of its being the largest church I ever saw next to St. Paul's, and perhaps that should not be excepted, for it has 5 spacious Isles. It is of fine Gothic architecture and ornamented with a multitude of statues and figures in Bas and Alto Releifs, the number of which is said to amount to eleven thousand. One particular statue of St. Bartholomew is much admired ; The whole of this immense Gothic pile is all of white marble outside and in, only the colour of it is much altered by the weather and smoke of the city. On the whole we had heard too much of this church, and our expectations were not answered. The top of the Cathedral gave us one more opportunity of seeing the Alps, we had seen them within 3 days and yet our admiration was as great as ever, so difficult it is to retain any just idea of these wonderful mountains. By the bye, I believe I did not tell you how much pleased I was with finding that I had made a just and true theory to myself with regard to the Deer's neck or Bronchiale [goitre], or in plain English the enlargement of the glands of the fore part of the neck so very common in the Alps. Just before coming into the mountainous country I told my fellow travellers that I fancied we should meet with many more women than men that had that disease from the more lax texture

of their glands, and from their living worse than the men usually do. Accordingly to see whether I had judged right I took particular notice of every person I saw, and I believe the numbers were as 5 to 2. You could have no idea how general this disease is there, and often to such a degree as to make them almost appear different animals. On enquiry I likewise found that the women had it much more frequently and violently than the men. But to return to Milan—the Palaces, Churches, &c. here are better to see than to read of, as there are none very remarkable though there are many well worth seeing. I must just mention a passage I met with by chance at the Ambrosian Library here, in turning over a Folio containing the lives of the Popes, and Cardinals, which certainly gave Addison a hint for a beautiful Spectator, though he nowhere says from whence he got the story. In the Life of Cardinal Borromeo a Cousin of the Saint's, is the Passage I speak of. You remember the Spectator of the Lady's Leaving a Surgeon her Fortune after he had divided the artery in bleeding her. I must just tell you likewise that at Milan there is some excellent remains of a Temple dedicated to Hercules consisting of 16 very large fluted Corinthian marble pillars from whose elegance and beauty, I should suppose that they were erected in the purest time of Architecture. Two miles from Milan there is a very remarkable Echo which returns every sound near 50 times. In going to this place in our 'Carosse de Remise' we once more saved our having broken heads from the usefulness of Brancas; the axletree of the hind wheel broke short in half, and the hind wheel went into a ditch, at some distance; our servant behind received a smart blow on his leg, but we were not the least hurt, not being overturned. After 3 days stay at Milan we set off, the 11th of November and got to Piacenza. Time enough that day to see everything there, for we had got out early in the morning that we might have full time to see a fine

picture of Raphael's but we found on our arrival that the King of Poland had been beforehand with us, and had bought it and carried it off a year ago. Piacenza is a pretty large, well built town—has several good streets and good houses, but on the whole it looks a desert, as it is very thin of inhabitants, and in the finest street literally speaking, the grass grows. A few pictures, and 2 Equestrian statues, are the only things worth observation here, so that we set off next morning and came in to dinner at Parma. This is a pretty neat city the residence of the Duke, who is about 16 years old, and bears a good character for his good disposition and abilities: He is rather more lusty than the present Duke of Cumberland, otherwise he resembles him much. Here we saw 2 very capital objects. The finest Theatre in the World and one of Correggio's best pictures. The Theatre is quite on a different construction from any you ever saw, the size you may easily conceive when it is said to be able to contain 14 thousand spectators. It is not built with boxes round it as in other theatres, but has a row of Ionic pillars sweeping round in a large section of a circle from one side of the Orchestra to the other, which has a beautiful effect, behind these are rows of benches for the genteel part of the audience. Under these pillars are other rows of benches descending all round from these pillars, which, I should have told you, were at their base about as much above the stage as the 2 shilling gallery at Covent Garden; but these benches not meeting on each side, leave a large space which would form the pit, but in this theatre this space is reserved for the Exhibition of a spectacle in imitation of the Antient Naumachia [sea fights], for which purpose all this part is lined with lead. When these Naumachia are exhibited it is filled with water, and ornamental boats are put on it, with several stands of candles floating on the surface, which they say has a beautiful effect; This theatre is so excellently contrived that from the farthest part of

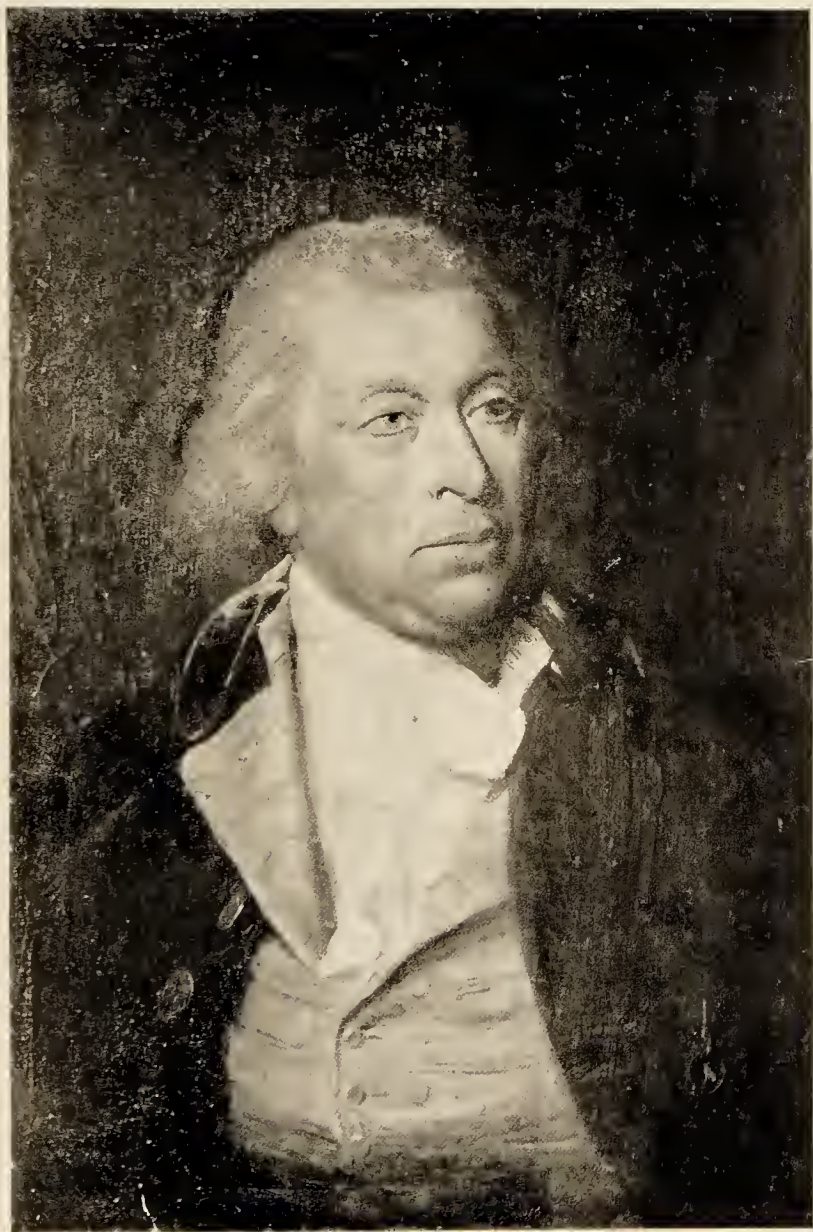
the stage a person speaking in the lowest voice above whispering, is heard all over the House distinctly, and yet let the Actor speak at the extent of the voice, still the sounds are perfectly distinct, as there is not the least echo. You imagine perhaps that I must have been vastly pleased at seeing such a numerous audience in such a magnificent theatre, but I must tell you that the oldest person in the place has never seen above 2 or 3 exhibitions, which have been on very extraordinary occasions such as the Marriage or Coronation of a Duke of Parma, as it costs such an immense sum to such small Princes to put such a theatre in order. As for Coreggio's Holy Family I can not give you the smallest idea, I must only tell you that Webb had given me the highest conceptions of this great Master, and yet that this capital work of his answered my expectations though before raised so high. Indeed was I ever so capable to describe this or any other fine picture, it would give you no pleasure, for as a letter writer on Italy observes, all such descriptions are insipid and tiresome, for that the touches of a Raphael, a Coreggio, or a Michael Angelo must be seen to be admired, and are no more susceptible of a description in words, than is the air of a musical Composition. I think the observation true and shall therefore never attempt in any of my letters anything farther than just to tell you that such and such famous pictures have, or have not, answered my expectation. From Parma we went to Modena, where the Duke of that Dutchy does not reside, but at Milan in Quality of Governor. This is rather singular that a sovereign Prince should leave his own territories to be managed by a Governor, and that he should go to govern other princes' dominions. However though he is out of his kingdom, Modena, to a stranger's eye, does not seem neglected, for within these 4 or 5 years the Duke obliged every inhabitant (who was able) to repair and beautify the outside of his house, and if he was not able the Duke then

did it at his own expence. By this means the Principal Street which runs the length of the City gives a traveller the idea of a clean, neat, well built city. As pictures, and those not very capital, are the only things which are worth observing at Modena, I shall carry you out of that Dutchy into the Pope's Dominions, and in a very few hours' ride, convey you to Bologna, situated at the Foot of the Appennines. I must here observe that ever since we came from the Appennines near Genoa all the way by Tortona, Pavia, Milan, Piacenza, Parma, Modena to Bologna, the country is one vast plain, with hardly so much as a hillock all the way, and this level extends still farther, almost all the way to Venice, so that you will have this conception of the Northern part of Italy, that that Great Space between the Alps and the Appennines is one vast, fertile, rich plain, the richest perhaps in the world, divided into separate States. You have heard much perhaps of the badness of Italian Inns and Italian roads. Hitherto we have found nothing but excellent roads and much better Inns than one commonly meets with in France which you know are by no means bad. From hence to Naples indeed I am afraid we shall find the scene changed. This extensive Flat which I have been mentioning would be by no means beautiful was it not for its peculiarity of cultivation. There are not many enclosures but in general the ground is covered with rows of elms or mulberry trees, each row about 30 yards distant from each other. These rows of trees serve to prop up the vines, which are planted near the Trunks of each tree, and send their shoots round the branches of the trees, which had an excellent effect from the beautiful variety of tints, as we passed by them this Autumn. Under and between these rows of trees is pasture ground or arable land. The pastures in the Parmesan you know are famous for the production of excellent cheese, and indeed I could not help thinking that the Cheshire Pastures resembled the Parmesan very

much. Through most of this Flat country the women wore pretty little hats adorned with ribbands like our Shepherdesses on the stage. Bologna is next to Rome the largest city in the Pope's dominions, and one of the Great Italian Schools of Painting, which produced the 3 Carraccis, Guido, Guercino, Dominichino, Albani, &c. Here you may imagine must of course be excellent pictures without number, so many indeed that had we not insisted on our Cicerone's not showing us any more than the very capital ones, we might have been dragged from church to palace, from palace to convent, and so on for a fortnight. We here saw indeed 4 or 5 capital works of these Great Masters and one of the Still greater Raphael viz : the famous St. Cecilia. This city contains much finer churches than any other, except Rome, in Italy, and several palaces full of admirable paintings ; objects of sight, are, I have said before, impossible to describe so as to give any pleasure, so that though this city is full of some of the greatest yet I shall not attempt any of them. We staid 4 days at Bologna and employed every moment ; in the evenings we went to a very good Burletta, which however I cannot say we attended to much, for on the first night of our going there, we were introduced by a fellow countryman to one of the first women of fashion in Bologna, the Countess of Legnani, who has been a very handsome, and still is, a very agreeable woman. She received us very obligingly in her Loge or Box, and as this was the first Lady of Fashion we had conversed with in Italy we found more pleasure in conversing with her, than in hearing the Opera. This method of paying visits to Ladies in their boxes is very clever. All over Italy it is the custom for a woman of fashion to have a box to herself which is separated from the adjoining ones by partitions, and open only to the stage ; here they receive visits from all their male acquaintance, their male I say, for you know in Italy, women have but little connection

with one another. Here every one talks as loud, and converses just in the same manner as if nobody was on the Stage, except when there comes a favourite song and then there is a profound silence. The Countess was very obliging to us and is so, to most of the English, indeed if you ask any English who have been at Bologna they will know her. She advised us to make the best of our way to Florence, as there was a kind of Carnaval going on here on account of the Marriage that was to have been celebrated between the Grand Duke's Sister, and the King of Naples, had not the poor Arch-Dutchess died the day before the marriage; however as everything was prepared for her reception here, her death did not entirely prevent all the Grand Doings that were intended. Accordingly as soon as ever we had seen Bologna we set off and crossed the Appennines in one day to this place, and arrived at the House well known to all the English by the name of Charles's. Almost all the English live in this house, and considering all things we do not pay very extravagantly. Every body pays 2*s.* 6*d.* a day for his apartment, not quite 4*s.* for his dinner, 8*d.* his breakfast or tea, 1*s.* fire, and if any chooses supper, it is 1*s.* 6*d.* This is very reasonable considering noblemen, and all live in the same manner. The English we found here were some of your acquaintance viz. Lord FitzWilliam, Price, Dr. Barrington's nephew, Bohun. Indeed Lord Cowper, and Pigott, who have been so long in Italy do not live here. The day after our arrival we presented our letter to Sir Horace Mann, who invited us to dinner next day, and in the evening we went to the Opera, which was prepared for the Emperor and the Arch-dutchess. It is supposed to be the Grandest Opera ever exhibited for cloaths, scenery &c., and when I tell you that Raff, Manzoli, and Di Amicis, performed the principal parts, you will conclude it was complete in every respect, the music being by Trajetta, the famous Neapolitan Composer. The merit of Manzoli, and Di Amicis, you are

acquainted with, and Raff is supposed to be the best Tenor in Europe. The Opera house is considerably larger than ours in England, and yet was quite full. The next night was a Masquerade Ball in the Opera house, we borrowed Dresses, and never were more highly entertained. I was pleased beyond measure, for as I had never been at a Masquerade before, every circumstance, every dress, was a curiosity. I was glad to find that English country dances were adopted, and in common use here; at these balls there is no kind of ceremony, every one is quite at liberty to dance where and when he pleases, so that sometimes there are 20 minuets going on at the same time. The 4 following nights the same Opera was performed, then another Masquerade, and then 2 more nights of the Opera, which finished the whole; for when Advent begins no diversions are permitted in Italy. You see by this that we contrived very well to come in for 8 or 10 days diversion here, which was provided on account of the Intended Wedding above mentioned in a remarkably superb manner, for in common times, Raff, Manzoli, and Di Amici, are not found performing together. When we were tired of the Recitative part of the Opera, we went into the box of the Countess Marouilli, Sister to the Countess Legnani, to whom she was so kind as to write to introduce us, and passed there some of the time very agreeably—and in Sir Horace Mann's box almost all the English are usually collected. I find I have insensibly lengthened my letter, so much, that now it is too late to attempt to give you any sort of description of Florence or so much as to tell you that there exist such things as the Venus de Medici, the Madonna della Sedia of Raphael &c. &c. Florence must be the subject of another letter. I must just tell you that I am hard at work at the language with the Abbé Pilon and that I begin to find my tongue a little. Our stay in Florence will be about 8 days longer, we shall go by Lucca, Pisa, Leghorn, and Sienna, to Rome so as to be there on



SIR LUCAS PEPYS, BART.

In the possession of Miss Franks, Woodhill, Herts.

Xmas Day. By comparing notes with other travellers I find I was pretty well informed when I laid the plan for our Italian journey, as I have not yet had and perhaps shall not have reason to alter it in the least article. Pray in revenge for this long letter, give me a long account of your proceedings; the adventures of Westminster Hall, Carlisle House, and No. 11 Lincolns Inn. About money matters I must desire you in general to lay out as appears best to you all moneys which are already, or may be paid in on my account. Pray send me an accurate account of the fate of my Lottery Ticket No. 50522. I intend writing from Leghorn to Kipping and sending him a Parmesan cheese and some Olives. From what I can see as yet I believe I made a pretty accurate calculation with regard to the expence of this tour; it may not be amiss for you to know when you are settling my cash book at Sir Chas. Asgill that I have made draft on his house to the amount of £100. As you pass by Okeeffe's I should be glad if you would look in and see if the chariot stands safe. For the present—my dear Brother—Adieu, let me hear from you as often as you can and believe me with the greatest affection and sincerity,

“Your Friend and Brother,

“L. P.

“Compliments from my Fellow Travellers. Direct your next—

“A Mons: Pepys,

“Gentilhomme Anglois chez Mons: Jerome Belloni
a Rome, Italia.”

“Florence. December 11th, 1767.

“DEAR BROTHER,

“Though I wrote to you from this place very lately, yet as I did not then mention anything relative to this Capital Object in Italy before I left it (which I propose

doing to-morrow) I have set down to send you a few lines that you may know I am gone off for Rome, and hear a little of the glory of the Medici Family in having revived the arts by their protection and encouragement to the Artists of those times, and by instructing them, by exhibiting to their View, the most excellent works of the Antients. Not that I am going off in a panygeric on any of them, but when one has been entertained and instructed for near a month by their means, it is natural, at least grateful, to think of the Founder of the Feast. As soon as ever the Public Diversions were over, which I spoke of in my last, we began to set down to business, and have ever since passed our time pretty much in this manner. Rose at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7, had the Italian Master to look over our translations which we had done over night—breakfasted and out by 9—from 9 to 1 seeing things—from 1 to 3 dressing &c. Dined with all the English at 3—at Dinner from 3 to 5—Italian Master again from 5 to 7—from that time all the evening as we eat no supper we did our translations for next morning, and read and talked over what we had seen in the day. This has been the general outline of our time since we have been here, very uniform, highly agreeable and I think by no means uninstrucing. Florence is one of the largest, best built cities in Italy, on the celebrated River Arno, encompassed on 3 sides by beautiful hills at some distance in the form of an amphitheatre. These hills are full of little white villages and country seats, and were the Olive Trees and vineyards changed into oaks and hedgerows, it would be the most beautiful country in the world. At present it is very striking, and I think more so than the environs of any city I ever saw. To have a perfect view of them I went to Fiesole (a little village now, once one of the 12 great Hetrurian Cities and the Residence of their Augurs, and famous for the death of Catiline) situated on a pretty high hill 3 miles from Florence, from whence I had a fine view of all the plain,

(containing I think more buildings than the Great Flat which you remember about Marseilles called there Bastides), and of the well known Arno's Vale, which is only a continuation of the Great Valley on the banks of the Arno, Florence is divided into 2 parts by this River, which however as all other Italian rivers, wants water except after the melting of the snows from the hills and then they overflow their banks and do great damage to the country. Our lodgings look out upon the river and being situated between two handsome bridges it is much the pleasantest part of the city. One great excellence in Florence is that all that is worth seeing is collected together in two places so that a stranger has not, as in other places, to run about to fifty different churches and palaces; here every thing almost, some trifles excepted, are brought together in one view, and exhibited in the Palaces of the Great Duke and the justly celebrated Gallery, built on purpose for the reception of paintings, statues &c. So far I can tell you that the Pitti Palace, and the Gallery, contain all that is worth seeing in Florence, but how to tell you of their contents is, I am afraid, impossible. The Gallery resembles very much in figure our Picture Gallery at Oxford viz. three sides of a square, and up three storeys high. Under it are the Apartments for the Workmen who manufacture pictures in different coloured stones called the Florentine Marbles. The three sides of the above mentioned Gallery have on each hand statues to the number of about 300, almost all antient and a few of Michael Angelo's. On the left all the way of this extensive Gallery (which taking all the three sides together is almost 1500 feet in length) is one continuous window, on the right there are several different apartments containing Pictures, Antiquities, and other curiosities. In one called the Tribunal are placed the most valuable Statues and Pictures; the Wrestlers, the Arrotino, the Slave whetting his knife and listening, and lastly, that which is undoubtedly the finest piece of

workmanship in the world, the Venus, called the Venus de Medici, are so far beyond anything I had ever the least idea of, that I must get first a new language before I can attempt to speak of them. I find my anatomy of great service to me in judging of statues, and I assure you I have had as much pleasure in passing my hand over the above 4 statues, and feeling them, as I had in seeing them. The Venus seems a work more than human, one has no idea of such perfection, after having looked for 3 whole days at it, I put my hand by accident on the bend of the neck, and since that time from repeated experience am convinced that feeling the delicate turns of every muscle, every veined line of the whole form, gives much more pleasure, and higher satisfaction, than one can receive from the sight of it. This and the above mentioned statues far exceeded all my expectations. I would tell you of several pictures in the Pitti Palace—such as a capital work of Raphael's, the famous Titian's Venus in the Gallery, but I can give you no idea of them. Suffice it to say that I have been above three weeks in seeing the Gallery, and the Pitti Palace, and have had my time fully, and most agreeably employed. After the Operas and plays finished, the *Conversazioni* began, which are nothing more than Routs only that in England there is usually three women to a man, here there are near seven men to one woman. On the custom of Cicisbi, and the horrid idea they have in Italy of society in a future letter. Sir Horace Mann's *Conversazioni* are some of the grandest in Florence, they are every Monday; here one is sure of seeing all the first company, as he lives in a very noble manner; I have dined with him three times in the short time I have been here, and never was served in so magnificent and elegant a manner. I have been at all his *Conversazioni* which I like better than English Routs as there is always plenty of excellent ice which I am very fond of.

“An interruption by the receipt of a letter from my dear

Brother promises always the highest pleasure, but the contents of this which I have just received, changes all my joy into sorrow and affliction. The loss of my nearest relation next to my brother, snatched from us at such an early age brings upon me in the highest degree the *maladie du pays*, and makes me wish that we were together to bear the loss better of her, from whom we expected when she should be grown up, so much satisfaction. However I like to view all things in their best light, and consider this and all other losses which we may sustain, as additional arguments and ties to unite us, more and more firmly together, that though left alone by all our relations and natural friends, we may find in one another all the comfort and satisfaction which others find dispersed in a large family and numerous friends. I by no means pretend to say that I could foresee her death so suddenly, but I must say that in the Spring I thought from all circumstances she was not in a good way, and you know I said all the while that if they would take care of her body, her head would be never affected with those delirious flights. Thank God, I did at that time all that could be done, showed the necessity of taking care of her, I did it in as strong a manner as was proper,—not that perhaps all the cold bathing and bark in the world would then have saved her.

“I think myself much obliged to you for keeping up your connection with Fonnereau and should be very glad in your next to hear whether he employed Graham after I left Brighton, and whether he seems displeased at my having left the care of his family. With regard to my Italian Tour proving more expensive than I expected, I beleive I have calculated very exactly, and am pretty sure that I shall not have occasion for your friendly and brotherly offer. I should have before told you that Lord Cowper has visited me, and I have visited him, but as he is so taken up with his Signora Corsi, I have not had an opportunity of presenting your compliments. I set out

for Rome to-morrow taking in my way Lucca, Pisa, Leghorn, Sienna. I shall be at Rome on Xmas Day—and set off for Naples the day after, in hopes of being in as soon as possible at the Eruption of Vesuvius. You will direct to me at Rome, Chez Monsr. Belloni, as I desired you in my last. If you can send me any letters of recommendation to Rome pray do, for I have none. I am glad to find you are hardening yourself, and stand the Winter's campaign well. Let me hear how law goes on and beleive me, my dear Brother,

“Yours affectionately & sincerely,

“L. P.”

“Roma. December 24th, 1767.

“DEAR BROTHER,

“The day, I beleive after I wrote my last, I set out from Florence for Lucca, which is more famous for its being a small Republic surrounded by several great and powerful States, than for any curiosities it contains. Their territories are small and consequently cultivated to the highest degree. The people think themselves happy and free, and perhaps their Government, which is very near a Pure Aristocracy, is much better than those of the Absolute Monarchs by which they are surrounded. From Lucca we went to the famous Baths of Pisa about three miles from that city called Bagni. This is the great Public Place, the Bath, the Brighthelmstone of Italy. The water is considerably warmer than that of the hottest at Bath, perfectly insipid and inodorous. There are sixteen comfortable, I may say, elegant Baths, the Public Rooms, the Lodging houses, and everything about this Place is admirably contrived: About the end of May the season begins and lasts till the end of September. From hence we went to Pisa, which is a melancholy instance of a large flourishing City losing its trade; since the Port of Leghorn has been so much encouraged, Pisa has declined. It was once a

Noble, well inhabited city, still the buildings and extent of the city are the same, but it is not above half inhabited. The Famous Leaning Tower is indeed a very curious building ; it is near 170 feet high all of marble, with above 200 pillars round it, and inclines from the perpendicular near 15 feet. The Cathedral is a very remarkable building from its being almost entirely built with materials from the Holy Land, all the pillars I beleive are without exception brought from thence and are very valuable remains of antiquity. From Pisa we saw a very fine Aqueduct consisting of near 5000 Arches which was built in the 14th century to convey some fine water from the hills to Pisa. This is still kept in good repair, makes a fine appearance and conveys excellent water, which is bottled and carried often as far as Leghorn and Florence. From Pisa we had a delightful ride through a fine wood of evergreen oaks, cork trees and wild myrtles in plenty, to Leghorn, the only free port in Italy and the great source of the riches of the Tuscan dominions. Leghorn is a very neat city, well built and populous to the highest degree, but it is our connections with it in point of trade, that make it a place worthy an English Traveller's attention. There are seventeen established English Houses here, but the merchants with whom I conversed seemed to think our Trade very much hurt, if not likely to be quite destroyed, owing in a great measure to the Grand Duke not giving sufficient encouragement to our merchants, and likewise to the flourishing condition of some other Ports in Italy such as Genoa, Ancona &c. The cause perhaps may not be known, but the fact is clear that this year there are at this time but 14 English Ships in the harbour whereas for several years past, double that number were usually taking in their lading at this time. Our Consul has a very good house here, there is an English Chapel and the most elegant Church Yard I ever saw. I went up to one of the handsomest Monuments and found it was erected to the Memory of Old Mr. Hewit, the Old

Gentleman whom we met at Montpellier, who was flying from an Apoplectic stroke, which at last however overtook him at Florence, and his remains were deposited at Leghorn. From Leghorn we returned to Pisa and from thence to Sienna which is a miserable, poor, large city : Italian however is spoken here in great perfection. The lowest person almost speaking much better commonly than the better sort of People in other parts of Italy. This is certainly a very good place for an Englishman to come and learn the language, as he may here with great ease be acquainted with the people in the place. The fine Cathedral here is the only Great Object of Curiosity ; from Sienna we set out for Rome, and expected the roads to be much worse than we really found them. I must here observe before I leave Tuscany that all through the Tuscan Dominions the roads are infinitely better than those even of England and France. The borders of Tuscany are very wild and mountainous, and present some fine scenery, as likewise those of the Ecclesiastical State. Soon after our entrance into this State we came to the Lake of Bolsena which is in my opinion next in point of beauty to Loch Lomond and Loch Ness. I could give you plenty of quotations from Juvenal and Silius Italicus on several spots in this journey, but I will spare you the trouble of reading them, as I want very much to tell you that I am in this most celebrated of all Cities. We could have reached this place in 2 days from Sienna but when we came into the Campagna of Rome it began raining, and I did not think it advisable to pass through the Campagna in a wet evening. This is the first time you have heard me talk of rain. I assure you since we left Turin we have not had three showers, and all of them happened in the night. On Tuesday the 22nd inst. we made our entry into this great Capital. Having three days to spend here before we set off for Naples we are just peeping at the principal objects. Yesterday the first thing we did was to go to St. Peter's,

then to the Rotonda, Colosseum, Trojans Pillar, Marcus Aurelius, and Constantine's Arch. To-day we have seen in the Vatican, the Antinous, the Laocoon, the most Divine of all works of Art, the Apollo Belvedere. Hence we went to Vespers at the Pope's Palace, and saw 30 Cardinals together. In these two days I have seen enough to convince me that Rome will give us on our return from Naples very good employment for two months at least. Don't wonder that I say nothing of the above capital objects ; at the bottom of the 3rd page of a letter it would be unpardonable to attempt a single word on the worst of the above great sights. We have pushed on to Rome to be here in time for the Function or Ceremony which is performed in the city to-night on account of our Saviour's Nativity. We are just going to sup with Lord Fitz-William and shall proceed about 12 o'clock to St. Peter's, and from thence to other churches, so that all this night will be spent in seeing the most Splendid Sights. But I had almost forgot the principal purpose of this letter which was to desire you to put the inclosed in the post for Kipping, in which I inform him that a Parmesan Cheese is shipped off for him at Leghorn. I thought some little present from Italy was necessary to him as a kind of refresher to keeping my interest, I have desired him to take a Sussex Lad for me against I come to Brighton the middle of May next, and have given him some little Italian medical intelligence. I can tell you nothing of Rome till my return from Naples ; we propose setting off for that place the day after to-morrow, shall stay there about a fortnight or three weeks and then return to Rome. You will perceive by the manner in which this is written that when I set down I intended only to say, pray put the inclosed in the post, as I would not chuse to make Kipping pay for a Foreign Letter, but I thought I could not better employ an hour before supper than in letting you know where I am, and where I am going to. Direct to me as I desired you in my two last, at Mons : Belloni's at

Rome. Pray in your next give me a short abstract of my bankers' book and the fate of my Lottery Ticket. I have drawn now for £150. I hope to find a letter from you here on my return from Naples, in the mean time beleive me,

"Dear Brother,

"Yours affectionately & sincerely,

"L. P."

"Naples, Jan. 4th, 1768.

"My dear Brother must conceive me writing this from one of the most delightful spots in the world, within 15 yards of the sea commanding the whole Bay, the Island of Capri in front and on my left that Wonderful and at the same time beautiful Object Mount Vesuvius.

"I shall in a few lines acquaint you with what has occurred since my last, in which I beleive you left me going to hear Mass performed by the Cardinal de York. I staid in St. Peters that night till near 4 hours after midnight seeing the several functions which the Cardinal performed. But it was the man and not the ceremony which interested me most. My contemplation of him all the while, made every Transaction of the Revolution pass in review before me, and I felt myself more and more, a firm well wisher to the House of Hanover. The next morning I went early to the Pope's chapel at Monte Cavallo to hear his Holiness say Mass. Seeing him, seated on his throne surrounded by above Thirty Cardinals was a sight that pleased me very much. After he had finished the ceremonies and received homage from the Cardinals and Officers of the Papal Chair, the Cardinals began the Procession out of the Chapel, two by two, which was closed in the noblest manner imaginable by the Pope in his Richest Robes, the Tiara richly adorned with all sorts of precious stones on his head, setting in a grand chair supported by the Guards in armour, by poles which went from the top of one

shoulder to the other. In this manner he passed through a large hall in his palace, giving his benediction to us all, which we received with great humility with bended knees. He seems a good natured old man and as such, his blessing will not hurt us. Being Xmas Day we dined in company with all the English at an English Gentleman and Lady's house, Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf, who have been at Rome several months, and in the evening went to an Italian Oratorio. The next morning we set off for this place expecting to arrive at Naples in two days. Till within a very few months it was always 5 to 3 (to speak in the English Phrase) that a traveller broke his carriage before he got halfway between Rome and Naples ; but happily for us about a year ago the King of Naples, hoping to have the Archdutchess Josepha pass from Vienna to Naples to be his Queen, set about repairing and improving the old Appian Way which had never been thought of being mended these 18 hundred years, so that now there are not above two posts which are bad. In all my former letters I have bragged very much of our luck in fine weather, here it began to forsake us, for we had not got four posts from Rome, before the most violent storm came on I ever remember to have seen ; such thunder, lightning and rain, one has little notion of at this season in England, here it is common, we were obliged to get shelter all night in a little miserable house, from whence we set off early next morning and came to the ruins of the three taverns, the sight of which so much rejoiced St. Paul ; Indeed if one may judge of the goodness of the House by the extensive remains of the cellars, there must have been formerly good cheer. You now envy me travelling the same road with Horace to Brundusium, but I must prevent your being mortified too much, by assuring you that 1700 years have made such alterations, in most of the places and in the general face of the country, that one does not receive so much pleasure as one should expect ; indeed some things

remain the same, and his observation that 'Minus Gravis Appia Tardis' has been confirmed by every traveller since his time. Soon after we had passed St. Pauls three taverns, we came in sight of the famous Island of Circe: Both Homer and Virgil call this an Island, and indeed at some distance it has much the appearance of being one, as it is a very high headland running out into the sea. In passing by this Capital Promontory we had truly classical storms of thunder and rain. However we escaped the fascinations of Circe, and passed on between the storms, through a marshy bad country thinly inhabited, into the Neapolitan dominions. The roads improved very much and we were in hopes of getting to Naples by the Third Night, when much to our mortification we were stopt at a river by the Bridge having been carried away just before, by the sudden rise of the Waters from the violent storms the two days before. We were here obliged to leave our coach and baggage to our servant to go with it a roundabout way 36 miles up the country to meet us at Capua whither we went on horseback and waited half a day the arrival of our carriage. No wonder Hannibal made so long a stay in this rich and beautiful country, though I assure you we were glad to leave Capua for Naples, if it had been only to get our cloaths off, which we had not done for 4 nights, for you must know that the Worst Highland Inn is a Palace to the Inns between Rome and Naples. Still the storms continued and in the midst of a very violent one, we arrived the 29th of December at night at this celebrated city of Naples, formerly called Parthenope. You have heard often and often of the beauty of this Bay, it is indeed so very beautiful that the most lively description of it cannot represent it in the proper light. Sweeping round part of this noble bay lays the City of Naples, on a gentle ascent from the sea, till at last the view of the City is terminated by a pretty considerable mountain, on which stands a fine Convent of the Chartreux. In point of size this is the 2nd

or 3rd largest City in Italy, and crowded with inhabitants. There were thought to be 360,000 souls here before the last Famine and Pestilence which was at Naples about three years ago, and is supposed to have carried off the odd 60,000. This city is tolerably well built, has some fine streets, but in general contains fewer works of Art worthy a traveller's notice than any other large City in Italy, the King's two palaces and the Great Opera House being the only great objects in the place. In one of the palaces are contained all that valuable collection of Pictures, Medals, Camaios &c. which the King of Spain brought hither from the Palace at Parma. The Great Opera House is said to be the largest and finest in all the world. I don't know whether the sight of it finely illuminated is not the 3rd or 4th great object in Italy. Its immense extent, height and breadth, are wonderful. The Pit contains near six hundred seats, with elbows to them, like an armed chair, and space enough to pass to any of them at any time of the Opera. The Boxes go all round the house from top to bottom, are divided into six ranges, one above another, each range consisting of thirty boxes, so that in the whole there are 180 . . . This gives you so very little idea of its extent and immense size. You will ask me perhaps why, as there are so few things to be seen in Naples, I should intend making so long a stay as three weeks. But you will not think that I have allotted too much time for this place when you are informed that Vesuvius, Herculaneum, Pompeii, the Ancient Baia, the Mollis Lucrinus, the Sibyls Grotto, the Lake Averno, &c. are all in this neighbourhood. We begin to-morrow our excursions to these places, and in my next such a truly capital country shall not be forgotten. In the mean time write to me at Rome whither I shall be returned the 18th of this month. Mr. Hamilton [afterwards Sir William Hamilton] the Minister here receives us very politely. Osborn lives in his house. You may tell Lord Eglinton that I have seen in Mr. Hamilton's house the

Venus which Sir James Macdonald bought for Lord Eglinton and left it, at Mr. Hamilton's till it should be sent for. How goes on the Cause of the College of Physicians. I suppose you returned from Christ Church and that Markham has shewn you great civilities. Pray remember me to all freinds. You shall soon hear from me again, in the mean time beleive me Dear Brother,

"Yours sincerely & affectionately,

"L. P."

"Naples. Jan. 14th, 1768.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"Every moment of my time has been so thoroughly employed in this very curious country, that till this evening I have not been able to transport myself to Lincoln's Inn, for the space of a whole hour, though for a few minutes I assure you I am with you every day. Well, now I am in one of your arm chairs, what shall I talk you about. The Wonders of Vesuvius, or the Delicious Retreat of the Romans at Baia? That you may have some distinct idea of the several great objects of curiosity, which are in the environs of this city, I will mention the principal ones in the order we saw them. It happened very luckily for us that the first day we dedicated to our excursions proved remarkably fine, so that we set off immediately with seeing Vesuvius. Keeping along the Bay towards the S. East for eight miles we came to the foot of this celebrated mountain. Here we left our carriage and began to ascend the mountain each on a mule, with each of us two men. The mules conveyed us till the mountain began to be so steep that we were obliged to climb up hands and feet, and the two men before with a strap fastened to them to drag us up. This is the method of ascending the mountain. You must conceive this mountain as composed of 2 mountains. The one standing alone in an extensive plain with its base of a circumference of about fourteen miles. The top of this

mountain is a level of about three miles in circumference and in the middle of this plain rises up in the shape of a sugar loaf the second mountain, which acquires additional dimensions every eruption, for from the top or point of it, which is called the Crater, as the matter boils over, it incrusts on the sides, so that in 20 or 30 years it will gain 40 or 50 feet in thickness, increasing gradually the base of the Cone to the Apex, as the sand falling in an hour glass. On all sides one sees the different lavas of the different eruptions ; at a distance, a bed of lava looks like ploughed land before it is harrowed, but when you come near, it appears composed of immense masses of black Scoria thrown together in the most disorderly manner. This is only the superficies of the lava, as in melted lead and other metals the dross or scoria float on the top, so do these rough masses float unliquified in the liquid burning lava which flows from the eruption. We crossed twice the lava of this last eruption which in several places is still very hot and smokes, it is evidently the most considerable there has been for many years, it has risen for near three miles in length and in some places is above $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile broad. What a sight this must have been ! not but that had I been at Naples at the time, I question if I should have had Philosophical curiosity enough, not to have wished myself at a greater distance. For two days and two nights there were constant shocks of small earthquakes, all the while the mountain bellowing as loud as Thunder, and at last after several explosions as loud as a battery of cannon the lava found its way out, and rushed down the mountain into the plain. In such an abandoned, and at the same time superstitious, city as Naples, you may imagine the effect all this must have had on the minds of the people who did not know but that the next moment they should be all swallowed up in an earthquake. The various processions which were made on the occasion, and the penances some of the first women of fashion inflicted on themselves in the public streets, during the time of

their fright, showed plainly how much they were alarmed. For two or three days those who walked the streets of Naples were obliged to flap their hats that the ashes thrown out from Vesuvius might not hurt their eyes. This eruption however took a lucky course and destroyed only a few vineyards. As you approach near the summit of the mountain you find nothing but loose and in several places hot ashes, which give way so much that you advance but very slowly, each step perhaps sinking in half way up to your knee. The higher you go, the greater difficulty you find in breathing from the smoke coming out from several cracks, where the sulphur is constantly burning. The mountain was not yet quite settled enough to permit us to peep into the Mouth or Crater, which is quite at the Apex, about 90 feet in diameter, at least it was so before the last eruption, but it changes after every one and is sometimes so filled up with lava which has cooled that there is no danger in walking across it. We went as high as the smoke would permit us which as it was a calm, clear day was very near the top. From this mountain we had the most glorious view imaginable of Naples and the whole Bay. This wonder of the world took us up the whole day, and we returned to Naples in the dark, much pleased and satisfied, but much fatigued. After seeing Vesuvius we were naturally led to trace its effects and see Herculaneum, and Pompeii, two cities destroyed by eruptions. Where Herculaneum stood is now built a town, and a palace for the King of Naples, called Portici, in which there is a noble Museum for the reception of what may be taken out from the above two places. As there is a town, as I said above, built over Herculaneum, they are obliged to fill up as fast as they have examined the Old Town under ground, otherwise there would be some danger of the houses falling in, so that at present you only see that part of Herculaneum which they are now examining, which happens to be a Theatre. All the different parts of the Theatre appear

very plainly, and I had the pleasure of seeing the workmen picking out a statue, which was covered with hard lava ; the care which they take in doing this is very great, as they cannot tell what may be the value of anything till it is quite cleared out. To give you an idea of the difficulty they have had in examining this old city, I must tell you that Herculaneum is in many places above 100 feet below the present surface of the earth, and I saw myself, that at present where they are now at work on the Theatre, the lava was near 80 feet in thickness from the top to the bottom, which they had been obliged to cut through before they came to this Theatre, which is an immense work if you consider the lava as stone as hard almost as marble, and of which all the streets in Naples are finely paved. This city of Herculaneum was destroyed in the time of Vespasian. At Pompeii (which is an ancient City seven miles from Herculaneum, discovered within these very few years to have been destroyed by Vesuvius) one sees everything much clearer, for as there is no modern town upon it, and again, as it was not destroyed by a running lava, but by the pumice stones or ashes from Vesuvius, as they clear away the rubbish the city appears. The Appian Way leading to the gate of the City, the gate itself and the sides of the houses on each side of the street appear as clear as Lincoln's Inn. Walking down another part of a street the pavement of which is as perfect and as good as Pall Mall, you turn into a Temple, the altar and every thing remaining in *statu quo*. From thence you go into the Theatre and at some distance are the quarters for the Soldiers, the four walls of the rooms quite intire. I went into a house of some private Roman, saw all over it, his Kitchen, his Baths, his Dining Room &c. several of which have the walls painted as fresh and in as good colours as if done yesterday. In one of these rooms I saw the skeleton of a person in the very posture in which he was found and in which perhaps he was, when the whole city was destroyed. One sees

every thing very clearly here as it is all above ground and only has been covered with these ashes for a few feet, which when removed leaves every place quite clear. As Pompeii seems not to have been a capital City, they will hardly find such treasures as they have at Herculaneum, however some good statues have been already found. To describe the Museum at Portici which contains all that has been found at Herculaneum and Pompeii would be useless as you see in every great Library in England those valuable books of the Engravings of every thing worthy of notice. The order is extremely good in which they are preserved, and shown by a very intelligent person. I could not help observing that we had made but few improvements in necessary utensils, for that the old Roman Gridiron, spit, saucepan, &c. were just the same with those we now use. A great deal of the Antient Painting is here to be seen and in very few other places in the whole world; the Apollo, Venus of Medici, and Laocoon, convince us that we know nothing of statuary to what the Antients did; It is not to be doubted but that they excelled as much in painting; but as we can only now see their Fresco Paintings, we cannot say that we see works of the Antients in Painting superior to those of the Moderns, though several of the above paintings would be very justly esteemed were they works of a Modern. From viewing these, and several other paintings on Etruscan Vases, I am convinced that had not Raphael by some means or other seen some of these Antient Paintings, or Etruscan Vases, his, nor any other Genius without such helps would have been capable of striking out at once of the barbarous track which all his cotemporaries trod, and of leading the way at least, if not of arriving himself at perfection in the Art. Everything in this collection is extremely interesting, because we know the exact time Herculaneum was destroyed, and can form a judgement of the state of the Arts &c. of that precise period. Having finished our

excursions on the Vesuvius side of Naples, we began on the other side of Naples with plucking a branch of laurel from Virgil's tomb. It is situated just out of Naples on an eminence and commands the view of the Bay. The remains of the Tomb are tolerably perfect; These stand at the entrance of the famous Grotto of Pausilippus, the Fabulous Stories about which are various. The most probable is that at first the Hill, or Mountain of Pausilippus, was a stone quarry, that after working it a considerable time the Antients found that by carrying their cut through the Mountain a little further, it would serve for a road, which would prevent them the trouble of crossing over the top of the mountain in their way from Naples to Baia, Cuma, and Puteoli. At present it is a high road through a rocky mountain, the entrance of which is about 60 feet high, broad enough for two carriages to pass, near a mile long, quite strait, so that at entering at one, you see the entrance at the other end. There is no light but in two places, where the Solid Mountain is pierced from above to let in fresh air and give some light; On the whole as the Devils Arse in the Peak is the most curious natural cavern, this is by far the most wonderful artificial one. The next place we came to was a natural curiosity of the most singular and interesting kind; the celebrated Grotto del Cane, so called from dogs being the common subjects of experiment there: In a little niche of a rock about three yards long and one broad is this Mephitic Air, which rises only a foot from the surface, for at a few inches above a foot from the surface, the air is good and fit for respiration. We put a lighted torch into this Mephitic air and it went out immediately, we held a dog with his nose in this air, and after violent convulsions from oppressed respiration, in 5 minutes he fell quite motionless as an animal in an air pump; we immediately lifted the dog up and held him in the common air and in a few minutes he came to himself and ran away. We tried several other experiments

amongst the rest we knelt down ourselves in this air to try the sensation but we instantly felt the effect it had on our breathing and got up directly. From this Grotto to Pozzuolo, the Antient City of the Puteoli, is a delightful ride of six miles on the borders of the Bay. Within these few years they have discovered near this town a magnificent Antient Temple dedicated to Serapic which had been covered a few feet under the surface by some neighbouring Volcano-earthquakes, and Volcanos in this part of the country have been so frequent that the face of the country is almost entirely changed. The famous Lucrine Lake is now almost filled up by an earthquake in the year 1538 in one night, in which single night a mountain called now Monte Nuovo rose up close to the Lake, after a violent Volcano which lasted two days and drove the Inhabitants from their houses for several miles round. In one night to have a hill near as high as Highgate rise out of a flat, is one of the most singular events we know of. At present it is well cultivated with vineyards. Not two miles from Pozzuolo there is a large barren spot of above 300 square yards which feels quite hot under your feet, in two or three places there are pits cut down out of which issues a smoke as from an immense furnace ; they avail themselves of this natural sulphureous exhalation and prepare a great deal of vitriol and sulphur from these pits. If a large stone is thrown on the ground anywhere hereabouts, you are convinced everything is hollow under you from the sound. Some of the Roman Emperors, and in particular Nero, made use of these natural fires for his baths, indeed the whole of the Baths are natural, for there is a great deal of water in several places passing over these subterraneous fires which absolutely boil. Nero dug down to one of these Reservoirs of water, and the Passage to it still remains, which we went to see. The passage is cut through a rock just enough for one person to pass along. After advancing a few paces we were convinced of the propriety of our

guides telling us to strip to our skin, which we accordingly did and proceeded ; After a few yards the air was so hot that we were in the most violent sweat, the heat of the air increased till we came to the water, which was about 100 yards from the mouth of the Cave ; we put some eggs into the water which were boild in the space of 3 minutes. We could hardly bear to stay the 3 minutes in this hot air, which marked on our thermometer 112 degrees of Farenheit, our pulses beating near 160 in a minute ; we returned back, put on our cloaths, eat our eggs, and went away astonishingly surprized at this great natural curiosity. What treacherous ground are we now upon ! what fuel for Volcanos and earthquakes is under our feet ! To hear the water boil under you, steams of sulphur all around, make you imagine yourself already on the other side the Styx. But, I must conduct you to Lake Avernus and the Sibyl's Grotto. Since Virgil's and Lucre's time birds do not die in passing over the Avernus ; Some Volcano has altered this phenomenon. Virgil is an excellent Cicerone through the Sibyl's Grotto, it is admirably described, *Spelunca Alta fuit &c.* I find I have so many things to tell you of in this Bay of Baia, that I shall only just tell you that this is by far the most Classical Spot in Italy. One passes by the mountain where the Falernian Wine grew, Cicero's house, Old Temples innumerable, in short, the Winter Quarters of the Old Romans, Baise.

“ ‘ *Littus beatoe Veneris Aureum
Bayas superbæ blanda Dona Naturæ
Ut mille Laudem, Flacce, Versibus Bayas,
Laudabo digné non satis tamen, Bayas.*’

MARTIAL.

“The situation, the climate, the views from it, everything is delightful. There are still some remains of the house of Marius, Sylla, Pompey, Nero, &c. The Promontory of Misenus is a very high headland running out into the sea,

that Virgil should prophecy that it would preserve its name is very singular.

“‘Monte Sub Aerio, qui nunc Misenus ab Alto
Dicitur, aeternumque tenet per Saecula Nomen.’

Close to this Promontory are the Elysian Feilds, and many other equally well known places. We always return to Naples at night pleased, delighted and instructed in the highest degree.”

“Rome. January 27th, 1768.

“Being too late for the post I have brought my letter to Rome. We staid a day or two at Naples after we had seen everything for the King’s Birth Day. We had the honour of being introduced to his Sicilian Majesty, by our Minister, Mr. Hamilton, whose polite behaviour, good sense, taste, and good nature, make the stay at Naples highly agreeable to his countrymen. The Birth Night exhibited to us the finest sight we had ever beheld. The Great Opera house illuminated in the finest manner imaginable. The company most richly dressed with the king and all his attendants in the center. This was certainly one of the greatest objects we have seen. In returning to Rome we went a little out of our way to see Caserta, a palace now building for his Majesty. It is covered in, in some parts, when finished it will be infinitely superior to Versailles or any other palace in Europe. Now I am got quite well I may tell you that I paid a little dearly for my curiosity in going to examine Nero’s baths. I own it was imprudent, but it was too curious an object to leave unobserved. A very few hours after I came out of them I found myself not well, but not quite ill till I got to Capua, on my return to Rome. Though I am a Medical Man, I can give my complaint no name; I had constant flying pains all about me during the whole of the journey, which continued for a day or two after I came here, but by taking care of myself I am quite well, and in

the midst of Antiquities, Paintings, Statues, &c. On my arrival I found a letter from you, by which I find you are gone to Bath, and that your eyes and spirits want a little refitting. I make no doubt but that it is all from the same cause, too much thought and attention to business. Bath, I hope, will send you back to London quite restored. As to my money matters whether I shall buy part of a mortgage or stocks, I beg you would do for me just as you please. You are quite right that the Circus at Bath is beyond anything in Italy except St. Peter's. The great expence of travelling in Italy is a joke—an Economist may do great things here for little money. If all my expences amount to £400 I give you leave to say that I am no calculator. This very moment brings me another letter from my dear Brother, I am glad you don't mention your eyes and spirits, I hope both are as well as ever. Your agreeable reception at Oxford must have pleased you very much. The account you give me of the Frost at Bath is wonderful; sure the thermometer could never be so low as 4. I shall have escaped a Winter intirely. You ask me if there is any chance of your letters being opened I should fancy not the least. As to writing to Musgrave about the Radcliffe's Studentship, I think it will do no harm to be informed when it is vacant, though I think if it is not vacant in two years, I shall be in a way to think it no object, considering the losing five years abroad. Potter will very likely be Chargé d'Affaires at Trinity as Shirley is dead. I take it for granted your eyes are better or else should not have given you so long a letter. What success in the Lottery? Pray in your next, a balance of my Cash Book at Sir C. Asgill's. I shall stay at least till the 14th of March so direct to me here accordingly. Pray write soon or I shall be gone to Venice. Adieu my dearest Friend and Brother. Beleive me yours affectionately and sincerely,

“ L. P.”

NOTE.—Sir William Hamilton, K.C.B., was Ambassador at Naples for thirty-six years. His mother was nurse to George III., who on coming to the throne, made young Hamilton his equerry. His excellent taste was shown in the antiquarian researches he made in the vicinity of Naples. His collection of antique vases was purchased, after his death, by the Government for the British Museum. He died in 1803. His wife, the celebrated Emma Lady Hamilton, took a prominent part in the affairs of Naples; she was the friend of Nelson, to whom she was sometimes useful as a political agent, and served as a model for Romney.

“Roma. Feb. 24th, 1768.

“DEAR BROTHER,

“I must not only thank you for a letter of the 22nd of January but in a very particular manner assure you, how sensible I am of your great care and concern in managing my money matters for me in my absence. Had I been one in the Consultation in your Chambers I should have been of the same opinion with you, for you know I am no friend to risking anything in the Bank, or India Stock. I am glad you laid the writing of the Mortgage before Banks, for perhaps had you not done so, you might have burnt your fingers. Since my last I have had every hour employed; for besides the ordinary engagements of palaces, churches, ruins &c. the afternoons have for the last ten days of Carnival been taken up with Horse Races and Masquerades. In many parts of Italy there are no public Diversions in any other part of the year but in Carnival Time which is from Christmas Day to Ash Wednesday. At Florence, Venice, Turin and Naples this rule is not strictly observed, for though they have not Operas, yet they have often plays, and burlettas, at other times of the year. Here, at Rome, there are no public diversions but in Carnival time, when there are two very large houses open for Operas every night, one for Burlettas, two for Italian Comedy, and one for a mixture of Burletta and the humours of Harlequin, Pantaloon &c. The two Opera houses and the Burletta are much frequented, the other Theatres are on a footing infinitely



Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Engraved by H. Hudson.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, BART.

lower than you can conceive any representations at Bartholomey Fair, consequently nobody but the lower sort of people go to them. In this city as it is the seat of all Holiness, no women are permitted on the stage ; so that the women's parts in the Opera are always performed by men dressed in women's cloaths. Not so much as a female danser is permitted on the stage, but boys and men dressed as females. There are no other public diversions but the theatres all Carnival, till the last ten days, when the masquerades and Horse Races begin. For the two last years there was such a Famine in all the Ecclesiastical State, that no masquerades or Horse Racing were permitted—a kind of penitence. This last season has been more favourable, tho' the poor suffer very much from the high price of corn. As there had been none of the pleasures of the Carnival permitted for the two last years, this year every body seemed to do everything in their power to make this Carnival as gay as possible. I said before, that the Masquerades, and horse races were only the last ten days. Nothing is done in the mornings but an hour after midday the great Bell at the Capitol rings, as a token of the Pope's permission for every body that pleases, to go about in Masquerade dresses. There is such a passion here for masks that the very poorest people will stunt their bellies to buy a mask. Immediately after the ringing of the bell you see all sorts of dresses about the streets, acting their respective parts. About 2 hours after, at about 3 o'clock every coach almost in Rome and every person go to the principal street which is quite strait and is about a mile long and wide enough for three coaches to pass abreast, besides foot passengers. The instant a coach comes into this street which is called the Corso, it falls into the rank which it is obliged to keep all the while, so that all the coaches go up on one side of the street, and come down the other. The number of noble, and at the same time elegant carriages, is nowhere

to be seen at the same time so great, as on this occasion : for you must know that the Italian Princes and nobility know no other expence than those of fine carriages, and a number of servants richly dressed. This you may conceive is one of the prettiest sights imaginable, passing along by hundreds of beautiful coaches, the persons within either richly dressed out of masks or in very pretty masquerade dresses, and on each side the whole street lined with people on foot, keeping up as much as possible the spirit of the character which they personate. The windows likewise and balconies covered with tapestry or some kind of hangings, as full as they can hold with spectators. This moving about the street continues for about two hours, no carriages passing in the middle rank but those of Princes, who take that privilege and show sometimes great taste in having singular kind of machines ; There were one or two in the shape of the Antient Triumphant carrs very elegant. At about 5 o'clock, every coach is ordered to stop and arrange themselves on each side as near the houses as possible. In a very few minutes the middle space is cleared and several of the Civil Magistrates pass up and down on horse back to see if all the coaches are properly placed. When they are, he goes to the bottom to let the Governor of Rome know, and receives orders from him to go to the top and let the race horses start, who are all at the other extremity of the street ready to set off the moment the Orders arrive. The method of the horses running is a very singular sight to an Englishman : For they have no riders, but only a kind of spring fastened round their bodies which the faster they run the more it spurs them on. The signal for starting being given, 5—6 or whatever number of horses there happen to be, set off as hard as possible down the Corso between the carriages to run to the end and which ever horse passes a particular line at the end first, gets the prize, which is a large peice of embroidered velvet or Silk worth about

20 pounds, furnished by the Jews who live in Rome: It is said that formerly the Jews were obliged to run themselves. You may imagine that horses without riders running so rapidly between two lines of coaches often meet with accidents. In the 10 days of the Races no less than three horses were killed on the spot. One I saw myself, run with such violence against a wheel of a carriage that he knocked the wheel off. The horse of course fell, but got up again and after running a few yards dropped down dead. As soon as the Races are over the bell sounds again at the Capitol and every body is obliged to unmask, as no masking here is permitted when it is dark. About an hour after dark every body goes to some theatre or other, and so finishes the day. The same thing is repeated for 10 days following at which time the Romans take their fill of pleasure for the whole year. I should have told you that as you pass along in your carriage, it is the custom to throw sugar plumbs at your acquaintance, and it is thought a compliment to a pretty woman to throw a few at her though you don't know her. Sometimes one carriage attacks another with sugar plumbs and a fire from each ensues with great spirit till the conquer'd drives off when he finds the pelting too severe for him. I have given you a long account of these ceremonies as they are quite peculiar to Rome, and are perhaps new to you. You tell me in your last that Wyndham has made you happy by assuring you that you have seen one of the best remains of Antiquity. Now I have seen every antiquity in Rome I not only agree with him in telling you that you have seen one of the best antiquities, but farther assert that the Maison Quarrée at Nismes is the most beautiful remains though not the most magnificent in the World. The Colosseum to be sure and the Pantheon exceeds every thing in the sublime and grand style, but in the beautiful I prefer the Maison Quarrée to every thing. Though there are certainly great objects among the Antiquities of this place yet on the whole I

must own I have been more disappointed in this respect than in any other, I mean with regard to the remains of buildings, for the Antique statues have given me higher pleasure than I thought it was possible in the Art to give me. The Apollo, Laocoon, Dying Gladiator, in short there are six or seven statues here that convince me how much farther Sculpture has gone, and how much nearer arrived to perfection, than Painting, if we may judge from what we have of the best Painters, such as Raphael, Domini-chino, Guido, Carracci &c. You have always heard that at Rome English Travellers set down seriously to business and study the great objects in the Arts they have before them. I wish this was true literally speaking ; for the generality who are here now, seem to me more employed in what they call getting into company, than in attending, and making use properly of the short, and precious time they stay at Rome. This getting into company is nothing more than going to several Conversations, which I think a man of sense after seeing two or three would never wish to see another. You made me laugh by asking me very gravely what was the turn the Conversation generally took at these Conversations. Never was a name so improperly applied. They are mere Routs, with this difference, that every woman who is not engaged at cards, sets always with her Cicerone by her side, with whom she can chat in a freer manner, she seldom wishes to have others engaged with them in their discourse. It is easy enough for an Englishman to go to as many of these Routs as he pleases, but soon after I came to Rome I found that I could not make the proper use of my time at Rome, if I made Conversations my object, so have avoided them as much as possible. The common manner in which I pass the day usually is as follows : Up at 7, shave, put on shirt and Frock dress, for the day, except any particular place in the evening now and then requires my dressing : Breakfast and out by nine : The coach is constantly at the door a quarter before that

time. From 9 to $\frac{1}{2}$ after 1, feasting the eye with pictures, statues, antiquities, and *tout ce qu'il y a de plus beau a voir*. Return and dine a little before 2 and after two hours repose, for selves and horses; about 4 o'clock sally out again till it is dark. We drink tea, and afterwards each of us retires to his room and studies for two or three hours, a little before 10 we meet and eat an egg or some trifling thing for supper and about 11 move off to bed. This is the usual course of the day; to show you how seldom I break in on this plan I must tell you that during the whole Carnival I went but to four Operas and one Burletta. Considering the very comfortable, not to say luxurious manner in which we live I think we are here at a pretty reasonable rate. Coach £10 per month. Lodgings (the best in Rome) £10 per month. Firing £2 per month. Dinner 3s. a head—in short altogether every thing included we don't spend a guinea a day apeece. I find my account of the Carnival has taken up all my paper so that I shall write to you again soon. I am afraid that after we leave Venice, we shall come forwards to England so fast that no letter sent off from you after the 20th of March will overtake us. Though England is at immense distance yet we shall turn our horses' heads that way about the 10th of March, and go up by Loretto to Venice. Thence through the Tirol, to Ausburgh, Dusseldorf, Holland, Flanders, Calais. I suppose you know Potter has some appointment as Minister or Envoy at Turin, Bohun and Archedeckne here desire their compliments. As I promise to tell you something about Rome in my next, excuse my having taken up your time with this about nothing. For the present Adieu.

"Yours affectionately,
"L. P."

"Roma. March 2nd, 1768.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"Though I wrote last week, yet as the time for my leaving Rome now draws very near, I am desirous to write to you once or twice more before I set off for Venice, otherwise I shall hardly have an opportunity before my arrival there, as there are no places on the road of consequence enough for us to make any stay at them. I think I can now say that I have seen Rome in as perfect a manner and with as much attention as most of my fellow countrymen. Crispin, and several others, whose opinions I had, before I left England, are all quite right, to recommend as long a stay at Rome as possible, as undoubtedly it is an object far superior to all the other places in Italy put together and yet to tell you truth, and not *bully* you I think on the whole my expectations of this place were raised so high from seeing prints, reading accounts, and hearing Travellers talk, that except in the article of statuary, the objects themselves have not come up to what I expected from them. This you will say could never be the case, had the objects been infinitely superior to what they are, as from the writings and conversation of Travellers it is impossible not to form to yourself some imaginary perfection, which can never (except in statuary as I said before) be with reason expected. I would if possible give you some account of these statues which have pleased me and improved me so much, but you will not expect it from me, when I tell you that the very best models by the very best modern Masters, and the best drawings, give not the least idea of them, much less will a few lines in a letter. There is a perfection in the fine Greek statues which can no more be conveyed or expressed by words, models, or drawings, than the finest passage in Homer can be rendered in any other language without its losing so much of its force and energy, as to reduce it to a

possibility of its being equalled by an Inferior Poet. Though I cannot describe, yet I must give you a short catalogue of these statues in the order of perfection in which, in my opinion, they should be placed. First then, unquestionably is the Belvidere Apollo, and the Venus de Medici—in both these the Ideal Beauty is carried far beyond a person's conception who has not seen them. The next in order are the Dying Gladiator, the Laocoon, the Fighting Gladiator, the Dancing Fawn, the Wrestlers, The Arrotino as it is called *i.e.* a Slave whetting a knife, The Antinous, The Sleeping Fawn, Papirius and his Mother, Arria & Poethy, Seneca in the bath, The Gladiator reposing; with five or six more, compose the catalogue of the first statues in the world. In this every body agrees, but in Painting what variety of opinions! what criticisms, and how often a picture is disregarded by one which is by another thought a *Chef d'Œuvre!* The reason of all this is obvious, there is no standard to refer them to, no certain criterion of perfection; indeed we call Raphael the best and first rate Painter. In composition to be sure we can have no better, no greater Master, but then how much more is wanting? To have absolute perfection we must have Raphael's design, the clear obscure of Coreggio, and Titian's tints. In Raphael's great Picture of the Transfiguration you ask me perhaps whether, as all the world agree in calling it the best picture ever painted, it may not be called perfect. Though it is by far the finest picture I ever saw, yet still if we look for perfection, much is wanting: the upper part of the picture has little or no connexion with the under, not to enter into a minuter criticism.

“When you was at Paris you remember to have been told that the Duke of Orleans' Gallery contained the best collection of pictures of any in the world. If you never see Italy I can assure you that you lose less in this respect than in any other, for as one collection, the Palais Royal

exceeds any other two I have seen in Italy ; to be sure there are single pictures here superior to any in that collection, but still it is only going a step farther, for to a man who has not seen the few, very few, capital pictures here, those in the Palais Royal are to him no contemptible standards of excellence. You see I don't intend to bully you, but tell you fairly things as they are. I am afraid however you will think that I don't follow this plan, when I begin to tell you about St. Peter's. I hardly touched upon it in any of my former letters, as I could not have my own ideas about it clear for some time. It was an object too great to take in at once, all the proportions so fine, that it hardly appeared to me larger than St. Paul's, and yet I must mortify you a little by assuring you that though you look upon St. Paul's as an immense building, yet that the whole length of St. Paul's is just equal to the Cross Isle in St. Peter's. The length of St. Paul's is about 510 feet—the length of St. Peter's 730. There are in Italy no less than two other churches of equal dimensions with that of St. Paul's, viz : the Cathedrals of Milan and Florence. To give you any idea of St. Peter's I must take notice of all the dimensions, and then without plans before you, you can have but little idea of its astonishing beauty and magnificence. This therefore I shall defer till I come to England, and bring with me some very fine prints of this and several other buildings and scenes in this place. As the largest room the Antients ever had is remaining pretty entire, one may judge how much superior this modern wonder of St. Peter's, is to any of theirs that we now know of. This large room which I mention is part of the Thermoe Diocletiance where the Company assembled or walked, before they used the baths, or went to divert themselves with any of the exercises which were practised in these Thermoe ; for the word Thermoe comprehends all the different apartments adjoining to the baths, containing libraries, rooms for several exercises &c. so that

the whole together formed an immense building. Diocletian employed 40,000 Christians in building these, 30,000 of whom are said to have perished by being badly fed and treated, whilst employed in such laborious works. Though these emperors could command men enough in these great works, yet how and by what means such very wonderful columns of marble were erected all of one peice, how a large Frize architrave and Cornish, of one peice of marble 4 times bigger than any we could now get placed on the top of these columns with all our improvements in the Mechanics were got up and placed is wonderful. I don't like to beleive that we are inferior to them in our knowledge of Mechanics and yet I am afraid there are sufficient proofs of it.

“Now I have touched a little upon Antiquities I must mention a strange similarity there is now in The Forum Romanum with what it was in the time of Evander when Aeneas came to the good old King. The Forum Romanum is situated between the Mount Palatine and the Capitol, the great scene of business, the Place the most crowded with magnificent buildings, close to the Palaces of the Emperor, in short the Forum Romanum has now scarce a habitable house on it, some few remains of the Great Temples which were there, and is now called the Campo Vaccino. I have read the six last books of Virgil lately and they appear to me quite in a new light as being on the spot, and having the Scene of Action before my eyes. For the future I shall not only understand better, but be more interested in reading the Latin Classics, so many places being mentioned in them with which I am now so well acquainted: Cicero's Villa at Tusculum, I now know very accurately. There is a Mosaic Floor of a room remaining in it as perfect as in Tully's time; the pleasing Ideas, the kind of Classical enthusiastic sensation which one has in treading the same floor that Cicero did, is a kind of delightful dream which is felt at the time, and on

the spot, but cannot be expressed. I am most agreeably awakened out of my dream by the receipt of a letter from you of the 9th of Feb.; by the dates of your letters mentioned in this last, I find I have received them all, and hope by this time that you will find them acknowledged in mine. By this letter I still find farther cause for my thanking you for the care you take in the management of my money affairs, and particularly as I know you hate the idea of everything that belongs to Change Alley and its appurtenances. I congratulate you much on your resolution of going the next Oxford circuit; now I think you are fairly in for it; I never was afraid of your not surmounting every difficulty in your profession, but that of going through a little of the Mechanical part of the Profession; if bumping on a hack for a few circuits without the hopes of a shilling may be so called. You flatter me with the thoughts that my hopes and prospects are brighter and clearer; we shall both have great difficulties to combat with, yours certainly will be greater than mine: However be the event what it will, as we have been happily educated in the firm persuasion that all our undertakings are mere secondary pursuits, we shall, I make no doubt, be contented, should neither of us arrive at that very point which we have set before our eyes, and are contending for. The Article of Intelligence of there being eleven of the Corporation of Oxford sent to prison is very curious and pleases me much. If you are not contented at London with your present performers at the Operas, I don't know what the Managers will do, for from Italy there is not to be had any singer at all equal to Guarducci. As I am going early to-morrow morning to Tivoli to spend the day there, I must bid you good-night. Perhaps you think me cruel to tantalize you so much as to tell you that I am going to that delightful place. Would you were going with me. Pray direct your next letter to Spa near Liege where I shall be about the 14th of April.

I beleive the following direction will be the best: A Monsr. Pepys, Gentilhomme Anglois, aux soins du Maitre de la Ville de Londres jusqu'a son arrivée, Spa. You need not put Liege on the direction. Pray write that I may have a letter from you by that time. Adieu, believe me

"Yours affectionately and sincerely,

"L. P."

"Venice. March, 1768.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I promised in my last to write to you once more from Rome before I left it, but as the plot usually thickens pretty much when the Catastrophe is near coming on, so for several of the last days I spent at Rome, I had so many objects which I wished to return to, to see again and again, before I left them for ever, that insensibly I found myself on the road to this place without having fulfilled my promise to you. However my taking this very first opportunity here will, I hope, attone for my neglect. We arrived last night in this most singular city, a very fine journey of about 10 days from Rome. I left Rome with the same sentiments that every person must have who has seen it thoroughly, which are those of respect and veneration for its Antiquity and Former Greatness, of pleasure and admiration for its containing every thing that is perfect and worthy of observation in the Arts, and of the highest satisfaction in the present and future improvement, which does and must arise from the having seen and considered that city and its contents. In all my letters I beleive I told you we had quite escaped a Winter, for that the weather had been clear, fine and as warm weather as we have in England in May, nay sometimes in June. A few days however before we left Rome we had three or four very severe cold days, and the snow laid in the streets above 8 hours, ever since we have had most delightful

weather, such blue skys, such a clear air, in short an Italian Climate with Englishmen and an English constitution, would be a kind of Heaven on Earth. From what I have felt of the heat of the sun in Italy in March I would venture to say, that no English should ever think of making a summer tour. Should he get to Rome without prejudicing his health, which perhaps he might, what advantage would it be? Instead of a pleasure, it would be excessively disagreeable to see the different objects when the heat would be so great as to make him uncomfortable if not miserable before them. If I am not mistaken my last finished with informing you that I was just setting off for Tivoli and Frascati. Frascati is a pretty large town about 12 miles to the south west of Rome situated on the middle of one of the Ranges of Hills which terminate that immense tract of flat, barren, miserable country, called the Campagna of Rome. Near this town on the hills are the country houses of the Great Nobility of Rome, who come here and stay all May and June then return to Rome the first of July, and stay there till the first of October when they come here again and stay till about the middle of November. The Romans are ridiculously exact in this, thinking that the bad air begins in the country exactly the First of July or thereabouts, and finishes the first of October or thereabouts. Besides the several seats of the nobility, most of the people in the town let lodgings to those who will take them for the season; in one of these poor Sir James Macdonald was, you know, confined for some time. There are some very fine views from some of the gardens of the above mentioned seats, which are scattered about the neighbouring hills very prettily, but the houses themselves are nothing extraordinary, and the grounds are laid out in the old fashion, straight line style. Indeed the Jet d'Eaux in several of these Villas are very pretty and what I never saw before, they have made use of the air which is

conveyed in the water pipes always with the water, to make sound several musical instruments. Amongst those modern Villas towards the summit of a high hill on which stood the Ancient City of Tusculum, are the remains of Cicero's Villa. The remains indeed are but small, but these are in very good preservation, being only a few peices of wall and the Mosaic work of a floor of a room of his house, the subject of which is a Medusa's head in the middle, surrounded with several hieroglifical figures and flowers. The colours and arrangement of the whole of this mosaic are as fresh and perfect as if done yesterday. Tivoli is another town on the same ridge of hills about 10 miles east of Frascati, about 18 miles from Rome. Here likewise there are a few, but only a very few Villas. There are ruins here of one of the greatest Villas in the world, built by Adrian from whence several of the finest statues in Rome have been dug up. Parts of this great whole remain now very perfect, the rest make beautiful ruins. The space occupied by the Imperial Villa, the Temples, the Place for the Guards and the necessary apparatus of a Court, is near 5 miles in circumference. At the other end of the town of Tivoli there are some fine ruins of the Noble Villa of the Mecenass which appears to have been very magnificent. But the most beautiful antiquity there or perhaps any where else is the Temple dedicated to the Sibylla Tiburtina. Nothing can exceed its elegance. I shall not do it the injustice to give a bad description of it, but will wait till I show you some very fine prints of it which I have shipped off for England with some other things. Not far from this Temple is the famous Fall of Tivoli being the whole river Arno falling down a rock about 40 feet, the breadth of the river is about 30. This you see is nothing of a Fall to you and me who have seen Powerscourt. After this First Fall the river runs very gently through clefts in rocks and divides into several branches which all make several beautiful Falls into the

river below, about a mile from the first Fall. These are called the Cascadellas and are very beautiful for though not great Falls, yet are finely accompanied with wood and craggy rocks. On the whole the country is so romantic and beautiful that I entirely agree with Horace when he says :—

“ ‘ Me nec tam Patiens Lacedæmon
Nec Tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ
Quam Domus Albunæ Resonantis,
Et Præcept Anio, ac Tiburni lucus, et Uda,
Mobilibus Pomaria Rivis.’

The Resonantis Albunæ, the Præcept Anio, and the Mobilibus Rivis are very happy epithets and describe the place exactly. I am not sure if I am right in my quotation, as I have sent all my books to England by sea. Tivoli was deferred to be seen till near the time that we left Rome that we might spend a long day there. On the road thither is a curious sulphureous lake and stream issuing from it, with its water strongly impregnated with sulphur and it is tepid though not warm. The ensuing Election has perhaps been the cause of their being so few Englishmen now in Rome and in the other parts of Italy. Before we left Rome we counted noses, and found only eighteen English, whereas usually in Lent there are near forty. But I find I must get out of Rome at the top of the Third Side of my paper, or I shall not get to Venice by the bottom. On March then the 12th we bid Addio to Old Rome, and lay the first night at about 30 miles distance. The next day we came the first stage to Narni, a little town beautifully situated on the side of a ridge of the Appennines commanding a very fine plain. Near this town is a very noble remain of Roman magnificence ; to carry the road over a river from one rock to another Augustus built one of the finest bridges in the world of Marble consisting of . . . noble arches—one remains intire, the others are in fine ruins.

This which remains, which is not the center arch, is of considerably larger dimensions than the center arch of Black Friars Bridge. What a glorious, beautiful sight! Such noble architecture, and built by Augustus! What must the Bridge have been when intire? From Narni to Terni we passed through a fine fertile Vale, between two Bridges of Mountains; at Terni we took horses to go to the Fall of Terni about five miles off. The road thither is very Romantic, following the course of the Rapid Stream of the Nera through woods and rocks till we burst on a sudden on the most wonderful, greatest and most beautiful Water Fall in Europe. The whole river Nera falls as if from having broken its boundary on the top of the rock and tumbles at one fall into a hollow in the rock below, about 250 feet, then from that first basin in 4 or 5 different falls about 100 feet more. The breadth of the river at the top is about 80 feet. From these dimensions you may conceive what a noble fall it must be, but without seeing how gloriously this is accompanied by rocks and woods you cannot form to yourself a just idea of this sublime and beautiful sight. Suffice it to say that this of Terni is beyond any other Waterfall I ever beheld, Powerscourt even not excepted. The next day our road lay through the Plains of Foligno, from whence we began to ascend the second highest mountain over which there has been a road carried. Mont Cennis in the Alps is the first, next to that, the Colle Fiorito on the Appennines is the second. The Ascent of this mountain, the Plain on the top, and the descent on the other side is altogether above 30 miles. Though we felt the heat in the plains rather disagreeable, yet on the top of this high mountain we found nothing but snow near 3 feet in thickness. As we passed it in the middle of the day we suffered but little from the cold. After descending this mountain nothing particular occurred till we came to Loretto. You know the Travels of the Santa Casa, and that the Treasury here

is the greatest in the world ; silver is hardly admitted. Indeed amongst such riches one looks only at Jewels of inestimable value. The number of pilgrims resorting to the Santa Casa are within these few years much diminished, however still there are many thousands annually. One of the Canons of the Church permitted me to kiss the Virgin Mary's Soop Spoon which was found in the Santa Casa when it came from the East and rested at Loretto. I could hardly help laughing all the while to see so many honest people deceived by the mere invention of some cunning priest. For I am persuaded that all the Pilgrims I saw were convinced that our Saviour was born in that very room where they were standing.

"From Loretto we went to Ancona, a thriving trading town and remarkable for a fine Triumphal Arch built by Trojan. From thence we passed the most fertile and best inhabited Port of the Pope's dominions along the Adriatic up to Bologna: just looked over the best of the Pictures we had before seen . . . and passing by Ferrara, and Padua, arrived at this wonderful city of Venice, which shall be the subject of my next. We shall stay here about a week or 10 days and then pass through the Tirol up to Spa thence through Holland and Flanders to England where I hope to see you by the 20th of May. About getting horses &c. ready for my arrival, in my next. In the mean time beleive me,

"Dear Brother,

"Yours

"L. P.

"Direct all your future letters to me,

"Chez Madame la Veuve de Monsr. Nettine & Co.
a Bruxelles."

“Venice. March 28th, 1768.

“DEAR BROTHER,

“I long to hear the success of your Circuit, I hope at least you have got more remuneration than a Scotch Advocate of my acquaintance who had only enough to pay for the stuffing and greasing of his horses feet on the journey. My last letter left me just arrived at this singular city, the situation, the government, the Customs and Manners of which, are totally different from those of any other Country in Italy or I believe in the World. To give you a just idea of its situation, you must not take the vulgar idea that it is a city built in the sea. The place where it now stands was formerly a large marsh formed by the mouths of the Po, Adige, Brenta, and Piava; the sea breaking in on this marshy ground formed 6 or 7 different large channels, and left little islands of the above marshy ground, which are now the Lagunes, and on one of which stands Venice. The first origin of this great city was merely there being fishing hutts on these Lagunes, or marshy islands. Some time after, the inhabitants of Padua finding these safe retreats in the first incursions of the Goths, began to build Houses and from thence arose by degrees this famous Republic. It is rather singular that amongst the different changes most States of Europe have undergone, this Constitution should have remained so unaltered. The two famous Republics of Rome and Athens were of not near such duration; that of Rome lasted little more than 500 years, this of Venice 958 years ago was a Republic; but as in those early times the Doges had too much Power, the Constitution was a little changed, so that for the last 696 years this Republic may strictly be said to have enjoyed its Laws and Government unaltered. It requires the clear head of a Montesquieu to explain the excessive Intricacy of this Constitution had it not been exceeding good, and wisely founded, it would never have

remained so long. By what I can find the State is not in the least corrupted and as likely to last another century or two, as five years, and that too without any Revolution, which cannot I beleive be said of any other Republic in Europe. As this Republic is a strict Aristocracy you may conceive how jealous one Noble is of another and the State of all. This is carried so far that to prevent any Noble from intriguing with foreign Courts, every one is positively forbid under pain of severe punishment ever to cross the threshold of a Foreign Minister here. This is literally observed so that Ambassadors, and other Ministers, live intirely among themselves, and have no more communication with any of the nobility of the Country, than if there were no such people in the place. It seems excessively strange at first instead of getting into one's coach to go into a boat. Every house almost has one door opening on some canal, and another on a little street, which is always very narrow, so much so, that there is no such thing as a Wheel Carriage in the Place, and except five English Horses which our Minister has I don't beleive that there are five more in all Venice ; so that people live and die here without seeing a horse or a coach. The boats which are used here you know perhaps are called Gondolas, and are of an excellent and beautiful structure. The sumptuary Laws oblige them to be all covered with black cloth otherwise they would make a noble figure on the Canals. The dexterity of the Gondoliers is beyond all conception, though they meet as often and as many together as the coaches in the most crowded streets in London, yet they never touch one another and seldom or ever use such language to one another as our Watermen on the Thames. They are a sober, industrious set of men and from their employment and being constantly with the nobility, and better sort of people, consider themselves as superior to the other common people of their rank. On the whole every thing is curious here and deserves a

particular remark, but in a letter nothing can be explained, so on the subject of Venice, shall say no more of it till I see you, than, that it seems to be one of the most respectable states in Italy. I am just going to dinner at Sir James Wright's, our Minister here ; to-morrow we shall return to Padua thence by Vicenza, and Verona, shall proceed into Germany by the Tirol. I hope at Spa or Brusselles to find a letter from you. We have a long journey before us, but as every post house I pass, brings me nearer to you, I shall look back on every day's journey when finished, with pleasure. About the 14th or 16th May I shall get you to be looking out for a pair of horses for a jobb for me next summer but it is time enough yet to think of that. Excuse the hurry in which I have been obliged to write this, but tho' I had but little time I thought I had better send something more than a blank cover inclosing Kipping's letter, at least I was resolved to omit no opportunity of assuring you how much

"I am, Dr. Brother,

"Yours sincerely,

"L. P."

NOTE.—Of Sir James Wright, Minister at Venice, Maria Holroyd wrote : "Downing Street, June 6, 1791, After the drawing-room, Mr. Bernard conducted the Lady Mayoress and us thro' byeways to his house at five o'clock, and gave us an excellent dinner a little after six. Sir James Wright who is a famous gardiner, and has a famous garden, dined there, consequently the one subject of conversation was gardening. The only observations worthy of communicating that I heard during dinner, and an hour after were, that when the King could not afford to buy Peaches from the scarcity and dearness of them, Sir James Wright sent him sixty, that weighed half a pound a piece, and some 'I assure you ma'am, half a pound, and half an ounce ;' that Lady Wright had cured him of an ague for which he had taken innumerable remedies, that the Lady Mayoress eat her dinner in white gloves, and took up her peas with a knife."!

"From between the Banks of the Rhine near Cologne.

"April 12th, 1768.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"Though passing between the beautiful banks of the Rhine and delighted by the charming scenes on each shore, yet I am come down into the Cabin to write you a few lines to inform you of my having repassed the Alps, and having got a considerable way on my road to England. My last I beleive, left me just going to dinner with our Minister at Venice, Sr. James Wright, Nephew to Lord Northington : who is as obliging and good-natured as his Wife is well bred and agreeable. This very agreeable family would be a great inducement to the English to make a longer stay than they usually do, were there objects sufficient to engage their attention at Venice. As it has been one of the three Great Schools of Painting in Italy, as the richest, and as the 4th largest city in a country where the arts have so long flourished, and been carried to perfection, one might expect to meet with many more curious objects than are usually to be met with there. To be sure the singularity of its situation, the Great Canal, the Gondolas and some of their peculiar customs and laws, are more striking and worthy of observation than any thing in Italy. As to the Great School of Painting founded here by Titian one may say of his, and of some of his best Scholars' pictures, that in general from the great humidity of the air of Venice they are now hardly more than magni-nominis. It seems peculiarly unfortunate that this School whose chief merit consisted in the excellence of their colouring should have been established at Venice, the only place perhaps in Italy, where their perfection in colouring could have suffered from a moist damp air. Some however of Titian's, Paul Veronese's and Tintoret's best works have been preserved with such care that they convince us of the merit of these great Masters. Sir James Wright has

bought a considerable number of these masters' pictures amongst which a Venus by Titian much the same with the Famous one at Florence, is much the best picture we saw at Venice, and will when more known, be perhaps not less talked of, than the Florentine one. As I have prints with one of the Rialto, Great Canal, St. Mark's Place, etc. I shall not tire you with a verbal description of them, in general Venice is very ill built, had Palladio had an opportunity of shewing his taste at Venice instead of its neighbouring city Vicenza, Venice would have been the most beautiful, as it is at present, the most singular city in the World. There being no public diversions, we had nothing but the objects of sight to engage our attention at Venice, which we found we had seen thoroughly in little more than a week, we therefore took our last view of Venice, and made to the Terra Firma Monday the 28th of March. After a few hours ride on the Banks of the Brenta, where several of the Venetian Nobles have Villas, some of which are of Palladio's architecture, we came to Padua, once so famous for its University. Still there are several very able Professors, one indeed of which, is by far the most celebrated and first rate Author and Practitioner in Physic, the Old Famous Morgagni. I had letters to him from Count Carburì of Turin, in consequence of which the Old Professor was very civil to me, shewed me all his curious cases, several specimens of diseased parts which he himself had dissected of his patients after death; and favoured me with a good deal of his valuable conversation. I assure you that it is a feather in my cap to have been personally acquainted with so great a man. From Padua we went to Vicenza, where Palladio had exhibited his superior knowledge in Architecture to any other who came before, or has been since his time. There are several very fine houses of his and some churches, but the great thing of all is his Theatre built after the pattern of the Antient Theatres. The first sight of it convinced us of the wretched

manner modern theatres are built in comparison of the antient ones. This beautiful theatre of Palladio which may be considered as a model of the antient ones is perfect in every respect, nothing can be conceived better contrived, more elegant, more magnificent. With a very few alterations this plan would do admirably for an English Theatre, for an Italian one it is not so good, as every woman chuses to have a box to herself where none of her neighbours can overhear or see her, and her company, more than she pleases. Since Vicenza has been under the Venetians, the city has had no occasion for this Theatre as most of the first people go and reside at Venice, so that for many years there have been no representations on this charming stage. To describe it to you with the print of it before you, will be more agreeable than in mere words, so I shall defer it. From Vicenza we proceeded to Verona where we saw good Fortification in its infancy just began there by Michael St. Michelli. But the great object at Verona you know is the Amphitheatre supposed to have been built in the time of the Consuls. Its dimensions are rather less than that at Nismes, but then what gives this the superiority to all other Amphitheatres is that the inside is as perfect, and in as good repair as ever it was. You must not however imagine that all is Antique—from time to time as parts have decayed, the City of Verona has repaired and restored. Great care and attention is given to keep this valuable Antiquity perfect, when people die they often leave money to repair and keep it up, by this means one has an opportunity of seeing an amphitheatre as perfect as in the time of the Romans, and this is the only one in the world kept in this manner. In Verona there are several houses and public buildings of excellent architecture by the above Michelli : in particular a bridge of three arches, the chord of one of which is next in size to the Famous Bridge in Wales. From Verona we gradually left the Plains of Lombardy and began to ascend the Alps.

About two posts from Verona we bid adieu to Italy, and entered upon the Country of Tyrol belonging to the Empress Queen [Maria Theresa.] For two days journey we followed the course of the River Adige gradually ascending till it reaches to the highest point of the Alps, which is a very great height, Mont Brenner ; here we passed through a good deal of snow, but owing to a clear warm sky found no cold. From this Mount we ascended to Inspruck the capital of the Tirol. This passage out of Italy is infinitely easier than that by Mont Cennis, the road is as fine as any turnpike in England and carried over no very high hills, for the Brenner is nothing of a hill in comparison to Mount Cennis. You may easily conceive what kind of country we must pass through ; By the side of a fine rapid River between wonderful high mountains with every now and then a plain highly cultivated. You know this sort of romantic beautiful country so well, that I need only say that we were highly delighted with it. The towns, the people, the Banks on each side the river resemble very much those of Savoy, but the houses and towns are better built, the people are richer, better clothed and are more polished. Inspruck is a very neat well built city, surrounded with mountains, in a very romantic manner. From hence we kept passing between the mountains for another days journey till we got out of the Tirol into Swabia. This last day's ride afforded us delightful prospects. You will here conceive us in Germany without a word of the language, our servant had been through Germany twice but had not picked up a word of High Dutch. This entertained us very much, explaining ourselves by signs, and a high Dutch Grammar for a whole day, till we came to Augsburgh where we found our Italian again current. Augsburgh is a noble large well built city, the capital of Swabia though Imperial and independent. From Augsburgh we crossed the Danube near the Feild of Battle of Blenheim, thence to the Residence of the Duke of

Wigtemburgh [Württemberg] near Stutgard, thence to Heidelberg where we saw the famous cask which has held 200 Tons of Old Hock, but is now empty. From Heidelberg we went to Manheim, a very beautiful well built and strongly fortified city. Thence we crossed the Rhine and went to Mentz, where we embarked aboard this boat from whence this is dated and are now proceeding on our last day's delightful voyage down the Rhine. We go by water as far as Cologne and thence by land to Dusseldorf, and thence to Spa, and Brussels where I hope to see a letter from you. I have passed over slightly every place since my first entrance into Germany. What is worth mentioning to you shall be the subject of my next. For several days past we have found our French more useful to us than Italian, indeed we are so near France that we find many who speak French as well as German.

"I wish you was here to enjoy these fine banks on this noble river. Our boat is convenient, would hold 100 people, but we have taken it to ourselves that we might thoroughly see, and have no alloy to the pleasure we have in viewing these charming scenes.

"I hope to be at Spa by the 17th from which place I shall write again to assure you how much I am

"Yours,

"L. P.

"N.B.—April 13th. We are arrived safe at Cologne."

NOTE.—Modern travellers, for whom the beauty of the Rhine has been sadly marred by crowds of excursionists, will appreciate the wisdom of Sir Lucas in "taking to *himself*" a boat that might hold one hundred people.

"Rotterdam. April, Tuesday 26th, 1768.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"It is so long since I heard from you that I am afraid some of your letters must have miscarried, but I rather hope that your business on the Circuit has

prevented your writing. If you have received two from me at Venice, and one from Cologne, you have received all mine. The last I received from you contained one from Kipping and was directed to Rome. You see by the date of this that I am now got amongst the Dutch. My last, left me at Cologne after our passage down the Rhine. At Cologne we put our coach on its wheels again and proceeded by land to Dusseldorf where the Elector Palatine has one of the finest collections of pictures out of Italy. The collection chiefly consists of the very best of the Flemish School, for though there are a few of the Italian, yet they are by no means any of the best of their Works. From Dusseldorf we went to Aix la Chapelle where the Hot Baths, the Room where the Treaty was made, the Public Rooms, Walks &c. made it a considerable object in our journey through Germany. Aix is a pretty large place independent of the houses appropriated for the company who go there in the season. Seeing these half shut up, the other half cleaning out and preparing for the season which begins in May, put me in mind of Brighthelmstone. The Baths are very well contrived and from the nature of the water must be so very efficacious that I am afraid our Physicians are not sufficiently acquainted with them or they would send many more patients to Aix than they generally do. The Public Rooms and Walks are very poor and shabby in comparison of ours in England. The room in the Town house where the Treaty was made, is well contrived, in the middle of it is a perfectly round table and chairs set all round. There are four doors two on each side the room. All the Ambassadors entered at which door they pleased and each took his seat in whatever chair was nearest that door by which he entered, so that by this means no Ambassador had a higher and more dignified seat than his neighbour. From Aix la Chapelle we went by Juliers to Spa. Here I expected to meet with every thing in the highest degree of elegance, as I considered

Spa as a kind of Mother to all our modern public places. But in this I was quite disappointed, the public room where the Company meet and dance is not so good as our Card Room at Brighton, the House for the reception of the English not so good as the Old Ship, the roads about the place almost impassable, in short it appeared a public place in its infancy. It is a large village every house of which almost is a lodging house, but those nothing extraordinary, though pretty good. The water indeed is wonderful on the spot, I hardly knew the taste of it, it was so different from that which we have in England ; no wonder so many people find benefit from Spa. There are four different springs in the town and three at a small distance from it, in a light, very pleasant wood, the walks and Rides about which, must be delightful. Spa within these few years has had a vast deal of company and Aix la Chapelle has been almost deserted. The sight of these two public places so much talked of in England gave me great pleasure. From Spa we went to Liege, the Capital of the Bishop of Liege's dominions. What we passed through of his country was very fine and resembled England very much. Liege is a very large populous city but contains nothing curious. From thence we proceeded to Louvain, so famous for its University. There are a great many students there at present. Their laws are much the same with those of our English Universities, but their Colleges are but indifferently built. From Louvain we went to Brussels. It is a very large, but not so well built a city as I expected for the capital of the Austrian Netherlands. The Palace of Prince Charles of Lorraine, Governor of those Provinces, is very well worth seeing, on account of his Museum in Natural History. Being arrived in Flanders, we began to look about for the Flemish Paintings and saw several that gave us great pleasure notwithstanding we were just come from Italy, for Rubens and Vandyke may justly contend with some of the first rate Italians. The theatre at Brussels is

a very good one and has always a good company of French players. There are always a great many English in the place amongst the rest were Lord Effingham, and his wife and brother. We staid two or three days, changed our Italian into Dutch money, and set forwards for Holland; in the way we took in Antwerp the Greatest Object of Curiosity in the Netherlands. This noble city was once the great seat of commerce, and of Arts, in this part of the world till Amsterdam deprived it of its trade, in consequence of which the Arts, had not wealthy citizens enough, to encourage them. This city is very large and finely built and its churches the next in magnificence to those of Italy, contain some capital works of Rubens and Vandyke. There are two pictures of Rubens that I would place as the 7th or 8th in Europe, perhaps they might deserve a higher rank. I was much pleased at Antwerp with hearing the 'Roi et le Fermier' performed in the Theatre there in the Flemish language, I never expected to have heard again that sweet peice. We left our coach and most of our baggage at Antwerp and hired a light coach and 4 horses to cross the sandy roads to Rotterdam, we were told we could do it with ease in a day, but did not arrive here till midnight, the 24th inst. Of this place and the rest of Holland in my next from Amsterdam. In the mean while, as the time draws near for my return to England, it is necessary now to be pretty accurate with regard to the precise time when I think I shall be with you in London. Some time between the 12th and the 15th of next month will I hope return me to my dear Brother after so long an absence. I must desire you to call at Okeeffe's and make him perform his promise of new lacquering the top and sides of the chariot which he said he would do, as it was not properly delivered out of his hands last year for want of time. Should he show you any other little thing necessary to be done I should be glad if you would order it to be done ready by the 12th inst. He talked of a new

pole, but if I recollect I think I then was of opinion that the old one might be mended. Pray write by this post to Kipping and desire him to send up to town the lad he has been so good as to hire for me by the 10th or 11th of May. When he arrives, please to order Feild to make the same livery he did for the servant last year by going to Mr. E. Pepys and getting the exact colour of cloth and lace. I must trouble you to do the same for me this, as you did last year, viz : enquire out several different pairs of horses, both bay and black, with their prices per month, that on my arrival in town I may only have to determine which I will take.

“If it is the least inconvenient to you to make up a bed for me in your outer room for the few days I shall stay in town, pray hire a lodging for me wherever you please. I expect to find you all in a great disturbance about Wilkes, he makes a great noise abroad. I should be glad to have a letter from you merely to know that you have received this, so pray send me a line or two directed to me Au Grand Laboureur, Anvers.

“I set off for the Hague to-morrow, thence to Leyden and Amsterdam. Adieu.

“Beleive me yours,

“L. P.”

NOTE.—Sir Lucas seems to have been more anxious about the livery of his servants, than the soundness of his chariot-pole ; this indifference to safety, may account for some of the hairbreadth escapes he experienced in Switzerland. Edmund Pepys, brother of Mrs. Franks—that useful poet, who wrote all the family epitaphs—was to decide the exact colour of the cloth and lace, and appears to have been a person to be appealed to on all emergencies.

The two following letters were written many years afterwards by Sir William Pepys to Sir Lucas. His brother's child, who he mentions formally as Lady Harriet, became afterwards Lady Devon ; his son Charles, Chancellor ; and Henry, whose preaching he alludes to, Bishop

of Worcester, and grandfather of the present Bishop of London. Sophy was his daughter, Mrs. Whately.

“Winchfield House. 14 August, 1811.

“MY DEAR LUCAS,

“Thank you, both in my own name, and that of my young travellers, for the trouble you have been so kind as to take, in drawing out so compleat and circumstantial a tour: They left us this morning; and Charles told us (what you did not) that he had pass’d part of Saturday the 3rd and Sunday the 4th under your hospitable roof. You have indeed been uniformly most kind to me and mine, in making that delightful place of yours at all times so comfortable and agreeable to us all. With respect to your obliging invitation, as all weeks and all days are exactly the same to us, I shall not expect to receive your summons, till Lady Harriet’s plan for the summer is decided, and you can fix upon the time most convenient and agreeable to yourself.

“I continue to enjoy myself exceedingly at this place; and as I have, for some time past, in a great measure, turn’d my back upon the world, and have set my face towards that country, where by the mercy of God, I hope, sooner or later, to arrive, I endeavour to occupy my mind in such a manner, as may gradually render me more disposed, and better qualified, to undergo that awful change which awaits us all.

“This, I conceive, is the least purpose to which I can apply that leisure and retirement, which I have so happily acquired in the close of Life, and which, owing either to their lack of means, or resolution, is denied to so many.

“I find that such thoughts as these, which, I may say, daily and hourly occupy my mind, so far from producing in me low spirits and melancholy, enable me to look round upon the many comforts and blessings, for which I

have so much reason to be thankful, with additional serenity and complacency.

"It is not every one to whom I cou'd thus write ; but, the early impressions of Religion which we both receiv'd, and for which we can never sufficiently revere the Memory of that Parent to whom we were indebted for them, assure me of a mind congenial for them, and that when I write thus to my Brother, I do but give him back the Image of *his own* mind.

"God bless you, my dear Fellow, and all that belong you, may we all continue to live in harmony here, and meet, never to part again, in Heaven, is the daily prayer of

"Yours most affectionately,

"W. W. PEPYS.

"Sir Lucas Pepys Bart.

"Juniper Hill,

"Dorking,

"Surrey."

"New Year's Day. 1815.

"MY DEAR LUCAS,

"Many thanks to you for your kind congratulation on the Return of this Day ; It is a Day, which never fails to impress my mind with much awful reflection, and my heart with the liveliest emotions of gratitude, for such a continuance, not of life only, but of health, and worldly prosperity, as not many persons of my age are blessed with. I can only say, that I feel them deeply, and acknowledge them thankfully and be assured that among the many blessings which excite my gratitude, one of the greatest is the brotherly affection which (thank God) has so long subsisted between us : we have both been indulg'd with a longer life than is usually allotted to man ; and tho' I must live eleven days more (William says twelve) before I attain the age of seventy-five, yet I have

already liv'd long enough to recollect daily that what remains of my span must, in the course of nature, be very short ; may it please God to enable me to make the best use of it ! I am just come from looking at a Monument erected to the memory of Gen. FitzPatrick, with an epitaph written by Himself, which begins in a striking manner—

“ ‘ Whose turn comes next, This monitory Stone
Replies, vain Passenger, perhaps thine own ! ’ ”

We are all (thank God) quite well ; Henry preaches today at Sunbury, and comes here to eat his New Year's Dinner with us, and Sophy, with her little Boy, is to come on the 9th, so that we have not yet settled when we shall be in town ; indeed yesterday and today have been so delightful, that, were the leaves upon the trees, we shou'd hardly know it from Summer. We have been reading 'Redhead Yorks Letters from Paris,' which, in parts, are very interesting, but there is too much of *Book making* in the course of them. I rejoice that you have so good a Reader in an evening ; for with her, you may set the emptiness of London at defiance : remember us all kindly to her, and beleive me, my dear Lucas,

“ Yours affectionately,

“ W. W. PEPYS.

“ Sir Lucas Pepys Bart.

“ Park Street,

“ Grosvenor Square,

“ London.”

PART FIVE

LETTERS FROM MRS. CHAPONE
TO SIR WILLIAM PEPYS

LETTERS FROM MRS. CHAPONE TO SIR WILLIAM PEPYS

HESTER CHAPONE was born in 1727. At the age of nine she wrote a short romance, the "Loves of Amouret and Melissa;" this precocious talent may have made her irritable, and earned for her the name of "the Little Spitfire." Her "Matrimonial Creed in seven articles of belief," was written just before her marriage to Chapone, an attorney.

In 1772, she wrote her best known essays, "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind," which caused a great sensation. Queen Charlotte was much interested, and many people wrote to her entreating her to undertake the education of their daughters. The following extracts give some of her views:—

"To be perfectly polite, one must have great presence of mind."

"Modesty should be distinguished from an awkward bashfulness."

"How often have I seen a girl preparing for a ball, unable to satisfy her own vanity; fret over every ornament she puts on, quarrel with her maid, with her clothes, her hair, and her gown; growing still more unlovely, as she grew more cross, and be ready to fight with her looking glass, for not making her as handsome as she wished to be."

"The best sign of a house well governed, is that nobody's attention is called to the little affairs of it."

"Some ladies seem to think it very improper for any person within their reach to enjoy a moment's comfort, while they are in pain."

"We are all naturally benevolent when no selfish interest interferes."

"Our feelings were not given us for our ornament, but to spur us on to right actions; compassion for instance was not impressed upon the human heart, only to adorn the fair face with tears, and to give an agreeable languor to the eyes, it was designed to excite our utmost endeavour to relieve the sufferer."

"Above all things, avoid intimacy with those of low birth and education, nor think it a mark of humility to delight in such society, for it much oftener proceeds from the meanest kind of pride; that of being the head of the company, and seeing your companions subservient to you; the greatest kindness and civility to inferiors is perfectly consistent with proper caution on this head."

After a great deal of good advice on the subject of matrimony, Mrs. Chapone sums it up with the following dictum—

"Whether married or single, if your first care is to please God, you will undoubtedly be a blessed creature."

Mrs. Chapone sung exquisitely, and was skilful at drawing, she corresponded with Richardson, and was the intimate friend of the learned Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Montagu, and the other blue stocking ladies of that time.

Doctor Johnson wrote to her, of one of Lord Carlisle's tragedies: "I was much inclined to congratulate the writer, who in defiance of Prejudice and fashion, made the Archbishop a *good* man, and scorned all thoughtless applause which a vicious churchman would have brought him." This shows the cheap notoriety which could be gained then as now, by portraying wickedness in high places, and that there has been always a class of readers to whom even the proverbial "wicked baronet" appeals.



Engraved by Page from an Original Sketch.

MRS. CHAPONE.

*Published for the Proprietors by Geo. Cowie & Co.,
31, Poultry, December 1, 1812.*

Mrs. Delany wrote to her niece, aged six: "Mrs. Chapone's 'Essays on the Improvement of the Mind' I hope you will read once a year, till you have a daughter to read them to you, they speak to the heart, as well as the head, and I know no book (next to the Bible) more entertaining and edifying."

Mrs. Chapone's life had been a very sad one. Having no ties, she was always able to go to the assistance of her friends, as she said "I belong to the flying squadron."

While Sir William Pepys was instilling good advice into his cousin, William Franks, Mrs. Chapone was acting as mentor to him during "the many years he had been in the constant, but unsuccessful, hope of finding such a woman as he could make his companion for the rest of his life." At this juncture, some one whom Mrs. Chapone thought undesirable, seems to have been in contemplation, and she gave him a hint, which was apparently well received.

Throughout his troubles her advice was good, except the following: "Do not deny yourself the relief of complaining and exciting sympathetic feelings in your friends." More practical is her request for his assistance in her literary work, which was very flattering from a woman of her celebrity, and was one that would be most likely to appeal to a young man of his tastes and aspirations.

Some of the following letters were written from Farnham Castle, where Mrs. Chapone spent much of her time with her uncle and aunt, the Bishop of Winchester and Mrs. Thomas.

"Mill hill, Sept. 25th.

"I cannot but feel myself particularly obliged by your rememb'ring me with so kind an attention, amidst such a variety of enchanting scenes and such successive encounters with the most interesting characters amongst the Young, the Beautiful, the Great, and the Witty. You have

given me a share in all your pleasures, which has been truly luxurious ; tho' you miss'd of some which I had foretasted for you ; for as I heard from Mrs. Montagu of the party she was going to at Hagley, I calculated that you would fall in with them all, and was highly delighted with the Idea of the progress you would make with them, by a few days abode in the same house ; however, my Lord Lyttelton and the charming *Russ* made you amends for all. I do not wonder at her awakening the spirit of Poetry in my Lord and you, since she could even recall the old spirit of Chivalry and Romance. When I hear of Cupid's appearing in *person*, I fancy myself in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and expect to hear of all the Maids and Men at Hagley being transform'd into Virtues, Graces, Passions, and Entities. I think you acquitted yourself *à merveille* in your complimentary verses. The only lines of Poetry I have seen of yours have been of that kind ; but I cannot persuade myself that your Muse has always confined herself to the flat and barren plains of Panegyric, and should like to be acquainted with her in her bolder excursions. I think I have acquired a right to rumage all your store, and shall expect when I return to Town to have your pocket-book given up to my curiosity. I am extremely glad you have made an acquaintance that is likely to be lasting, with Lord and Lady Dartrey, who are certainly most valuable people. The agreeable Trait you mention seems to prove that they are as happy as they deserve to be.

"I am glad to find you escaped Heart whole from Crewe ; tho' in serious sadness I have too good an opinion of your heart to think it was in much danger even from Mrs. Crewe when consider'd as the Wife of another ; since, 'None without *hope* e'er loved the brightest Fair !' I hope you did not *really* repeat to *her* the gallant lines in your Letter. You will think you have got a severe *mentor* in me, when I tell you, I allow of no such gallantries to a

Woman in her situation ; for by all accounts, whatever securities she may have from *principle*, she has not the natural and right security on the side of affection. A Man of your character may have more to answer for, than he dreams of, from such things as would make no manner of impression from a Coxcomb or a Libertine—remember *that !*

“ My happiness in the society I most delight in, has been sadly interrupted by my concern for a very amiable Sister of Mr. Chapone’s, who has lately lost one of the best of Husbands, (Dr. Sandford) who had loved her from a child. After many tedious years of anxiety, they married in narrow circumstances (*his* Father being alive who was one of the most worthless Men in the world and never gave or cared sixpence for his son’s establishment) they lived with Dean Delany and his Wife, who considered them as their children, and their little ones, which multiplied every year, as Grand children on whom they doated ; they were just got into their house at Sandford when a Fever has carried off the poor Doctor and left my Sister with the strongest sensibility and weakest spirits, to the care of bringing up four sons, the eldest five years old. her state of health gave me sad apprehensions that this blow would upset her, but thank God she has been supported beyond expectation.

“ I must only add that I am yours aff^y.

“ H. CHAPONE.”

“ Thursday, March 7, 1771.

“ A thousand thanks to you, my dear Mr. Pepys, for your very kind letter, which was really a heartfelt comfort and satisfaction to me, as it shew’d me that you was in a right turn of mind to make the best of these events, and encouraged me to cherish a hope I am more and more unwilling to part with, that the affair which has distressed us so much may in the end prove the greatest blessing of

your life. The manner in which you are to begin afresh at your return to Town, whilst it leaves you at liberty to act as times and occasions shall suggest, places you in the right road to the highest earthly happiness; for surely *that* Love is the most perfect and durable which grows out of Friendship; and if it will not grow in that soil, it certainly could never have been raised in any other. I don't know whether I am prudent in saying this to you; but 'tis fit that in these early days of friendship you should know and be aware of my faults and weaknesses, amongst which is a faculty of too simply and unguardedly exposing my sentiments to my friends, more especially such as relate to themselves; and secondly, a kind of sanguine disposition to *hope* whatever I *wish*. Having forewarn'd you to make due allowances for this last infirmity, I must tell you, in return for your kind concern about the share I have taken in your anxieties, that I think myself extremely well paid for them all; as I look upon the acquisition of a really worthy and affectionate friend, as infinitely more valuable than all the Gold of Peru, I feel myself a much richer Woman since I could flatter myself that I had gained a little snug settlement in a warm corner of your heart.

"Mr. Burrows last Monday (when the conversation turned on the affection sickly women usually inspired their Husbands with) gravely ask'd Miss Ord, 'Why Madam, do you think it possible for people to love each other much, without the cement of some sickness or calamity?' At first the Company seem'd inclined to consider him as 'a setter forth of strange doctrines,' but the more one examines his idea, the more truth one discovers in it; the common occurrences of prosperous Life afford scarce any opportunity of displaying those affections and energies which constitute the lovely and endearing part of a character; but calamity calls them all forth, as well in the sympathizing friend as in the sufferer. Thus has God

contrived to alleviate our bitterest pangs, by annexing to them the exercise of our tenderest affections—

“Our dear Smiths sympathize most tenderly with you and are highly obliged by your confidence in them ; but they will tell you so themselves. I grieve to see the weather so uncomfortable for you. Pray tell me how you are in health and whether you have yet learnt to sleep. I am pretty well in the daytime, but my Nights are not good, which I beg you will not place to your own account, for an *Insomnia* is a complaint I am often subject to ; you afford ideas to entertain my waking hours and I assure you more pleasing than painful ones.

“What a prating fool am I, to have fill’d my paper when I have no frank ! Adieu my dear friend, let me hear from you soon and believe me

“ Affectionately yours

“ H. CHAPONE.”

NOTE.—Many of Mrs. Chapone’s letters were written from Hadley, where she stayed with the Culling Smiths. Their eldest son, Sir Culling Smith, whom she mentions as a boy, married in 1792 Charlotte, daughter and co-heiress of Lord Eardley, and their son was Sir Culling Eardley of Hadley, and of Bedwell Park, Herts.

“ Hadley, July 11th, 1771.

“How good you are my dear Friend ! & how much have you pleased and obliged me by your Generosity to poor Mrs. Monro ! Lord & Lady Dartrey have had the goodness to send for her into the Country & to place her & her Mother in a Lodging near their house at Putney ; after having sent her five Guineas ; the politeness & tenderness too of their behaviour to her, has been more endearing than their benefits ; they are excellent people. I am ashamed of the trouble your attention to oblige, has occasion’d you about Rousseau & the ‘Fils Naturel.’ I have read it this morning in it’s own language (which is very elegant) & have been much entertain’d, tho’ I think

it by no means equal to the 'Père de Famille;' the plot turns upon that kind of distress about which you & I always differ, & which I never can heartily enter into, because it is a favorite maxim with me that such strange *égaremens de Cœur* never happen without our own concurrence, & consequently can have no place in characters of such exalted principles & Sentiments as the Author means to draw. Rosalie's change of affection, & the brutality of her behaviour to the Man of her first Choice, appear to me not only odious but perfectly unnatural. the forwardness of the Widow who will at no rate take an answer, is highly ridiculous & made us laugh immoderately; as to the Sublime Dorval, I think if he had been a commonly good sort of Man, he would have taken his Horse and rode away; & then nobody would have admired it, for nobody would have heard a word about it, & the Effort would have been hardly worth speaking of; those who constantly jog on in the plain paths of duty, have seldom occasion for those violent exertions which usually constitute the dignity of fictitious Characters; and it is this false glare & parade of Virtue & Sentiment which perpetually disgust me in Works of Fiction, particularly those of the French Writers, & which I think extremely pernicious by the tendency they have to encourage young people to admit & pardon in themselves improper Situations with the hope of acquitting themselves under them like the Heroes & Heroines they read of. He, who best knew human Nature, makes our guilt to consist in the first indulgence of desire, not in those actions which naturally proceed from it, & for which a person once enslaved by Passion is perhaps hardly responsible.

"I have had a delightful letter from Mrs. Montagu with a surprising account of the amendment of her health at Tunbridge. She is there in the midst of a very agreeable Set—amongst which is the charming Miss Finch.

but they will all disperse soon. I return'd yest^y. from Millhill where I spent two happy days.

"Adieu yrs affect^y."

"H. CHAPONE."

"Millhill, July 16th.

"I was much disappointed my dear Mr. Pepys not to see you at Millhill, and so were the owners. I can't imagine what kind of engagements you could have that would make any tolerable plea against the calls of friendship at a time of year when there is hardly anything left in London worth looking after, and when term was over & you ought to have been perfectly *vacant and amiable*. But now I recollect, London has many Environs—Richmond Gardens perhaps may have drawn you aside; tho' by the melancholy mood of your letter I fear your walks there have not been as pleasant as I could wish them. Indeed I have another reason to fear it, which induces me to desire you will not *commit* yourself, unless you have *good* grounds of encouragement. My lights are not clear enough to have any other effect than caution; precipitation is always wrong, and for many reasons would be so in this case; therefore take care. I think I cannot with propriety explain myself further—so don't ask me.

"I hope you are quite in earnest in what you say concerning essays. You cannot do a more friendly or charitable deed than by lending me a pennyworth of sense, without which I fear I can never make a penny of my poor little Stock of Poetry, as the Vol. must be eked out, and I find that sitting down with *malice prepense* to write to the public, is death & destruction to every idea I have in the World. I have hammer'd out two or three sheets upon *Conversation* but I don't much like it—if anything occurs to you on the subject pray let me have it, and I will contrive to weave it in somehow or other. I should like to have your thoughts on *Affection &*

Simplicity or on *Enthusiasm & Indifference*—or, in short, on whatever you will. If they suit my own manner of *thinking*, I can *cool them down* to my own manner of *writing*, for we must not have a hotch potch of Stiles, and if for any reason I should not be able to make use of them, *you* will still have had the benefit of having written them, and may peaceably possess your own property; but if I take them, remember I am to have the whole right in them, fame & all, and that when you shall hear it said that the only admirable part of my book is that of which you know yourself the Author, you must suppress every conscious look, smile, or shrug; & tamely submit to see me swallow down the praise. if you think you are capable of such a strain of Generosity, sit down at the first Inn, &, instead of muzzing over past vexations, forget yourself and all the World, but me,—and pour out your lucubrations on paper.

“Our dear friends here are very well and much yours. Culling is a great Man, and as full of conscious dignity as the largest Wig on your Circuit; for he began a few days ago, on his attaining his Sixth birthday, to learn Latin of his Father, which hitherto gives him inexpressible pleasure. Ah luckless Wight! little does he know the thorny path before him!

“I go from hence next Wednesday to Farnham Castle [the Bishop of Winchester’s] where formal dinners, formal visitors, or family parties at Quadrille await me. I shall however find friends whose kindness to me gives me a pleasure in doing anything that pleases them. Inclose yr. Letters & lucubrations to the Bishop, Farnham Castle Surrey.

“Mrs. Smith desires me to say something very kind for her, & to tell you she is sorry she has not time to write to you. There is no danger that either of us should be weary of hearing what concerns you, whether it be good or evil, or that we should turn a deaf or unwilling ear to

your complaints, therefore do not deny yourself the relief of complaining & the comfort of exciting sympathetic feelings in yr friends; the time I hope will come when we shall share in your rejoicings. In either case I am
Dear Mr. Pepys

"Your affte. friend

"& obliged Servt.

"H. CHAPONE

P.S.—"My Brother is well & much yours, & sorry not to have seen you at Highgate. Mrs. Mulso is pure well & delighted with her lodgings there. Mrs. Osborn is with her which compleats her happiness."

NOTE.—The expression "pure well" is constantly used in the letters of this period, and conveys to the mind a pleasing sensation of well being, or as Miss Burney expressed it, "speaks all within to be comfortable."

"Farnham Castle, Surrey. Aug^t. 3d.

"I was somewhat disappointed, my dear Friend, on opening your Letter, to find, instead of an Essay, a set of reflections on the impossibility of writing Essays in a course of travelling; for my part, I find it utterly impracticable in a course of visiting, so that the poor World is in imminent danger of losing the benefit of our invaluable thoughts. There is no danger that 'my heart should despise thee' for what thou callest extempore effusions, for they are the very things I want; and above all things let me have what *first* occurs to you on any Subject, for some modern Philosopher says that 'not *second* but *third* thoughts are best, and they are the same as the first.'—and it is my sincere opinion that the cold hand of criticism has kill'd many a child of Genius in it's cradle; seriously, if any thing good bad or indifferent does come into your head, I beg you will set it down for me in rude outlines or finish'd compositions, which you please; for I cannot fix on any subject that pleases me, nor

hit upon any thought that I do not reject. I had some thoughts of attacking your favorite, 'Venice Preserved,' against which I had always great indignation and not a little against you and the rest of the world for liking it. But, besides that finding fault is a thankless office, & may bring down vengeance on my own head, on reading it over again, I find that it is so very bad, that I cannot possibly soil my page by pointing out it's faults. I do really think it the most infamous production for profligacy of sentiment, profaneness, and hyperbolical nonsense, that ever disgraced the tragic Muse. The Woman is as fulsome as the Men are Villainous, and the whole crew perfectly unfit for a decent Audience to keep Company with. Now if you have anything to say in it's defence, we might make a dialogue, were it not for the reason I gave before, which would lay me under insuperable disadvantages; which is that a Lady's Pen must not quote such language as Otway's. Send for the Play at the first Town you come to, & see if you can deny it; As to your fears for the credit of your Understanding, they are vain; for I have made my estimate of it long ago, and it is not an Essay or two that can unsettle my opinion; so write away, without fear, if not without wit.

"Oh that you could succeed Mr. Smith in the possession of sweet Millhill, with a wife as valuable & as amiable as his! believe me there are few things in this life that would give me more joy than to see you so establish'd. to your heart's content; but Providence knows better than I do what is fit for you, & when. This is our Sheet-Anchor, let us hold it fast whatever happens. I hate a hint as much as you can do, & should never have plagued you with one had I received more than a hint myself; the fact is that it was a hint which dropp'd from a friend of the young Lady's which introduced into my mind the suspicion of a pre-engagement; but as I may be mistaken, I have perhaps done more than I ought,

in conveying it to you at all. I think you may by observation find out the truth, if it is a truth that concerns you. But be careful of making enquiries ; for such enquiries can only be satisfied by those who are acquainted with the parties, & therefore generally get round to the parties themselves.

“ I am very glad that air & exercise has had it's usual good effects on you ; this air agrees much with me—I have been well ever since I left Millhill. how does yr Brother & Lady Rothes ? I shall stay here about a fortnight longer & then go to Winchester. I hope to hear from you again & to receive yr *Sketch* before I leave this place. My good wishes ever attend you. Yours aff^y H. CHAPONE.”

“ I grieve for Mrs. Boscawen's sake to hear of the Death of her Son. I have not yet heard how she sustains the shock.”

NOTE.—Hannah More said that Mrs. Boscawen's life had been a continued series of misfortunes, that almost bore parallel with the righteous man of Uz. Her only son, whose death is here mentioned, was George, third Viscount Falmouth. He inherited his mother's wit, and when on his twenty-fifth birthday, she urged him to marry, and advised him to fall in love ; he said he should if he were with any young women in the country, but that in London the women did not *stand still* long enough for a man to fall in love with them.

“ Hadley. Augt. 5th, 1771.

“ You must be very ingenious, my good Friend, in the art of magnifying into obligations the most common & Natural actions & feelings, before you can contrive to fancy you owe any to me, for that ineffectual desire of promoting your happiness, which naturally flow'd from my esteem for you—if you were not made very differently from the generality of the '*event-judging World*,' I should not even hope for the return of Goodwill for such an unlucky officiousness ; with you however I do expect credit for a certain quantity of affection ; whilst we keep

that balance even, there can be little occasion for thanks on either side; for, without any of the enthusiasm of fifteen, or the extravagance of Montaigne on the subject of friendship, we must allow that the word, in its lowest signification, implies such an interest in each other's welfare as will of course produce a readiness joyfully to embrace every proper opportunity to promote it. For my own part (such a circumscribed, helpless, & insignificant being as I am!) I could never enjoy the godlike pleasure of obliging those I love, unless they were generous enough to be obliged by my affection. This indeed I often experience, and whilst I feel how infinitely more I am touch'd by sympathizing tenderness, than by any other benefit, I do not despair of keeping my hold on my friends, tho' all other means of being useful or pleasing to them be denied me.

"I am glad I gave you the occasion of saying so many good things on the subject of *les egaremens du Cœur*. You are certainly right in the account you give of the Manner in which people give way to faulty inclinations. Your picture is after the life, but when a painter produces a Fancy-figure for the Goddess of Beauty, we have a right to find fault with an irregular feature; if Diderot did not mean his Hero for an example of uncommon excellence, my criticism was very unjust; unprincipled minds which have not the habit of turning the Eyes inward or of examining the tendency of any pleasing propensity, may very probably fall into the most inexcusable passions, but human Nature would be more unhappy than it is, if *no* force of principle or caution could secure the heart from *coveting* it's Neighbor's Wife or anything that is his. If a man *had* fix'd his *Eyes* with longing desire on his Neighbor's bag of Gold, there might be great merit in his 'keeping his *hands* from picking & stealing' but we should esteem that Man much more, to whom his Neighbor's Gold was no temptation. I have in truth

very little confidence in people's abstaining from unlawful actions who indulge unlawful desires, or who dare to consider *that* as a good to *them*, which Providence has put out of their reach. Treachery & Murder are only the natural Issue of Macbeth's ambition ; & a Man has no right to expect the ability of resisting a strong rooted passion, who cannot deal with it in it's infancy. I would not therefore have such passions placed before the eyes of young people in any light that can lessen their Odium, which certainly is the case, when they are represented as keeping company with the most exalted Virtues, & this is my objection to those fictitious Characters, in which a Vice & a Virtue are constantly coupled like hounds. Nor do I see it to be the case in real life, tho' I meet with no absolutely perfect Character, yet where I find a good disposition, improved by good principles & virtuous habits, I feel a moral assurance that I shall not find any flagrant vices in the same person, and that I shall never see him fall into any very criminal action. The influence of Virtue is (in such degree as human infirmity allows) *uniform* ; & *where the general habit is strong, little exertion is required in particular instances*. This is my creed, but I may easily be mistaken, having mix'd so little with the World, & conversed with those whose situations were favorable to innocence ; your knowledge of Mankind is more extensive ; but I suspect that there is danger of error on both sides, tho' our different situations lead to *different* errors. He who judges of *Nature* by the corruptions superinduced by the commerce of the World, may be as much mistaken as he who from his closet, coolly contemplates morals, & finds all the paths of Virtue pleasantness & peace.

"Mr. Burrows has got a good exchange for Milbrook to which the Bp. of D. has consented. It is near Uxbridge.

"Your Friends at Millhill are all well, & much gratified by your kindness, I wish you lived at

Potteridge! our *Coterie* would then be compleat. My Ink is insupportable, & I have no frank or I could chatter longer. pray tell me where you are going. I shall migrate soon to Millhill for the rest of y^e Summer. tell me of y^r health & of all you are about, and believe me most sincerely

“Yrs affy :

“H. CHAPONE.”

“Aug^t. 30, Farnham Castle.

“MY DEAR MR. PEPYS,

“You are so very kind in your solicitude about my health that I must not omit telling you that I have been uncommonly well ever since I came to this place, the air of which always agrees with me remarkably. The Papers will have inform’d you of the honours done this Castle by a visit from the King & Queen.

[“I had the honour to be present during the greatest part of it, and to receive some very flattering compliments from her Majesty on *The Letters*, which she said she had read more than once. The Etiquette did not admit of my being in the Room at first ; but (the Queen enquiring who was to remain with the Bishop of Winchester during a Journey Mrs. Thomas was to take the next day) my name was mention’d. She immediately ask’d if that was *the* Mrs. Chapone who wrote etc. and said she had often ask’d, but never could learn who she was, as she express’d a wish to see me and added many encomiums, my aunt sent for me.

“I was charm’d with the Queen’s manner, which is not only gracious and polite, but expressive of the greatest good nature and benignity. The cordial esteem and kindness which both their Majesties testified towards the good Bishop, and the grateful pleasure which shone in his countenance and that of Mrs. Thomas, delighted me beyond measure ; and upon the

whole it was a very pleasing incident, and will long be remember'd with satisfaction.] (N.B. the passage between hooks is not to be talk'd of farther than our particular friends).

"You are very audacious in saying 'that I, and all Ladies hold it an unpardonable coldness and indecision not to embark for Life upon an interview of two hours.' You know in your heart that nothing can be more opposite to my way of thinking; yet I do think that if a Man is much struck in an interview of two hours, he will find means to make a further acquaintance and to satisfy himself concerning the character of the Lady. The Slothful Man saith 'there is a *Lion* in the Street,' and the Man who is impell'd only by Reason without passion, finds a thousand difficulties, which vanish before Inclination. When you meet with the right half, you will easily surmount all the 'dreadful obstacles with which every woman is now surrounded.' In the meantime be quiet and contented as you are.

"You are by this time in possession of Dr. Price with whom I hope you will have many pleasant rides and edifying conversations (don't forget to take proper notice of Mrs. Price). Our Hadley friends are all well except Mr. Burrows for whom I am under some concern; he has an unaccountable habit of restlessness and want of sleep which I fear indicates something very wrong in the constitution; his bad nights make his days rather languid and uncomfortable tho' he has no considerable complaint. The Smiths are going to Sir William Wake's in Northamptonshire, and talk of enlarging their scheme and going into Derbyshire etc.

"I have so little time to myself here and so much writing on my hands that I am forced to suppress a hundred things I could like to chat with you upon. I am going next Thursday to the Deanery at Winchester where I shall stay I believe two or three weeks. Whenever you

find yourself in a humour to write to me, you will know that I always rejoice to hear from you and am ever,

“Your obliged & faithful friend,

“H. CHAPONE.

P.S.—“Pray make my best Compts. to your Brother and Lady Rothés. I hope they and their little folk are perfectly well.”

“Hadley, Oct. 19.

“I believe I deserve your reproaches, my dear Mr. Pepys, and will submit to be obliged by your indulgence rather than trouble you with flimsy excuses. I am very sorry to find your visit here is not likely to take place till after my return to Town, as I heartily concur with you in thinking two days in the same house in the Country worth twenty Meetings in London. We have enjoy’d a Society here, in this family-Village, worthy of your envy, till the last Week; when the Scene was dismally changed by the arrival of a Stately Nabobess, who, tho’ accompanied by an agreeable Husband, was a very unpleasant addition, and turn’d all our comfortable friendly chats into Cards, Balls, Dinners, and perpetual efforts to enliven the most *unenlivenable* Subject that could have come under the powerful hands of our friend; who if there *is* a warm spark to be found in the whole composition, is pretty sure to strike it out. But here all her industry was vainly exerted for a whole week. I think neither She nor I have recover’d yet from the infectious languor we have so long endured, and you will probably feel it even at this distance.

“So you will confess nothing! yet with all the pains you take to conceal your anguish from us, we still have our suspicions, and our anxieties. You are very unjust to our Sex as well as to yourself in the reasons you assign for the subject of your complaint. I do not believe that Women dislike Sense and Learning; especially when temper’d

like yours with chearfulness, humour, and politeness. I have often told you that the charm you want is that of being sufficiently charm'd,

“‘Tis fondness, fondness must create
The Oracle no more implies.’

bad verses, but a good maxim, as far as I know the female heart. If your Eyes are ever so intelligent, they must speak the right language if they would speak to the heart ; whereas they are peering and prying into the Lady's Mind, when they should be betraying yours, and express curiosity rather than Love ; in fact, Garrick himself, tho' his face can act all other passions, never could act Love ; and, as I trust you have a much honester face, you will never perform the part of a Lover well, unless you really become one. But how unreasonable you are ! You cannot be content with esteem—you must have all the warmth & tenderness of the passion, in return for—What ?—Why, a cool determination of reason that it is better to marry than to be an old Batchelor. I know you will call me romantic, and swear you have been as much a Lover as a wise Man ought to be. But I tell you that is not enough. You must be as silly as possible before I shall believe you are in love. I have not forgott the Symptoms, and I never thought you had one of them since I knew you. Now there are many who would be glad to marry you, such as you are, I make no doubt, but if you insist on their *being in love* with you *that is autre chose* and you must wait Heavn's time.

“ Here is your friend Mr. Baker has taken a child to educate, and he may teach her anything—but that, for whilst he is immersed in politics to the very lips, the poor girl may cry, heigh ho ! for a Lover, tho' she has got a Husband. Can you wonder if a woman would prefer a more ordinary heart, if she might have it all to herself, to the Great heart of a Patriot, swell'd with nothing but

Liberty and Fame? or even a powder'd coxcomb to the Sage head of a Master in Chancery, full of wise saws & prudent apprehensions, about the frailties of Women & the dissipations of the Age?

"You ascribe to me powers of which I feel not the least portion. Mrs. Burrows called me Pidgeon for my cullibility, & blindness towards characters; little of this Great World have I seen tho' I have been so long in it; therefore I am very unfit for the part you would lay upon me, that of Guide to those who are entering it; commonplace morality would not do here. In short, tho' I like the humour of cool hundreds well, yet I think I shall sit down contented, rather than write myself quite down to the dust for the lucre of gain. Not a line have I attempted, and not a thought have I, that I can vouchsafe to set down on paper. Your hints are good but I cannot follow them, in short I want inspiration, & never could write or do anything else but from the heart, & in singleness of Mind.

"I shall be in Town before you, so I expect you to look after me as soon as you come. Kind compts attend you from hence.

"I am ever Yours affy.

"H. CHAPONE.

"Pray make our best compts to your Brother & Lady Rothes.

"Mrs. Montagu was to set out for France last Tuesday. Mr. & Mrs. Smith desire me to tell you they shall rejoice to see you here.

"My health is much after the old rate—tolerable in Sunshine—grumbling in rain—ergo my head aches now, for it pours cataracts & blows hurricanes. My Brother is in Northamptonshire, but I daily expect to see him in his way back to Town. He pass'd two or three comfortable days with us as he went—here he comes! all wet."

"Millhill, Oct^r. 12th, 1773.

"Indeed, my poor friend, I was most truly griev'd at the contents of your last Letter. alas! when are your disappointments to end? and what can be this frightful obstacle?—but Mrs. Smith tells me I must never know; and without knowing I cannot tell what to wish—except that which is the only reasonable wish for ourselves, or our friends, that God would direct you to that which is best for you. May you never let go that trust in his providence which is so necessary a Support to our blind and helpless Nature. You have already had too many trials of it, and I am certain you have experienced it's powerful comforts enough to agree with me that the Sophistry of Infidels is in no article more injurious to society, than in driving the afflicted heart from this, it's only refuge. I am persuaded that it is as much the direction of Nature, as of Revelation, to call upon our Maker in all our distresses, and to rely on the care of the kind Father of the Universe; that I cannot explain the manner in which this care is exerted, nor how a constant attention to Individuals coincides with the General Laws of God's Government, does not in any degree stagger my confidence. I trust to His wisdom the method of bringing this about; this I know—that I, 'being evil,' would not neglect those whom I had brought into the World and whose sole dependance was on me; nor could I be indifferent to anything that affected their happiness; the Relation between the Creator and his Creature is stronger than that of a Parent & Child. I am brought into Being wholly by his will, therefore, Small and despicable as I am, I belong to him, and he can never cast me off, unless I should deserve to be reprobated. I am bold therefore to claim his paternal care, and I feel it impossible to doubt of it. 'Tho' he slay me, yet will I trust in him;' and had I not been so supported I should indeed have been slain by the stroke which cut off at once

all my prospect of worldly happiness. I am sorry to find that Hawksworth, who has always been not only a Moral but a religious Writer, has now brought himself under a suspicion of favouring the disbelief of a particular providence. I am not myself clear that his meaning in his introduction is such as is supposed; indeed the passage appears to me so confused and contradictory that it is not easy to decide what it means. This I am clear in, that it is very illjudged and out of place.

“I came on Saturday to Millhill, & found our friends here well. We lament over you together, and heartily join in wishing you may at length enjoy the highest perfection of that happiness you have so long been in pursuit of. I rejoice with you, on that of your Brother, for I am sure your *envy* does not prevent your sharing in it sincerely, tho’ the comparison of his condition with your own cannot but give you a disagreeable sensation. I should have written to you immediately on the receipt of yours, but my Journey from Winchester was follow’d as usual by two or three days’ headake, and having miss’d the time in which I should have been sure of finding you at Gloucester—I felt distrest, not knowing where to direct to you. I cannot bear to appear to neglect you at a time when my heart feels so much for you. The sympathy of friends is to me so great a comfort & relief in all distresses, that I cannot help fancying you may feel as I do, and that it may be a real tho’ small alleviation of your suffering, to know that I share it with you. You will, I am sure, be ready to relieve me by communicating any happy change that may happen in the circumstances of this affair, or, if that cannot be, yet you will tell me when your suspense is over and your Mind in a way to reconcile itself to necessity. I wish much to see you here and so do our friends. I had a letter from Mrs. Montagu since the death of Lord Lyttelton in which she gives *him* the highest and most amiable of characters, & speaks of *you* in terms that would give you

pleasure. she seems very deeply affected by the loss of her admirable Friend.

"Adieu my dear Mr. Pepys! God grant you may soon be able to give me better tidings of you! I am ever very aff^y. yours

"H. CHAPONE.

"I have been but shabby in my health of late—nothing new however. Miss E. Burrows is but poorly—the rest well. Mr. Burrows full of *l'embarras des richesses*.—I went yest^r with Mrs. Smith to visit Mrs. Boscawen at Conyghatch." [A place since well-known in another connection.]

This letter is labelled "From my dear friend Mrs. Chapone, on a particular providence."

Mrs. Chapone's letter of congratulation on Sir William Pepys' appointment as Master in Chancery.

"Farnham Castle, July 23^d, 1775.

"You are exceedingly kind my dear Friend in giving me so early intelligence of an event which gives me the greatest pleasure. I do indeed thoroughly approve of what you have done, which secures you a future choice between the giddy heights of ambition and the pleasant Valley of opulent leisure. I am one of those who think highly of your abilities, and whose vanity would be gratified by their being placed in the most conspicuous light; yet, upon the whole, I must own it is the wish of my reason that you may continue a Master in Chancery for life. I do not think your Constitution a strong one, nor your health as perfect as might be wish'd now in the prime of life; as you advance you can hardly expect to improve in this article; and the labours of Body & Mind that attend

eminence in your profession, are, I suppose, of the most unwholesome kind, & such as wear & tear the fastest. Moreover I cannot but suspect from all I have heard that the very active parts on this World's theatre often require a kind of courage which I hope you will never attain; I mean the daring to do what conscience does not absolutely approve; tho' much may be said in excuse for such deviations where perhaps you have only two Evils to choose between, yet a man of a delicate conscience will be much happier in avoiding such situations, & in pursuing that quiet path in which he may walk strait forward, & enjoy the full of possession of that self-appraisal which is of so much greater consequence to happiness than either Name or Riches.

"As your income will now be such as even *you* will allow may maintain a family genteelly enough, your Field of Choice will be the more ample; & if you should ever gain that domestic happiness which you seem so peculiarly form'd to enjoy, you will now have leisure to taste it; which could never be whilst you were toiling up to eminence or toiling still more on the Summit. You may now be a Companion to your Wife & a Preceptor to your Children; whereas in the other case you would snatch a hasty Meal with them, and be forced to leave them to themselves or to the care of others; this must be a sacrifice, that would cost you a good deal, unless ambition had swallow'd up all other affections, which in you I think it never would. 'Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.' If we had but the habit of searching out our Spirit as we ought, we should not so often fall into the ridiculous mistake of seeking the gratification of passions we have not got, at the expense of those we have, or of making the stronger passions bend to the weaker. Don't you think this is a very common cause of human misery? & do not parents when they undertake to act for their Children, & even the Children when they act for themselves, often forget to take the disposition of

the said Children into the account at all? I hope you are too much of a Philosopher to live in ignorance of yourself. If *I* know you, you are not *without* ambition, yet it is not the principal object of y^r life; what say you? this is an enquiry that will be to the purpose.

"I have read *The Correspondence*, & am less anxious than before to know the result of your query to Lady Lyttelton, for I think I can venture to pronounce it a Catch-penny, tho' it is evidently design'd to be believed a real correspondence, & the persons are pointed out by many sly hints. I think too I have found out the Writer; but as I detest the deceit, I ought not to name the person if you *did* ask Lady Lyttelton the question, pray tell me the answer.*

"The Bishop hates franking so much that I must leave a vacant page which when I write to a friend cramps my genius sadly; he would moreover wonder—for it was not the fashion in his youth for grave Matrons to correspond with young Men; & would suppose a friendship between such ridiculous. But in defiance of old fashions & false sentiments 'I speak *that* I do know' when I aver that it is very possible for an honest old gentlewoman to be yr Sincere & aff^{ate}. friend.

"H. CHAPONE.

"Are you to be call'd Master Pepys? hark ye me, my Master, I can't do it without laughing.

"How does yr Brother & the Countess?—write again soon."

NOTE.—Mrs. Chapone alludes to a correspondence alleged to have been written by George, first Lord Lyttelton, and his daughter-in-law, the neglected wife of his son Thomas (the bad Lord Lyttelton), these letters were afterwards proved to be a forgery.

* See Vol. I., p. 61.

Letter from Mrs. Chapone, written after Sir William Pepys' marriage.

“Farnham Castle, 14th Oct. 1777.

“I was in hopes by this time to have been able to tell my dear Mr. Pepys the day when I meant to take possession of the apartment he has so kindly allotted me in his House. But alas, I am obliged to undergo the mortification of telling him that I fear it will not at all be in my power to avail myself of his, and Mrs. Pepys's kind invitation; my Friends here, whose wishes are commands, have desired that I will not leave them, but that I will accompany them to Chelsea on the 28th of this Month, and stay with them there some time, as they are to have none of their family with them, and will want me at that time more than ever. As I make it a rule to myself to suffer no engagement of pleasure, nor any inclination of my own, to interfere with my attendance on my Uncle & Aunt when they require it, you will not, I am sure, add to my disappointment, by taking this unkindly. I can with truth assure you that it is a Sacrifice to duty that costs me very real regret, not only on account of the pleasure I had promised myself in such a free enjoyment of your Conversation, which is always peculiarly agreeable to me, but more particularly as it deprives me of so happy an opportunity of cultivating an intimacy with Mrs. Pepys, of whom I have conceived exactly the idea you wish to give me of her in your Letter, & whose friendship I am therefore greedy to obtain, for her own sake as well as for yours. But though this is denied me at Bellsizes Park, I hope we shall meet often on the footing of friendship in the Winter, and that she will lose, in our set, that reserve which you so naturally account for, and which is joined with such an open, pleasing, intelligent Countenance, and so obliging and animated an *attention* to the Company,

that it never can have the effect of *rebutting* (as Mr. Burrows calls it) even on a first acquaintance. You do not tell me whether you have taken a House in London & where; or whether you mean to make shift for this Winter, with your old Batchelor House in Queen Ann Street. Certainly you cannot think of remaining where you are, when the dear social Winter calls together that Circle to which you cannot but wish to introduce Mrs. Pepys, & who will be eager to receive her; besides, if you are ever such an Oroondates, your *tête-à-tête* will at length grow too long, and the Poem call'd *Variety* will instruct you how dangerous that is. I am very much obliged to you for the welcome intelligence you give me in the conclusion of your Letter. I hope I shall live to see you at the head of a numerous family, because I think you qualified to make them happy, & useful to the World. May you, like the good old Patriarch I am now with, see five and twenty Grandchildren, and in your 82^d year be daily thanking God for a life of health, Prosperity, and honour!

“My Brother tells me he has at last had the pleasure of beginning an acquaintance with Mrs. Pepys. You would be perfectly well pleased with what he says of her. It is a vexatious thing that there should be any obstacles to his frequent enjoyment of persons who are so very agreeable to him, & to whom the more he is known the more valuable he would appear; but the comforts of his life are most grievously abridged by his Wife's ill health, and difference of taste; (as the first gives her a right to be indulged in the last, at the expense even of some of his dearest blessings.)

“I am very glad that you have found a Friend & Brother so worthy of you in Mr. Dowdeswell. You have gained a large set of relations, which I think a very valuable acquisition if they prove such as you can live in friendship with. I have the highest ideas of the value of

family-ties, in a world where there is so little real friendship, & where those intimacies which go by that name are usually connected by no stronger bonds than those of interest, or amusement, or vanity. How inestimable are those Friends which have been tried in the fire and prove full weight, without alloy !

"Pray convince Mrs. Pepys of the truth of all I have said concerning my disappointment, and prepare her to love me as well as you can. I am, ever Dear Sir,

"Your affectionate & obliged Friend

"H. CHAPONE.

"I hope you have good accounts of your Brother & Lady Rothes & their little ones."

NOTE.—One of Lady Pepys' brothers was General William Dowdeswell, Grenadier Guards, M.P. for Tewkesbury, born 1761, died 1828. After a distinguished military career, he succeeded to the family estates, and devoted his life to collecting prints, especially those by old English engravers. He made a speciality of "Grangerising," and enlarged his copy of Gough's "British Topography" by the addition of more than four thousand prints. His unique collection of "Hollars" were sold in 1821. His brother, J. Dowdeswell, M.P., succeeded to the Worcestershire estates, and Canon Dowdeswell, of Christ Church, Oxford, to those in Lincolnshire.

"Sth. Lodge Enfield, Oct. 29.

"I have just learnt from Mr. Smith that you and Mrs. Pepys are at Brighthelmston, and am happy to have a good account of you both and of your little ones. I have also the pleasure of hearing that you will be in Town soon after me and I trust you will not be long there without letting me see you. I return'd from Hampshire about a fortnight ago, and have now been above a week with Miss Sharpe at Southlodge. This place is even more beautiful in Autumn than in Summer ; the great variety of Trees and the various tints of their foliage is more striking than when all is green. But now the leaf falls so fast that the woods must soon resign their beauty, and only the

Evergreens shelter the walks. There are however so many of these, that the Walks can never look desolate or exposed; and as to the House it seems a most excellent Winter habitation. I shall not however try it further than till next Friday. My Summer has pass'd agreeably, particularly that part of it which I spent with my Hampshire Brother & his family; my maternal affections fasten greedily on his Children, and I have the satisfaction of finding them, after every absence, to have gained some things beside stature, without having lost any of the innocence and good humour of Children. I fancy too that they love me, and that is prodigiously pleasant; *le besoin d'aimer et d'être aimée* will never leave me I believe whilst I exist; & you are one of those who flatter me I may still gratifie it if I should live twenty years longer. Heav'n grant I may retreat to my grave before I am convinced that it can no longer be. If you persist in having some love for me still, you will be glad to know that my health has been better than usual, & that I have enjoy'd the finest Season I ever remember with but little pain & for the most part with Spirits free & cheerful & alive to the pleasures that came within my reach. I even went to two Plays at Southampton a diversion I had not tasted for so many years that I was as pleased as a Child even with the performance of a strolling Company. If you think me too juvenile, I must justifie myself with the example & Countenance of my Aunt [Mrs. Thomas, wife of the Bishop of Winchester] who accompanied me, & who is above thirty years my Senior. I was still more sensibly delighted with the pleasures of the Country, & the beautiful scenes around Southampton. Netley Abbey transported me out of myself & made me so far forgett my age & infirmities that I clamber'd up to the top of the ruins and thought I should never have got down again. Pray can you tell why a Ruin gives so much more pleasure than a perfect building? I have wanted to analyse my own feelings

ever since I was at Netley, but cannot clearly make it assist me.

"You have sent Mr. Smith home much improved by the Sea; poor Maria is still plagued with headakes but able to dance till four in the morning which she did last Friday at Mr. Church's near Hatfield.

"My Brother Mulso is got into his new House in New Charlotte St. Bedford Square; & now, that he is within a few steps of my Lodgings & that I shall probably be settled more quietly in London than for many Winters past, is it not a sad thing that my poor Landlady finds her trade does not answer, & must quit her House at Xmas & consequently I must look out for a new Lodging? I have resolved not to begin yet to fret heartily about it, the longer that is deferr'd the better, but I must do it at last.

"Remember me in the kindest manner to dear Mrs. Pepys & give the little ones as many kisses as you please in my name, and believe me ever affect^y yours,

"H. CHAPONE."

Mrs. Chapone to Mrs. Pepys.

"Farnham Castle, August 22^d, 1779.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"That I may not try Mr. Pepys's eyes in decyphering my bad hand, I address to you my thanks for a very kind and agreeable Letter in which you certainly had a *hand* at least. I was exceedingly concern'd to hear that my poor Friend was disabled from his favorite employments; and long to be inform'd that he has recover'd his eyes. I am the more anxious for this, as he meant to make so good use of them; for in truth he ought not to be idle and let his talents rust for want of exercise. I think I can guess that *one* of *two* subjects would at this time employ his Pen, but I am not sure which will predominate. I mean Politics or Education.

As to the first, I think, even he, can hardly suggest anything that can do us good at present, so that I hope it is for his dear Boy that he is going to work, who is a much more hopeful subject than our crazy Commonwealth. We are now at a crisis which changes my insensibility to public affairs into real anxiety. I have a sort of reliance on the Vulgar opinion of the superiority of English courage, and have good hope that it will get the better of all disadvantages; but at what expense of English blood I shudder to think!—Our King appeared in good Spirits on the 14th of this Month, when he, the Queen, Prince of Wales, and five more of the royal Children did the Bishop of Winchester the honour of a visit. They came with the same attendants as last year, amongst whom was Mr. Smelt. I had a good deal of Conversation with him. On my observing the King's good looks, he said he was perfectly well in spite of all that was upon his Mind; but, added he, 'his Spirits always rise with his difficulties.'—if you have been at Hadley since, you have probably heard from our friends there all the particulars of this visit, which was so like that of last year that it affords no new description; one difference was however so striking to me that I could scarcely refrain from tears several times; I mean the absence of my dear Aunt, who used to be so highly gratified on similar occasions. Indeed I miss her here inexpressibly; the loss of a good and kind heart that loved me, is a most affecting one to me, who am so fast declining to that age which is 'dark and unlovely.' Mr. Smelt told me that Mrs. Montagu had been again in Town in great perplexity about her *Porte-cochère*, which every body found fault with, but no two persons would agree in the remedy. As she never writes to me, I should be glad of any intelligence about her.

"I have just been employ'd in a very delightful office by the Bp. of Winchester; that of offering to Mr. Cottrell's

acceptance a Living worth £200 a year in Hampshire. I hope it will prove agreeable to him, and if so, it will diffuse Joy thro' the whole Hadley Colony.

"I believe I shall not leave this Place till the Bishop does, which will be pretty early in October. Whether I shall then attend him at Chelsea or return home, I know not. If I am in Town I shall hope to be admitted as one of your Nurses; but we shall hear of each other before that time. I hope my dear Mr. Pepys will not long want a Secretary, but will be yours when it becomes troublesome to you to write. Will not Mr. Pepys indulge my curiosity as to his Plan for Composition? I feel very eager about it, & shall be much disappointed if he is discouraged by this unhappy complaint in his Eyes, from putting his design into execution; this Complaint, and some other dispositions of his Body & Mind, make me truly rejoice in his present easy unambitious situation, and, above all other things, in his being possessed of what is much more essential to his happiness than the gratifications of ambition, a Wife, born to sooth and comfort and tranquilise his Soul; and a Boy better worth taking Pride in than a blue ribbon. God bless and preserve them both to him! & for the rest, 'be it as it may.' I need send him no other compliment as I can send him no better wish. I am my dear Mrs. Pepys's affectionate and obliged friend,

"H. CHAPONE.

"Post come in but no news!—what awful expectation are we in!"

"April 19, 1781.

"Few things in this world give me more Sincere Satisfaction than to see the Wishes I form'd for you in your Bachelor State so fully answer'd. As I then persuaded myself that you *would be* just the Husband & Father you *are*, I was anxious to see you in the Situation for which

you was so peculiarly qualified, & in which alone you could be happy. God preserve to you your amiable Wife & lovely Children! & give you grace to be thankfully *sensible* that you are in possession of the best of this World's good things! Pray don't let slip the opportunity of being happy by not reflecting upon it; which I believe is too often the case of the prosperous till they are awaken'd to know the value of what they have possessed by being deprived of it. I have sometimes heard you speak disparagingly of human life; which makes *me*, like the Mole in the fable,

“‘Declare *it* is hateful
To hear the complaints of people ungrateful.’

For my part I do not see that any Couple can better answer the affecting description you read us t'other night from Thomson, of the 'happiest of humankind,' than you & Mrs. Pepys. I almost tremble to take notice of it, having seen & felt the sudden & dreadful transitions we are liable to in this Workaday World.

“Adieu! The sugar plum you give me in the Conclusion of your Letter is doubly kind & *à propos* to the wants of my heart, now that the Number of those who loved me, is so sadly diminished, & that all powers of attracting kindness or giving pleasure are gradually departing, previous to my own departure. To me, who value nothing in this World but the pleasures of the heart & the Imagination, this is a dispiriting prospect, were it not for the hope of *renovation*. This is my resource, and when nothing *here* can please me, I fly to my Bower in the paradisiacal World I have plann'd. There I reckon upon your Company as part of my happiness & in the meantime am always thankful to enjoy it here.

“I am affy. Yours,
“H. CHAPONE.”

"I was much pleased with the instance you gave me of Mrs. Montagu's good nature. Indeed I believe you will always find good nature to be one of her excellencies tho' not accompanied with remarkable softness. I have read 'Cecilia' [Miss Burney's novel] a second time with much more pleasure than the first; because my mind was so distracted by anxiety for my poor friend & I was so driven up for time in the first reading that I could not fully do it justice. I am more & more convinced that it is an astonishing Work, there is more Novelty in the incidents & distresses & in the principal Characters than in any Novel I know. The Moral is perfect & placed in the strongest point of view; the Sentiment is highly tender, natural, delicate & affecting, and tho' some of the humorous characters may perhaps be too low, & that of Briggs *outré*, yet many of them are truly comic & full of excellent satire & wit. Lady Honoria Pemberton diverts me beyond measure & is drawn according to truth I am sure, for I know a Girl that I fancy is speaking when I read it. The Heroine herself particularly charms me because she has nothing of romance or extravagance about her & yet is interesting in the highest degree. Mrs. Buller & I cried ourselves sick about her, even tho' I knew all the while how it would end, some people think it too long, but for my part there is very little I could wish away, for there is scarce any part that does not either divert or interest me more or less. I hope it succeeds as it deserves. I hear from Mrs. Ord that Mrs. Thrale is going abroad for three years & has let her House at Streatham to Lord Shelburne. Is it true? I shall be sorry for your loss in her. I hope she does not take away Evelina [Miss Burney]. She must still bear that name, for she is more like her first Heroine than her second.

"All here desire to be kindly remember'd to you & Mrs. Pepys, to whom I beg my Love with every good wish for the young ones. I hope you will be early in Town.

At present 'tis a nest of Robbers and Murderers & I feel quite uneasy for my Brother, but surely the Magistracy will contrive some means of delivering us soon from the troop of wolves they have let loose upon us.

"Adieu my dear Mr. Pepys ever your affec. friend.

"H. CHAPONE."

"Gt. Russell St. Oct. 12th, 1783.

"I sincerely join in thankfulness to the Almighty for having added to all the rest of his gifts to you that of 'a grateful heart,—That tastes those gifts with Joy.' I do not know that I ever thought you deficient in this quality; but I believe I have sometimes observed that (like all others whose Wills have not been broken and subdued by the correcting hand of Adversity) you required a nice and subtle happiness, and would not be contented in any way but your own; and it is a general observation I have made on Mankind, that whilst all goes well, we seldom advert as much as we ought to the blessings we are indulged in; but if any one of them be taken away, we are immediately sensible of it's full value, and find the immense difference it's presence or absence makes in our situation. It was from this general observation, and not from any suspicion of your having a turn to discontent, that I reminded you not to let slip the occasion of being as fully satisfied as human nature is capable of being in this mortal state, where we seem design'd only to obtain such glimmering views of happiness as may furnish us with some faint ideas of it, and spur us on to the pursuit of the reality in some future existence, as I firmly believe *this* poor World has nothing better to give than what you possess, I would fain have you be proportionably happier than other folk; and your last Letter convinces me that you are so. Most of us, I fear, are more apt to pour forth complaints before the Supreme Being, than rejoicings; so that he whose Devotion consists in

gratitude, must be a happy Man, and deserves to be so ; and since prosperity agrees so well with the health of your Soul, I flatter myself it will please God to continue it.

“I went for one week to Alresford from whence Mrs. Ogle carried me with her back to Southampton on her return from Chiddingstone. Pray have you any acquaintance with the Inhabitants of that place which lies so near you ? I cannot find from Mr. Streatfield that you have been there, which I wonder at, as you are so intimate with his Sister. Mrs. Ogle told me she saw you at Tunbridge. by all accounts Chiddingstone is a very agreeable Place ; and from the letter I have seen I judge my *Cousin Streatfield* to be a rational well temper’d Man, and to be just the kind of husband that I believe makes a Woman happiest that is to say that he keeps the reins in his hands and holds them gently and never makes use of a whip. His wife has a tender mouth, and is guided by the softest touch ; and I think he has already made several changes in her, most of them for the better, *one* indeed I can scarce think for the better—she has much *less vivacity* than before she married, but yet she looks placid and contented, and regards him with a tenderness and attention not unmix’d with respect. I left them at St. Maries last Monday ; and after spending one Day with Aunt Donne at Winchester, flew to London with all *Diligence* ; on Friday, having no Lodging I betook myself to Mr. Burrows’s house, but yesterday morning I fix’d on a Lodging in Dean Street which from the character of the Land lady I hope will be a comfortable home, and the Drawing-room is rather better than any I have had. I shall go into it when I return from South Lodge where I have promised to spend a few days with Mrs. Beauvoir before this month is out. the beginning of next month will I hope draw together the Society I love, and I mean to make much of you and dear Mrs. Pepys before the bustle of the world begins. I have

not seen the Bas Bleu, and you set me a longing. Mrs. Montagu I hear is in high health—travel'd into the North, most part of the way, in her *Whisky*. I think she should be return'd by this time, especially as the smallpox has been among the families of her colliers; but I have not heard that she is.

“For your encouragement in letting your sweet Boy learn the English Classics I can tell you that Mrs. Streatfield, when rather younger than he is, had several parts of Milton by heart, which she understood so well as to apply to her Mother the speech of the Elder Brother in *Comus* when she saw her uneasy for want of a Letter from the Dean; and began of her own accord with ‘Peace *Mother!* be not over exquisite, To cast the fashion of uncertain evils,’ etc. as she has still a relish for fine Poetry and for Milton’s in particular, I think she proves that what Mrs. Pepys apprehends is not a necessary consequence. I should like to talk more about your lovely Boy but paper fails.

“ever yours,

“H. CHAPONE (my Brother is much yours).

“Let me hear when you come to Town, direct to my Brother’s as I am at present such a ‘here—& thereian.’ Poor Miss Hartley was living, and her recovery *not* despaired of when Mrs. Ogle heard last. She has lost a foot, but the mortification is cured, and only want of strength apprehended.”

“Dean of Winchester’s Southampton. Aug. 24th, 1784.

“How good and kind you are, my dear friend, to think of me when you are in your happiest situation, and, instead of greedily enjoying all your happiness by yourself, to send me so large a share of it! You will easily believe, I shared largely in the pleasure you feel in having begun to teach William Latin, and in all the delight you find in that charming Boy. (I am only jealous for the younger

children—I hope when you ask ‘Is that my son,’ Charles will not answer ‘No, it is only Charles,’—I am sure you remember what I allude to, for it is one of the most striking things I ever met with).

“ I sh^d. be glad to know how you acquitted yourself in answering the Letter of Signora Piozzi—surely there must be really some degree of *Insanity* in that case. for such mighty overbearing Passions are not natural in a ‘Matron’s bones.’ The 4 daughters render it a most frightful instance of human wretchedness indeed ! it has given great occasion to the Enemy to blaspheme and to triumph over the Bas Bleu Ladies. how can you think of it in the same day with the innocent and worthy choice of poor dear little Grey? I hear Mr. A. is a Man of excellent character—a fine Preacher and a Man of abilities. He is handsome into the bargain, and has no fault but that he is not rich ; now fair befall the Maid that preferr’d him to the heir of 10,000 a yr ! I laud and honor her ! and am more concern’d for the character of her great Friend than for her’s on this occasion.—pray what is become of La Signora’s daughters? who is their protector? is yr. Brother one of their Guardians? somebody said they thought he was—but I don’t remember hearing you mention anything like it. I heard also of a severe letter from him or you to the Lady—they were not sure *which*. but *I* was *sure* *neither* would have written the words they reported, and I venture to assert it a mistake.

“ I am ever

“ Your aff^{te} & obliged friend

“ H. CHAPONE.

“ I believe you are not, like Johnson, indifferent how much your friends *suffer* so that they do not *die*. He would have been a very *unsympathising* friend for me, who fear pain I believe more than death, & pity many Sorrows more than poverty; you will perceive I have

been reading M^{me}. Piozzi, & will easily believe I met your Name & your Brother's with pleasure as they are mention'd in her book. I am pleased too with Johnson for 'loving the dog more than before' who had just obtained so much well-merited praise at his expence. His animosity against Lord Lyttelton it seems was an old grudge of Rivalry for a Lady's favour. I have been entertain'd; tho', *entre nous*, I have great objections to the writing, & to the writer; it was not handsome to tell the World how insufferable the friend she had cherish'd & Courted so long was become to her, & that she went to Bath only to shake him off; it was not handsome to repeat things of him which she must know would mightily detract from the hyperbolical praise she affects to give him. I do not love such inconsistencies, & such as blow hot & cold! defend me, when dead from such friends!"

"Sunday night.

"As I know, my dear Mr. Pepys, that you do not dislike being inform'd of proper Objects of your Charity when the truth of the case can be ascertain'd, I take the liberty to send you the inclosed which appears to me most truly pitiable, and the truth of which is ascertained to me by Lady Rivers and other Winchester Friends; for it was the late Sir Peter Rivers Gay, to whom the poor Gentleman was many years Curate (to the time of Sir Peter's death) at the Living of Woolwich. by all I hear, his distress is not owing to any fault or extravagance but solely to misfortune; all the Rivers family esteem him and are greatly interested for him.

"Where does Lady Hesketh live?

"I must give up meeting Miss Burney, tho' I have so long wish'd to see her for I am really very unwell,—I hope it is not presumption that makes me feel so differently from poor Dr. Johnson who had so much better deserts

to plead—but I own (such is my confidence in unbounded Goodness) that my greatest comfort is in the thought that the cure of all grief cannot be far distant. I find 'Age is dark and unlovely'—because 'my Lovers and friends are put away from me and my acquaintances hidden out of my sight!'—but I trust they are hidden only for a time, and that when we meet again they will 'wipe the tears for ever from mine eyes.'

"Love to all—ever your affect. & obliged,

"H. CHAPONE."

"Dean of Exeter's Alresford, Hants. Sepr. 20th.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I read your letter with no small agitation of mind ; and should have been very unhappy if your account had not ended much better than it began. I am not however without anxiety about you, as you speak of yourself and of your sweet Eliza as only recovering, not as perfectly reestablish'd—and your having had three different attacks makes me particularly solicitous to know that you have thoroughly routed your Enemy. I must beg therefore that you will soon afford me a line of information which I trust will assure me of your being perfectly restored to all your blessings, and enjoying them with twofold happiness from this interruption, and from the endearing recollection of all those tender offices in which my dear Mrs. Pepys has so admirably acquitted herself. She seems to me on all occasions to demonstrate the most generous disregard of Self that I ever observed in anyone. I have heard Mr. Burrows say that 'no two persons can love each other *entirely* till they have suffer'd some adversity together.' I believe there is truth in the observation, and that increasing the tenderness of affection is one of the healing balms which Providence has prepared for pain & sorrow, and so sweet is the sensation of gratitude towards those we fondly love, that I know not whether it does not in a great degree

compensate the Evils that give occasion to it. I am very glad your dear children have got so well thro' the whooping Cough, which is one of the things they *ought* to have during childhood. I hope you have had it too, (tho' you do not know it) otherwise I think you would have caught it, is it clear that your complaint was not *nervous*? Loss of voice is I believe no uncommon symptom of disorder'd nerves, and as yours are not of the cartrope kind, I am apt to suspect them, the Season has not been favorable for nervous folk. I *myself* (who am now stiffen'd by Age into much stronger and less vibrating strings than formerly) have felt in some measure the effects of this continual damp, & have been forced to counteract it with decoction of bark.

"I made but a fortnight's stay at the Deanery, and then came hither, where I found Lady Copley who will stay as long as I shall, and who desires me to make her compliments to You and Mrs. Pepys. She is a wellbred Woman, well stored with the *small talk* of the World, and does not want sense. So that she improves our Society here. She is always an obliging easy Companion from the first hour one meets her (and I fancy would never be much more if one were to live in the house with her seven years). The Revd. Mr. Cambridge call'd here t'other day from the Isle of Wight, he says sea bathing has been of use to him but he still looks miserably thin. I heard both from him & from Mrs. A. Burrows that the Sweet Evelina (Miss Burney) left her friends the Lock's to nurse Mrs. Delany in Town, who was ill there of a fever and thrush. 'She has left her delightful friends (said Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Boscawen) to devote herself to my infirmities.'—how I love her for it! and how pleased am I to have been instrumental in that friendship between the most amiable of the Aged & of the Young. You have doubtless heard of the noble testimony to Mrs. Delany's worth & their own goodness of heart given by the King & Queen; the Queen

desired her acceptance of a house she had furnish'd for her at Windsor; & the King of £300 annuity to supply the expense of removals. She is now gone thither, and the Housekeeper she sent to prepare it was told by Mrs. Goldsworthy that the Queen desired she would suggest whatever could conduce to Mrs. Delany's comfort so that she might have no occasion to bring anything besides Cloaths. All kinds of stores—such as Wine Tea Sugar &c. were ready provided. What a refined attention in the Manner of obliging does this shew! I am quite in love with it! much more than with the Duchess Dowr. of Portland's giving £1200 for Sir William Hamilton's fine Vase, whilst Lord Edward Bentinck who now lives with the greatest prudence, has barely a leg of mutton & a one horse chaise—& her prime friend had no other mark of remembrance in her Will than a picture; this, *she* says, was by her own desire; but I see no reason for the desire or the compliance—the Duchess of Portland has prevailed on Mrs. Delany to accept a chaise that was just coming out for the Duchess. Since Mrs. Delany's recovery Miss Burney has been at Twickenham & is now return'd to the Locks.

"The Smiths are come home delighted with their Derbyshire tour, and Maria seems the better for it. Culling's descriptions, his Aunt says, are quite poetical—I believe he has more imagination than either of his Sisters—and a sensibility like his Mother's. 'tis a lovely youth—heav'n guard him from the dangers to which sensibility is exposed in this workaday World!

"I want to see Dr. Johnson's private thoughts & devotions. Have you seen them? & what do you think of them. The *Observer* too I *must* see. *Novels*, of all things! I am sorry I have no frank, I could babble longer. Give my love & kindest Wishes to Mrs. Pepys & the young ones & believe me

"Your ever obliged & affec: friend

"H. CHAPONE."

" Francis Street, Wed^y. August 12.

" MY DEAR FRIEND,

" I am happy to hear that your new abode pleases you so well and that Mrs. Pepys can live contentedly amidst the buffeting of Eolus and his sons. I must own it would not suit *me*; for the little breath I have would be presently beat out of my body. This was always to me an objection to Sea Coasts, even before I was asthmatic; but as you are two miles from the Sea I should not have expected you would have found such hurricanes. However I believe all the winds of Heaven are wholesome to those who can endure them. I have not yet any notice from Chiddingstone when Mrs. Ogle means to return home; but Lady Ogle tells me (from Hampshire) that she has charming accounts of the improvement of her health there and of her enjoyment amidst her numerous Grandchildren; so that I cannot but wish she may prolong her Visit there tho' it should make her return too late for me to undertake the Journey to St. Maries. I thank God I am pretty well, and very tranquil here, and my purblind eyes serve me admirably for reading all day, a circumstance I cannot be enough thankful for. I have just *devour'd* Mrs. Ch. Smith's last Novel call'd 'Montalbert.' it is inferior to her first productions (alas how should it be otherwise—written for bread in the midst of distress!) but I think considerably better than one or two of her latter works. By the help of frequent dining Visits at Highgate my solitude is broken & I am refresh'd with air & green fields. Mrs. Burrows dreaded her son's going to the W. Indies, but then anxiety for his success in London will succeed; so that if she has many comforts from her young people, I fear she must pay her penny for her pennyworths. I always endeavour to bear this in mind when the solitude and unimportance of my own life inclines me to dejection

'They also serve who only stand and *wait*'—and if my Master will accept such Service, 'O well am I, and happy shall I be!'

"Hitherto, my dear friend you have only paid for *your* delightful Treasures by Virtues and Cares that are themselves delightful. Heaven grant this may be always the case, if such may be the condition of Mortality!

"Lady Ogle has sent me a sweet affecting Copy of Verses of her own writing. She is an uncommon instance of a Genius which had no kind of help or encouragement in Youth, bursting out even in the latter end of life. With a most amiable heart & temper she would have shone with intellectual excellence, had she ever been made the most of.

"She tells me Mrs. Sheridan is the happiest of mortals, that she 'doats on her Husband to the greatest degree.' She is a ridiculous droll Girl & if Sheridan really wishes to improve her in valuable qualities he may mould her unform'd character into something clever & good—but I fear for the last. Lady Ogle says he behaves to his wife in the most judicious manner.

"Your letter was brought me at Highgate (my Brother's Man having call'd at my Lodgings) I read to my Brother the account of your pleasures which I knew would convey a great deal to him. he desired me to assure you of his sincere & ever increasing Esteem & regard, & best wishes to Mrs. Pepys & all yours, with whose goodness, & happiness he is delighted. Mrs. Mulso said she 'should like to join—but that she was nobody.' I think when you knew most of her she was less amiable than she now is. Age & Sickness, which marrs most tempers, has ameliorated her's—her good principles have been strengthen'd, & her passions soften'd, so that you would now like her better than you did then; poor soul! she is generally suffering & with great patience & resignation.

"My kindest remembrance awaits dear Mrs. Pepys & your charming young People. I am ever

"Your obliged & aff. friend

"H. CHAPONE.

"I have a pleasant long letter from Mrs. Douglas who is in Switz^d; they Winter at Ratisbonne & hope to get to Eng^d. next Spring."

"Alresford, Sep^r. 18th.

"My dear friend will I know be glad to hear that I have been enjoying the finest weather I can remember, in the country ever since the 7th of this Month when I went to Southampton. I write now at Alresford whither Mrs. Ogle brought me last Monday at the request of poor Mrs. Buller, who from some local circumstances, cannot get the better of her averseness to going to St. Maries since the loss of her darling son Col. Buller. She told me that the manner in which she had been enabled to sustain this blow appeared to her almost miraculous. She has lately been threaten'd with another of the same kind. Her now eldest son has been at Bristol in great danger of a consumption & is return'd much mended; but with looks & a cough that make my heart ache & her son in law, Mr. Buller of Downe, a character interesting to all that know him, is just recover'd from a very dangerous fever, after these complicated sorrows & alarms, it was impossible not to comply with her wish, so Mrs. Ogle & I left my two Neices at St Maries (whom she had been kind enough to invite to meet me) & have spent four days here, tomorrow we make a Visit of two days at Wortley (to Lady Ogle) & return to Southⁿ. on Monday.

"I find one may sit at home & fancy oneself weak & scarce able to stir, when upon trial one can get up at four o'clock & travel in a diligence 75 miles in a day without farther hurt than being thoroughly weary, this was my

case ; & I bless God I have felt the benefit I usually do from quitting London ; especially for the air of Hampshire. The Bishop of Exeter has a very agreeable place here, with very pretty grounds ; which I have walk'd round with good success. My friend Mrs. Ogle is in good plight, for her, & after leaving her daughter Streatfield, paid a Visit to her daughter Sheridan at Bognor Rocks, where she soon found herself in the midst of Duchesses, &c. alas ! that poor married Girl is living with the Duchess of Devonshire & her dear friend Lady Elizabeth Foster, Lady Besborough — Duchess of Rutland &c. this must make a mother's heart ache ! but at present Mrs. Sheridan is the happiest of beings, her husband adores her & she doats on him. (they live in a very costly stile, & without economy, so that these halcyon days will probably be short) how far is Bognor from you ? I find it is fill'd with the *great*, but not the *best* Company, so I do not believe Mrs. Pepys will have any inclination to quit her airy Hall to join them.

“ I like you for suspecting I should think your letter dull ! You, who are Master of the Syren's Song & address me with ‘ O stay Ulysses, pride of Greece ! ’ — in truth I should quarrel with you as an unfriendly flatterer, if I did not perceive a really friendly motive for your exaggerated praise. You think & I believe justly, that I am at present in more danger from discouragement & depression, than from Vanity & presumption ; & that the consolation my old age stands most in need of, is that of thinking that I shall not be wholly condemn'd when my poor one talent comes to be accounted for. I remember being tempted to smile, when the late Dean Delany, speaking of his *Revelation examin'd with candor* (the most *uncandid* work I ever read) told me that ‘ having written that book supported him under all troubles & vexations of life, & afforded him continual satisfaction. ’ Yet now, I must own I am glad to catch at the recollection of having possibly done good to some young people by my Letters, and you, who take such pains to puff me up about

them, must not laugh at me, as I did inwardly at the poor Dean; if I had six children to produce such as yours, & educated by me 'as yours have been, I think I should not be tempted to build my self-complacency on such a very small foundation as my tiny Volumes, however, it is a dangerous commerce for friends to praise each other's Virtues instead of reminding each other of duties & of failings. I swallow this cordial with thankfulness, because I fancy I wanted it, but for the future I hope you will rather administer strengthening bitters; when shall we, either of us, with all our sentimental reading and cultivated feelings, arrive at such self-denying Generosity as that of Farmer Arnold? or such active benevolence as the other Gloucester Farmer? (for I think they are not the same—the name I believe was different & I like to think there are two such) Hannah More has indeed paved her way to Heaven with nobly good actions. I find she has now no other assistant in the maintenance of that poor Maniac Louisa, than the Bishop of Exeter—all the rest of her subscribers having dropt off by degrees as the impression on their imagination weaken'd & wore out, & left her alone to the support of the poor Incurable who is now I find in health, but reduced rather to Idiocy than madness, & is placed in a cheaper but safe retreat, by her original patroness. The Bp. of Exeter had a letter on this subject from her yesterday [see Vol. II. p. 277].

“Pray remember me in the kindest manner to Mrs. Pepys & all your dear young folk & if you are kind enough to treat me with another letter before the second week in Oct. direct to the Dean of Winchester's South”.

“My Brother & Sister & Mrs. Burrows give me good accounts of themselves.

“I am ever my dear Mr. Pepys's obliged

“& afftc. friend

“H. CHAPONE.”

“South Lodge Enfield. Nov. 5th.

“This being the 5th of Nov. I presume my good friends are on their road to London and I hope this will meet them in Wimpole Street arrived safe with Children, bag, and baggage—all but the low fevers and complaints, which I trust they have drown’d in the sea; indeed it has made my heart ache to think of the manner in which you have pass’d this Summer. I have seen no more of Johnson’s meditations than were inserted in a Magazine; some of his Prayers I exceedingly admire, but surely it is inconceivable that the Journal should have been design’d for the public Eye, or that he should have consented to its publication; if he did, it must have been in an hour of insanity. That such things should pass in his mind, seem highly probable—that he should have committed them to *writing*, seems strange to me—that he shd have given them to the press, incredible. You have given me a curiosity to read ‘Heron’s Letters.’ My Brother is deep in ‘Edward Search.’

“Mr. Smith does indeed look as well & nearly as young as ever he did. Maria has been unwell, but as she was to dance last night I hope she is recover’d. I have great satisfaction in seeing my dear Amy & Mr. Burrows both much improved in health and Spirits. I believe the benevolent scheme which has employ’d his time & thoughts (to which you have so handsomely contributed) has been of service to his Spirits. I cannot help telling you that I saw & was delighted with a letter of yours to him on that occasion. I find a pleasure in your Virtues & in your blessings, which I can not otherwise account for than to my being very affectionately yours

“H. CHAPONE.”

“Dean of Winchester’s Southampton, Augt. 26th.

“I have been thus near you, my dear friend, for a fortnight past ; and often look towards your Island and wish for Herschell’s Telescope to try if I could spy you and Mrs. Pepys with your little playful fawns about you sporting on the beach. Without such an assistance I fear I shall be as little likely to see you, as if we were at a hundred miles distance, let me however hear from you, for I want to know how you like your situation ; and shall have more than common pleasure in knowing that you and your family are healthy and happy at a time when the sufferings of my friends press hard upon my heart and weigh down my spirits.

“As I belong to the flying squadron, I am at my proper post, and perhaps it is the only one in which I can flatter myself with being of any use in this World, so I console myself with this, and keep up my Spirits as well as I can, that I may be as cheerful as well as an attentive Nurse, but it rains this morning and the World seems all lowering about me. I strive to pierce the Clouds and to contemplate a bright prospect beyond them which is admirably illustrated by such instances of suffering piety, for ‘If there’s a God, he must delight in Virtue—and that which he delights in, must be happy’—‘here let me rest’—and speak peace to my Soul both for my friends and myself.

“Now, if there be any good to be had in this life, I think you are the Man from whom I may expect to hear of it—and I assure you it will excite—not my envy, but my Joy and Gratitude to hear that you are in full possession of the best blessings allotted to the Mortal state. I don’t know whether I should wish them to you if I did not think you would so receive them, as to entitle yourself to still better hereafter. Pardon your old preaching Friend,

who is in the vein for nothing less serious, and who will therefore take her leave. Adieu !

“ Sincerely & affy, yours

“ H. CHAPONE.

“ Kind love to Mrs. Pepys & all yours.”

“ Many thanks to you my dear Mr. Pepys for your kind Letter. I was indeed a Wretch when I saw you last ; but have experienced the salutary effects of that best of cordials which you speak of so feelingly. The first evening of my arrival here was beautifully fine, and I walk'd out with my Friends and felt that vernal delight, which is ‘able to drive all sadness but despair,’ in the highest perfection. The Cheerful countenances and lively conversation of my beloved companions, joined to the charms of the country seem'd effectually to banish all my ills, but, being an animal ‘subject to ev'ry skiey influence,’ even these powerful medicines have not been able to keep me quite well in the cold stormy weather we have since had. I wish'd for you and Mrs. Pepys much on Saturday when I was exceedingly delighted with my entertainment ; the composition of the piece was of a kind that had both novelty & variety to recommend it, not without wit & humour in some parts, and very pleasing Poetry in others, produced by Mr. Burrows & Amy. Amidst their productions was introduced a Scene or two from Foote's ‘Mayor of Garratt ;’ in which John Burrows & Culling Smith acquitted themselves with great Spirit & humour in the parts of the Major & Jerry Sneak, but I believe you would not have liked to see your Maria in the part of Mrs. Sneak, which was so very unsuitable to her, that, tho' her good sense made it impossible for her to do ill, yet it cannot be said that she excell'd, or was half as much a Vixen as she ought to have been, in the dances however (which made a

considerable part of the Show) she appeared to advantage and acquitted herself perfectly well, there were eighteen children concern'd in the performance, all in Masquerade dresses, which was really an exceeding pretty sight as some of them were very elegant figures and all interesting to the Company, which consisted of their families, neighbors, & friends. The Parlour was adorn'd & converted into a pretty convenient theatre, & held with great ease near fifty Spectators, of whom the younger part joined in dancing after the Piece was concluded—about twenty staid supper—and the whole went off with admirable ease & elegance; you know our friend shines on such occasions, tho' unfortunately she had contrived to fall down in the morning & strain her ancle violently, so that she was unable to walk without help, the activity of her mind supplied however all defects, & I believe everybody was sincerely pleased with their Evening's entertainment.

"Yes, there is a House in this village that I think would do well enough for a six weeks abode, it calls itself furnish'd, & has three or four rooms on a floor; & tho' not in a Superb taste might serve very well I shd think, it has one advantage which I imagine you would value which is a snug private walk out to the Chase unfrequented by the Villagery. You must come & see it, & talk about it. I assure you it deserves consideration.

"You have been the means of putting us all in a situation that made us ridiculous in our own eyes, as Mrs. Smith, her three Sisters & myself were assembled reading the 'Sorrows of Werter,' Mrs. Smith all on a sudden burst out a laughing. On our enquiring the cause she could only pronounce 'five old women reading this book!'—we laugh'd at the Book as well as ourselves till towards the latter end of the second Volume, when, old as we were, and prejudiced by the affectation which prevails thro' the greatest part of the Work, we could not help being heartily

touch'd; & began to perceive why you & so many other persons of taste seem'd so interested in it. I want much to know who wrote it as there is a strange mixture of Genius & folly in it. I do not believe a word of it's being German, or French, our own Country alone, I am persuaded, may claim it's birth, tho' France may put in a claim to some of the merit, as it is plainly an humble imitation of Rousseau's 'St. Proux.' When, O my Countrymen! will you be original?

"Mr. & Mrs. Smith give their kind compts. to you & Mrs. Pepys & would be very glad to see you here, they go next Tuesday into Surrey for a week during which time I am Mrs. Burrow's guest.

"Pray give my affec. compts. to dear Mrs. Pepys & as many kisses as you will to the Tinker & believe me,

"Your affec. & obliged Friend

"H. CHAPONE."

NOTE.—Queen Charlotte did not appreciate Goethe's "Sorrows of Werter," and said to Fanny Burney, "They translate all our worst German books, and they are so improved in language; they write so finely now, even for the most silly books, that it makes one read on. Oh! I am very angry sometimes at that. Miss Burney said it "seemed only writ as a deliberate defence of suicide." "Yes," answered the Queen, "and what is worse, it is done by a bad man for revenge. It is very finely writ in German, and I can't bear it."

"At the Revd. Mr. Burrows, Hadley, June 18th.

"Many thanks to you both, my dear Friends, for your kind Letter: it grieves me to find that Mr. Pepys's eyes are again disordered, perhaps the Rioters are answerable for that, as well as for many other evils. I endured the terrors of Wednesday night without one moment's Sleep, better than I could have expected from such a frame as mine, and the kind invitation of my dear Friends to this place of quiet and of delightful Society the next day, gave such a turn to my Spirits, that after a couple of Nights I thought myself quite restored, but (whether from any

latent effects of past Horrors I know not) I was very ill last Friday in my old nervous way. I am better again now, and do not *often* hear the distant shouts and the Platoon-firing after I am in bed.—I was rejoiced to hear that my Brother and Sister were to have the happiness of seeing you *both* to meet Mrs. Barbould on Thursday. I should have liked the party very much, but I own I am not yet sufficiently reconciled to London to wish myself there. Mrs. Barbould was very fortunate in deferring her Journey till all was quiet.—I hope your Street was remote enough from the grand Scenes of action to save you from the immediate danger to your own persons, the idea of general ruin was a sufficient distress even to those who fared best. I find you scorn'd to quit your Posts, and indeed you are so well guarded at present that you can have nothing to fear; but what will become of us hereafter—we may as well not think of; since we can do nothing in it. He who can 'still the waves and the madness of the People' will be our Guard if there are righteous men enough left to save the City.—pray let us hear a little how Thursday past (*went off* is the phrase here) and whether you are all in *full song*, or all reduced to *croaking* by the badness of the times. Mrs. Boscawen call'd here the day after I came, and look'd the image of horror and Woe. But I have since had the pleasure of seeing her with a very chearful Countenance, full of the good news of Charlestown being taken. All this family are well and happy now. They suffer'd not less for their friends in London than we did there, having a view of the fires at this distance, helped out by Imagination, which painted the Scene still more dreadful than it was. Mr. Smith's being in London on the Wednesday night, you may be sure set Mrs. Smith's fine fancy to work in the strongest manner; but all is now well and Maria's health improved. The Village has been quite full of Refugees like myself; this house now contains Mr. Mrs. & Miss Hudson besides

myself, and the Wakes come tonight to Mr. Smith's. all the Colony desire to be very kindly remember'd to you both. I am my dear Mr. & Mrs. Pepys's

"obliged and aff^{ec}. friend

"H. CHAPONE."

"DEAR SIR,

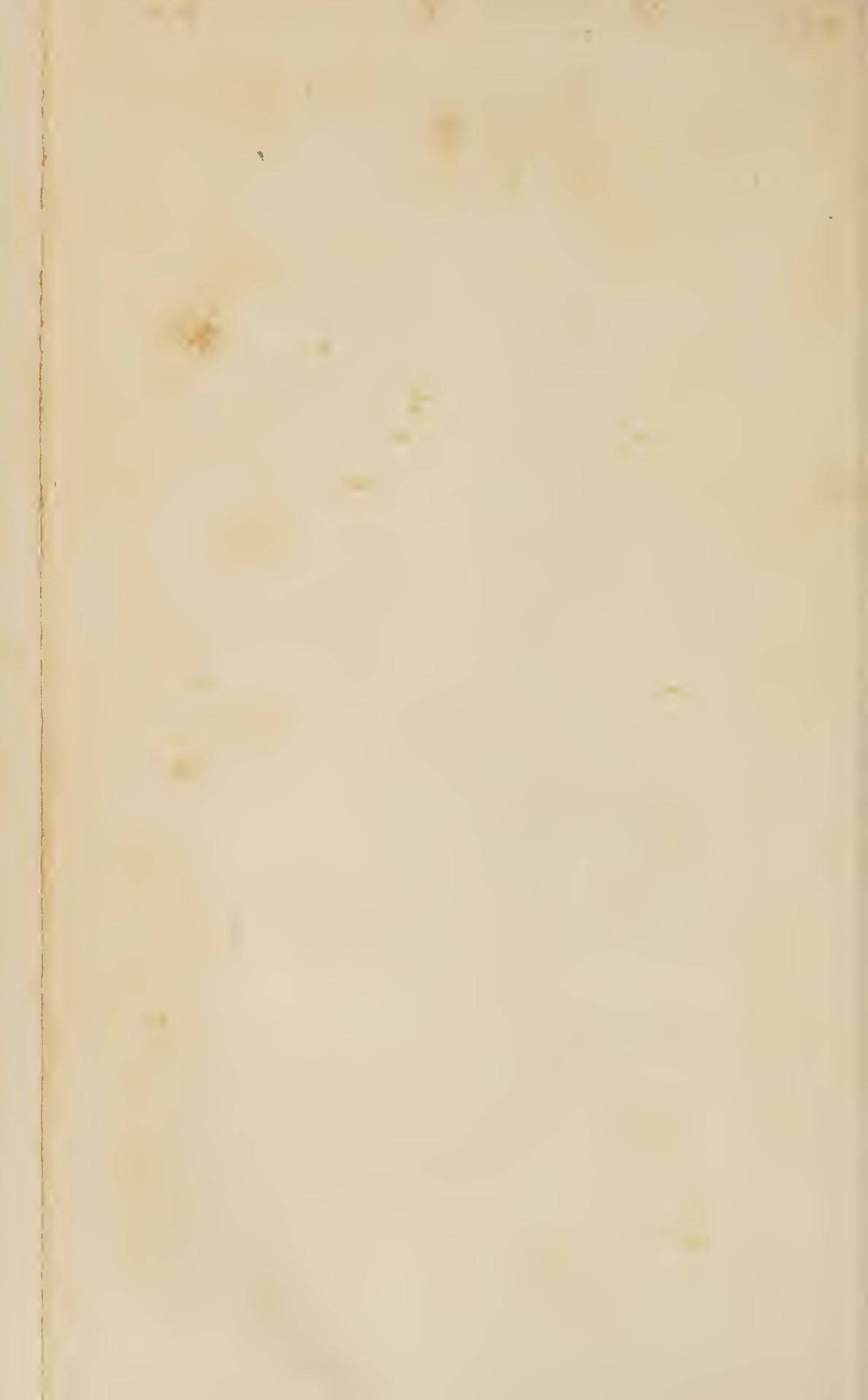
"In return for the pleasant *days and dinners* you give me, I think the least I can do, in common justice, is to tell you and Mrs. Pepys how delectable I find it

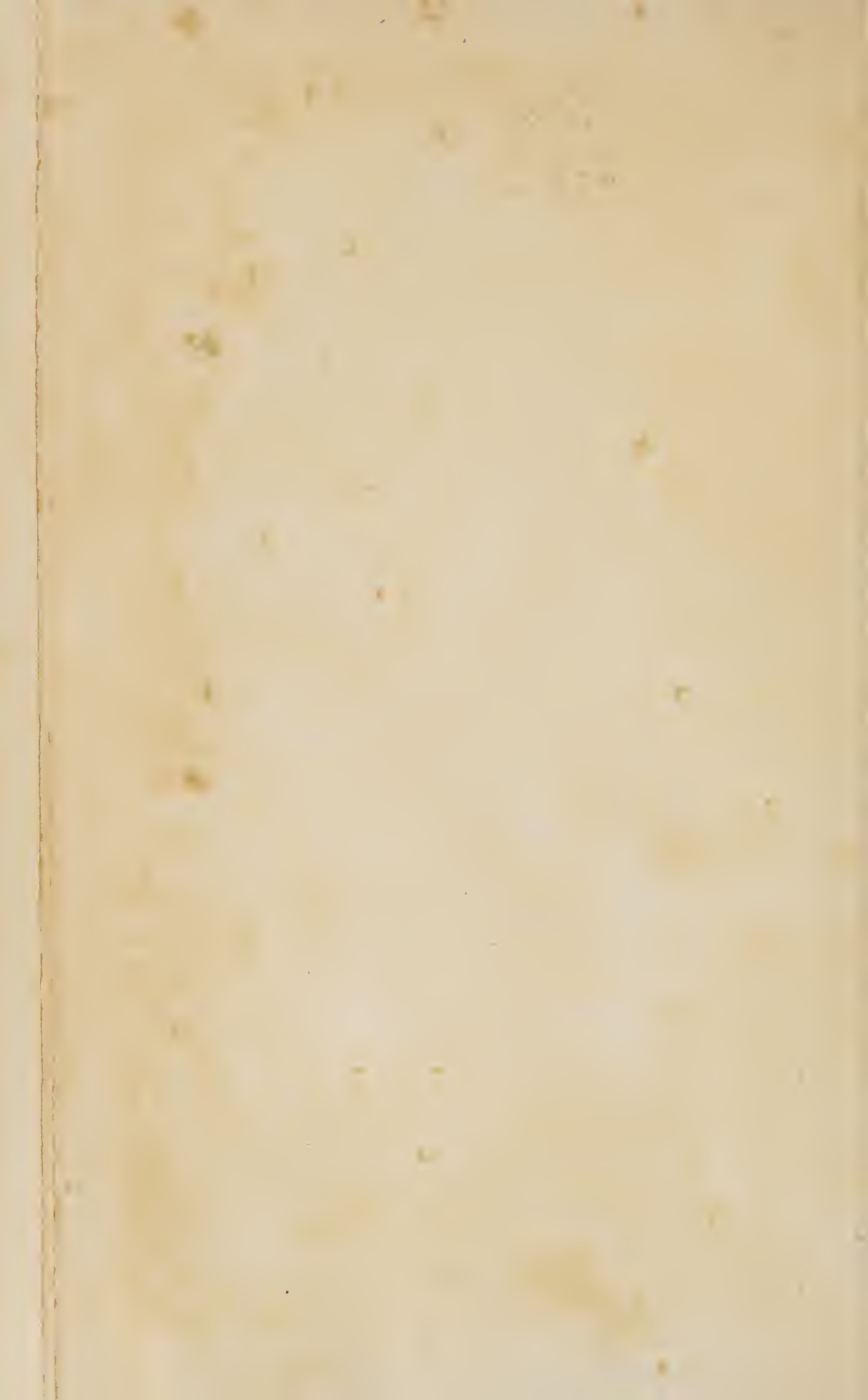
"To live with her and live with thee
In unprov'd pleasures free,
With social ease and friendly mirth
To stretch my claws upon the hearth,
Without restraint or form or fuss
To laugh, tell stories, or discuss,
Careless of censure or renown
Make sense, and nonsense, both go down,
Secure from strife, contempt or hate,
Whether we railly or debate.
Oft listening how with classic lore
You charm away the cheated hour
And furnish themes from books at hand
If Conversation's at a stand :
Sometimes with Garrick's noble rage
You catch the fire of Shakespear's page ;
The Wretch Macbeth, whom Guilt appalls,
In vain his native Valour calls,
In vain the threaten'd wrath defies
Of injured foes or adverse skies !
Whilst, horror-struck, he inly shakes,
And ev'ry hope his breast forsakes,
My pallid cheek and quiv'ring heart
Confess the mighty Master's art.
Then, to cheer our 'mazèd minds,
Your hand another volume finds ;
Strait my ear hath caught new pleasures
From lighter strains and rustic measures,
Strains of rural Minstrelsy
Or oaken pipe of Arcady ;

These, in my brain, gay pictures raise,
And call back Youth and frolic days ;
No tow'red Cities please me then,
Nor the busy hum of men,
But, quite forgetting how I Choak
In murky den of Sin and Smoak,
My gladsome Spirit wings it's way
To 'russet lawns and fallows gray
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
And blissful scenes my thoughts employ,
Primæval innocence and joy.
Now, from Milton's hoard of sweets,
You nicely cull the choicest treats,
Such as, 'Spite of chilling years,
Can melt my soul to pleasure's tears,
'Dissolve me into extacies
And bring all heav'n before my eyes,'
Then, closed the book, we soft descend ;
To this dim spot unwilling bend ;
From fiery thrones and golden wings
We gradual sink to little things,
To parties, Ministers, and Kings.
And by and by the Watchman's din
Scatters the rear of converse thin,
And, bawling, startles the dull Night
And puts us all into a fright ;
And then in haste our cloaks we throw,
Ashamed to stay and loth to go,
And late at home to bed I creep
By Fancy's tricks long kept from Sleep ;
Tho' no *fine frenzy* I sustain
Yet inly throbs the rhyming vein,
Thick-coming fancies still pursue
Till up I start and send them you.

“ N.B.—This nonsense must go no farther than our own set.”

END OF VOL. I.





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